CHARLES DICKENS

FIRESIDE EDITION

J. E. Chilberg
Seattle

Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings.

"Here's a mind, ma'am"

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WORKS

OF

CHARLES DICKENS.

Fireside Edition.

Fully Illustrated from Designs by Darley, Gilbert, Cruikshank, etc., etc.

CHRISTMAS STORIES.
MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

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CHRISTMAS STORIES.

CONTENTS OF NEW CHRISTMAS STORIES AND MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

PAGE

NEW CHRISTMAS STORIES.

Seven Poor Travellers 9
The Holly-Tree Inn 42
Somebody's Luggage 81
Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings 132
Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 175
Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions 212
Mugby Junction 247
Barbox Brothers and Co. 279
The Boy at Mugby 301
The Signal-Man 314

PREFACE TO MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK xi
MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK 13
GENERAL INDEX OF CHARACTERS AND THEIR APPEARANCES 163
FAMILIAR SAYINGS FROM DICKENS'S WORKS 253

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

1. "Here's a Mind, Ma'am!" . . . . . *Frontispiece*
2. Mistress Alice at the Window 38
3. Master Humphrey and his Deaf Friend 58
4. Mr. Pickwick visiting Master Humphrey 77
5. The Reading Circle in John Podger's Porch 87
6. Little Tony playing Grandfather 108
7. The Opening Ceremonies 117
8. Mr. Weller's Watch 124

CHRISTMAS STORIES.

SEVEN POOR TRAVELLERS.

THE FIRST POOR TRAVELLER.

STRICTLY speaking, there were only six Poor Travellers; but, being a Traveller myself, though an idle one, and being withal as poor as I hope to be, I brought the number up to seven. This word of explanation is due at once; for what says the inscription over the quaint old door?

RICHARD WATTS, ESQ.,
BY HIS WILL, DATED 22 AUG., 1579,
FOUNDED THIS CHARITY
FOR SIX POOR TRAVELLERS,
WHO NOT BEING ROGUES OR PROCTORS,
MAY RECEIVE GRATIS, FOR ONE NIGHT.
LODGING, ENTERTAINMENT,
AND FOUR-PENCE EACH.

It was in the ancient little city of Rochester, in Kent, of all the good days in the year, upon a Christmas Eve, that I stood reading this inscription over the quaint old door in question. I had been wandering about the neighboring Cathedral, and had seen the tomb of Richard Watts, with the effigy of worthy Master Richard starting out of it like a ship's figure-head; and I had felt that I could do no less, as I gave the Verger his fee, than inquire the way to Watts's Charity. The way being very short and very plain, I had come prosperously to the inscription and the quaint old door.

"Now," said I to myself, as I looked at the knocker, "I know I am not a Proctor; I wonder whether I am a Rogue!"

Upon the whole, though Conscience reproduced two or three pretty faces which might have had smaller attraction for a moral Goliath than they had had for me, who am but a Tom Thumb in that way, I came to the conclusion that I was not a rogue. So, beginning to regard the establishment as in some sort my property, bequeathed to me and divers co-legatees, share and share alike, by the Worshipful Master Richard Watts, I stepped backward into the road to survey my inheritance.

I found it to be a clean white house, of a staid and venerable air, with the quaint old door already three times mentioned (an arched door), choice little long, low, lattice-windows, and a roof of three gables. The silent High Street of Rochester is full of gables, with old beams and timbers carved into strange faces. It is oddly garnished with a queer old clock, that projects over the pavement out of a grave red brick building, as if Time carried on business there, and hung out his sign. Sooth to say, he did an active stroke of work in Rochester, in the old days of the Romans, and the Saxons, and the Normans, and down to the times of King John, when the rugged castle — I will not undertake to say how many hundreds of years old then — was abandoned to the centuries of weather which have so defaced the dark apertures in its walls, that the ruin looks as if the rooks and daws had picked its eyes out.

I was very well pleased both with my property and its situation. While I was yet surveying it with growing content, I espied at one of the upper lattices, which stood open, a decent body, of a wholesome, matronly appearance, whose eyes I caught inquiringly addressed

to mine. They said so plainly, "Do you wish to see the house?" that I answered aloud, "Yes, if you please." And within a minute the old door opened, and I bent my head, and went down two steps into the entry.

"This," said the matronly presence, ushering me into a low room on the right, "is where the travellers sit by the fire, and cook what bits of suppers they buy with their four-pences."

"Oh! Then they have no entertainment?" said I. For, the inscription over the outer door was still running in my head, and I was mentally repeating in a kind of tune, — "Lodging, entertainment, and four-pence each."

"They have a fire provided for 'em," returned the matron, — a mighty civil person, not, as I could make out, overpaid, — "and these cooking utensils. And this what's painted on a board, is the rules for their behavior. They have their four-pences when they get their tickets from the steward over the way, — for I don't admit 'em myself, they must get their tickets first; and sometimes one buys a rasher of bacon, and another a herring, and another a pound of potatoes, or what not. Sometimes two or three of 'em will club their four-pences together, and make a supper that way. But not much of anything is to be got for four-pence, at present, when provisions is so dear."

"True, indeed," I remarked. I had been looking about the room, admiring its snug fireside at the upper end, its glimpse of the street through the low mullioned window, and its beams overhead. "It is very comfortable," said I.

"Ill-conwenient," observed the matronly presence.

I liked to hear her say so; for it showed a commendable anxiety to execute, in no niggardly spirit, the intentions of Master Richard Watts. But the room was

really so well adapted to its purpose, that I protested, quite enthusiastically, against her disparagement.

"Nay, ma'am," said I, "I am sure it is warm in winter and cool in summer. It has a look of homely welcome and soothing rest. It has a remarkably cozy fireside, the very blink of which, gleaming out into the street upon a winter night, is enough to warm all Rochester's heart. And as to the convenience of the six Poor Travellers" —

"I don't mean them," returned the presence. "I speak of it's being an ill-convenience to myself and my daughter, having no other room to sit in of a night."

This was quite true enough, but there was another quaint room of corresponding dimensions on the opposite side of the entry: so I stepped across to it, through the open doors of both rooms, and asked what this chamber was for.

"This," returned the presence, "is the Board Room; where the gentlemen meet when they come here."

Let me see. I had counted from the street six upper windows, besides these on the ground story. Making a perplexed calculation in my mind, I rejoined, "Then the six Poor Travellers sleep up-stairs?"

My new friend shook her head. "They sleep," she answered, "in two little outer galleries at the back, where their beds has always been, ever since the Charity was founded. It being so very ill-convenient to me as things is at present, the gentlemen are going to take off a bit of the back yard, and make a slip of a room for 'em there, to sit in before they go to bed."

"And then the six Poor Travellers," said I, "will be entirely out of the house?"

"Entirely out of the house," assented the presence, comfortably smoothing her hands; "which is considered much better for all parties, and much more convenient."

I had been a little startled, in the Cathedral, by the emphasis with which the effigy of Master Richard Watts was bursting out of his tomb; but I began to think, now, that it might be expected to come across the High Street some stormy night, and make a disturbance here.

Howbeit, I kept my thoughts to myself, and accompanied the presence to the little galleries at the back. I found them on a tiny scale, like the galleries in old inn yards; and they were very clean. While I was looking at them, the matron gave me to understand that the prescribed number of Poor Travellers were forthcoming every night, from year's end to year's end; and that the beds were always occupied. My questions upon this, and her replies, brought us back to the Board Room, so essential to the dignity of "the gentlemen," where she showed me the printed accounts of the Charity, hanging up by the window. From them I gathered that the greater part of the property bequeathed by the Worshipful Master Richard Watts, for the maintenance of this foundation, was, at the period of his death, mere marsh-land; but that, in course of time, it had been reclaimed and built upon, and was very considerably increased in value. I found, too, that about a thirtieth part of the annual revenue was now expended on the purposes commemorated in the inscription over the door; the rest being handsomely laid out in Chancery, law expenses, collectorship, receivership, poundage, and other appendages of management, highly complimentary to the importance of the six Poor Travellers. In short, I made the not entirely new discovery, that it may be said of an establishment like this, in dear old England, as of the fat oyster in the American story, that it takes a good many men to swallow it whole.

"And pray, ma'am," said I, sensible that the blankness of my face began to brighten as a thought occurred to me, "could one see these Travellers?"

"Well!" she returned, dubiously, "no!"

"Not to-night, for instance?" said I.

"Well!" she returned, more positively, "no! Nobody ever asked to see them, and nobody ever did see them."

As I am not easily balked in a design when I am set upon it, I urged to the good lady that this was Christmas Eve; that Christmas comes but once a year — which is unhappily too true, for when it begins to stay with us the whole year round, we shall make this earth a very different place; that I was possessed by the desire to treat the Travellers to a supper and a temperate glass of hot Wassail; that the voice of Fame had been heard in the land, declaring my ability to make hot Wassail; that if I were permitted to hold the feast, I should be found conformable to reason, sobriety, and good hours; in a word, that I could be merry and wise myself, and had been even known at a pinch to keep others so, although I was decorated with no badge or medal, and was not a Brother, Orator, Apostle, Saint, or Prophet of any denomination whatever. In the end I prevailed, to my great joy. It was settled that at nine o'clock that night, a turkey and a piece of roast beef should smoke upon the board; and that I, faint and unworthy minister for once of Master Richard Watts, should preside as the Christmas supper host of the six Poor Travellers.

I went back to my inn, to give the necessary directions for the turkey and roast beef, and, during the remainder of the day, could settle to nothing for thinking of the Poor Travellers. When the wind blew hard against the windows — it was a cold day, with dark gusts of sleet alternating with periods of wild brightness, as if the year were dying fitfully — I pictured them advancing towards their resting-place, along various cold

roads, and felt delighted to think how little they foresaw the supper that awaited them. I painted their portraits in my mind, and indulged in little heightening touches. I made them foot-sore; I made them weary; I made them carry packs and bundles; I made them stop by finger-posts and mile-stones, leaning on their bent sticks, and looking wistfully at what was written there; I made them lose their way, and filled their five wits with apprehensions of lying out all night, and being frozen to death. I took up my hat and went out, climbed to the top of the Old Castle, and looked over the windy hills that slope down to the Medway; almost believing that I could descry some of my Travellers in the distance. After it fell dark, and the Cathedral bell was heard in the invisible steeple — quite a bower of frosty rime when I had last seen it — striking five, six, seven, I became so full of my Travellers that I could eat no dinner, and felt constrained to watch them still, in the red coals of my fire. They were all arrived by this time; I thought had got their tickets, and were gone in. There, my pleasure was dashed by the reflection that probably some Travellers had come too late, and were shut out.

After the Cathedral bell had struck eight, I could smell a delicious savor of turkey and roast beef, rising to the window of my adjoining bedroom, which looked down into the inn yard, just where the lights of the kitchen reddened a massive fragment of the Castle wall. It was high time to make the Wassail now; therefore I had up the materials (which, together with their proportions and combinations, I must decline to impart, as the only secret of my own I was ever known to keep), and made a glorious jorum; not in a bowl — for a bowl, anywhere but on a shelf, is a low superstition, fraught with cooling and slopping — but in a brown earthenware

pitcher, tenderly suffocated, when full, with a coarse cloth. It being now upon the stroke of nine, I set out for Watts's Charity, carrying my brown beauty in my arms. I would trust Ben the waiter with untold gold; but there are strings in the human heart which must never be sounded by another, and drinks that I make myself are those strings in mine.

The Travellers were all assembled, the cloth was laid, and Ben had brought a great billet of wood, and had laid it artfully on the top of the fire, so that a touch or two of the poker, after supper, should make a roaring blaze. Having deposited my brown beauty in a red nook of the hearth, inside the fender, where she soon began to sing like an ethereal cricket, diffusing, at the same time, odors as of ripe vineyards, spice forests, and orange groves — I say, having stationed my beauty in a place of security and improvement, I introduced myself to my guests by shaking hands all around, and giving them a hearty welcome.

I found the party to be thus composed: Firstly, myself. Secondly, a very decent man, indeed, with his right arm in a sling, who had a certain clean, agreeable smell of wood about him, from which I judged him to have something to do with shipbuilding. Thirdly, a little sailor boy, a mere child, with a profusion of rich dark-brown hair, and deep, womanly-looking eyes. Fourthly, a shabby-genteel personage, in a threadbare black suit, and apparently in very bad circumstances, with a dry, suspicious look; the absent buttons on his waistcoat eked out with red tape, and a bundle of extraordinarily tattered papers sticking out of an inner breast-pocket. Fifthly, a foreigner by birth, but an Englishman in speech, who carried his pipe in the band of his hat, and lost no time in telling me, in an easy, simple, engaging way, that he was a watchmaker from Geneva, and trav-

elled all about the Continent, mostly on foot, working as a journeyman, and seeing new countries, — possibly (I thought) also smuggling a watch or so, now and then. Sixthly, a little widow, who had been very pretty, and was still very young, but whose beauty had been wrecked in some great misfortune, and whose manner was remarkably timid, scared, and solitary. Seventhly, and lastly, a Traveller, of a kind familiar to my boyhood but now almost obsolete, — a book-peddler, who had a quantity of pamphlets and numbers with him, and who presently boasted that he could repeat more verses in an evening than he could sell in a twelvemonth.

All these I have mentioned, in the order in which they sat at table. I presided, and the matronly presence faced me. We were not long in taking our places, for the supper had arrived with me, in the following procession: —

Myself with the pitcher.
Ben with Beer.
Inattentive Boy with hot plates. | Inattentive Boy with hot plates.
THE TURKEY.
Female carrying sauces to be heated on the spot.
THE BEEF.
Man with Tray on his head, containing Vegetables and Sundries.
Volunteer Hostler from Hotel, grinning, and rendering no assistance.

As we passed along the High Street, comet-like, we left a long tail of fragrance behind us, which caused the public to stop, sniffing in wonder. We had previously left at the corner of the inn yard, a wall-eyed young man connected with the Fly department, and well accustomed to the sound of a railway whistle, which Ben always carries in his pocket: whose instructions were, as soon as he should hear the whistle blown, to dash into the kitchen, seize the hot plum-pudding and mince-pies, and speed with them to Watts's Charity — where they would be received (he was further instructed) by the sauce-female, who would be provided with brandy in a blue state of combustion.

All these arrangements were executed in the most exact and punctual manner. I never saw a finer turkey, finer beef, or greater prodigality of sauce and gravy; and my Travellers did wonderful justice to everything set before them. It made my heart rejoice, to observe how their wind-and-frost hardened faces softened in the clatter of plates and knives and forks, and mellowed in the fire and supper heat. While their hats and caps and wrappers, hanging up; a few small bundles on the ground in a corner; and, in another corner, three or four old walking sticks, worn down at the end to mere fringe, linked this snug interior with the bleak outside in a golden chain.

When supper was done, and my brown beauty had been elevated on the table, there was a general requisition to me, to "take the corner;" which suggested to me, comfortably enough, how much my friends here made of a fire, — for when had *I* ever thought so highly of the corner, since the days when I connected it with Jack Horner? However, as I declined, Ben, whose touch on all convivial instruments is perfect, drew the table apart, and instructing my Travellers to open right and left, on either side of me, and form round the fire, closed up the centre with myself and my chair, and preserved the order we had kept at table. He had already, in a tranquil manner, boxed the ears of the inattentive boys, until they had been by imperceptible degrees boxed out of the room; and he now rapidly skirmished the sauce-female into the High Street, disappeared, and softly closed the door.

This was the time for bringing the poker to bear on the billet of wood. I tapped it three times, like an enchanted talisman, and a brilliant host of merrymakers burst out of it, and sported off by the chimney — rushing up the middle in a fiery country dance, and never coming

down again. Meanwhile, by their sparkling light, which threw our lamp into the shade, I filled the glasses, and gave my travellers, CHRISTMAS! — CHRISTMAS EVE, my friends, when the Shepherds, who were Poor Travellers, too, in their way, heard the Angels sing, "On earth, peace. Good will towards men!"

I don't know who was the first among us to think that we ought to take hands as we sat, in deference to the toast, or whether any one of us anticipated the others, but at any rate we all did it. We then drank to the memory of the good Master Richard Watts. And I wish his ghost may never have had any worse usage under that roof, than it had from us!

It was the witching time for story-telling. "Our whole life, Travellers," said I, "is a story more or less intelligible — generally less; but we shall read it by a clearer light when it is ended. I, for one, am so divided this night between fact and fiction, that I scarcely know which is which. Shall we beguile the time by telling stories, in our order as we sit here?"

They all answered, Yes, provided I would begin. I had little to tell them, but I was bound by my own proposal. Therefore, after looking awhile at the spiral column of smoke wreathing up from my brown beauty, through which I could have almost sworn I saw the effigy of Master Richard Watts less startled than usual, I fired away.

In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, a relative of mine came limping down, on foot, to this town of Chatham. I call it this town, because if anybody present knows to a nicety where Rochester ends and Chatham begins, it is more than I do. He was a Poor Traveller, with not a farthing in his pocket. He sat by the fire in this very room, and he slept one night

in a bed that will be occupied to-night by some one here.

My relative came down to Chatham, to enlist in a cavalry regiment, if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was to get shot; but he thought he might as well ride to death as be at the trouble of walking.

My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down, and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick; age, twenty-two; height, five foot ten; native place, Exmouth; which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge here with half a shoe to his dusty foot, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line, and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl whom he had loved better than she — or perhaps even he — believed; but in an evil hour he had given her cause to say to him, solemnly, "Richard, I will never marry any other man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall's lips" — her name was Mary Marshall — "never address another word to you on earth. Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!" This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, with a deep determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, than Private Richard Double-

dick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment, he was as seldom sober as he could be, and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now the captain of Richard Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes — what are called laughing eyes, generally, and, when serious, rather steady than severe; but they were the only eyes now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street like any other officer. He was reproached and confused — troubled by the mere possibility of the captain's looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back and go any distance out of his way than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black Hole, where he had been passing the last eight-and-forty hours, and in which retreat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black Hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the captain; but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were, twisting and breaking in his hands as he went along a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black Hole.

"Come in!" cried the captain, when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a stride forward, and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark, bright eyes.

There was a silent pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth, and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the captain, "do you know where you are going to?"

"To the Devil, sir!" faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the captain. "And very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black Hole in his mouth, and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the captain, "since I entered his Majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road; but I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey, as I have been ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked; also to find the legs of the captain's breakfast-table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the captain, with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages; and if you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be I leave you to consider, knowing what I know of your disgrace, and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard Doubledick; "and then the regiment, and the world together, will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace-jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see five thousand guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, sir."

"If your praise," returned the captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived, to say with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know; but not — Spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall, and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend" — began the captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged a little longer, and you know what must happen. *I* know even better than you can imagine, that after that has happened, you are lost. No man who could shed those tears could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice, said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young captain, "and, in doing it, can earn his own re-

spect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare, that he can earn no other man's. A common soldier, poor brute though you called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past, and try."

"I will! I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips, that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose, and went out of the light of the dark, bright eyes, an altered man.

In that year, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany, where not? Napoleon Bonaparte had likewise begun to stir against us in India, and most men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer non-commissioned officer in it — no, nor in the whole line — than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In eighteen hundred and one, the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men, that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, led, there, close to him, ever at his side, firm as a rock, true as the sun, and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found, while life beat in their hearts, that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a Sergeant-Major, who cut his way single-handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment, which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his captain, who was down and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabres — saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave Sergeant-Major, that he was especially made the bearer of the colors he had worn; and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always reinforced by the bravest of men, — for the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts, — this regiment fought its way through the Peninsular War, up to the investment of Badajos, in eighteen hundred and twelve. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valor; and there was not a drummer-boy but knew the legend, that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton with the dark, bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day, at Badajos — not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way, the two officers found themselves hurrying forward, face to face against a party of French infantry, who made a stand. There was an officer at their head, encouraging his men — a courageous, handsome, gallant officer of five-and thirty — whom Doubledick saw hurried, almost moment-

arily, but saw well. He particularly noticed this officer waving his sword, and rallying his men with an eager, excited cry, when they fired in obedience to his gesture, and Major Taunton dropped.

It was over in ten minutes more, and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had, on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the breast, and on his shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."

"For the love of Heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him, and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright dark eyes — so very, very dark now, in the pale face — smiled upon him; and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago, laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment towards his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The Ensign understood him. He smiled again when he saw that, and gently turning his face over on the supporting arm as if for rest, died, with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

No dry eye looked on Ensign Richard Doubledick that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field, and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life: one, to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give to Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. A new legend now began to circulate among our

troops; and it was, that when he and the French officer came face to face once more, there would be weeping in France.

The war went on — and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side, and the bodily reality on the other — until the battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home appeared these words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

At Midsummer time, in the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a browned soldier, seven and thirty years of age, came home to England invalided. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen since that day; many a dreadful night, in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled; but the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet, compassionate words that naturally present themselves to the mind to-night, "He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden-window, reading the Bible; reading to herself, in a trembling voice, that very passage in it, as I have heard him tell. He heard the words, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise!"

He had to pass the window; and the bright, dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door, quickly, and fell upon his neck.

"He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. O God, forever bless him! As He will, He will!"

"He will!" the lady answered. "I know he is in heaven!" Then she piteously cried, "But oh my darling boy, my darling boy!"

Never, from the hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham, had the Private, Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant-Major, Ensign, or Lieutenant breathed his right name, or the name of Mary Marshall, or a word of the story of his life, into any ear, except his reclaimer's. That previous scene in his existence was closed. He had firmly resolved that his expiation should be, to live unknown; to disturb no more the peace that had long grown over his old offenses; to let it be revealed when he was dead, that he had striven and suffered, and had never forgotten; and then, if they could forgive him and believe him — well, it would be time enough — time enough!

But that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to him as if in his maturity he had recovered a mother; it gradually seemed to her as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept a stranger, became the boundary of his home; when he was able to rejoin his regiment in the spring, he left the garden, thinking was this indeed the first time he had ever turned his face towards the old colors with a woman's blessing!

He followed them — so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together — to Quatre Bras and Ligny. He stood beside them, in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour, the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in the battle, and received its first check in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But it swept on to avenge him, and left behind no such creature in the world of consciousness as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire, and pools of rain; along deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and ploughed to pieces by artillery, heavy wagons, tramp of men and horses, and the struggle of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among the dying and the dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognizable for humanity; undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieking of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the wayside, never to resume their toilsome journey; dead, as to any sentient life that was in it, and yet alive, the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There, it was tenderly laid down in hospital; and there it lay, week after week, through the long, bright summer days, until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

Over and over again the sun rose and set upon the crowded city; over and over again the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo; and all that time was a blank to what had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick. Rejoicing troops marched into Brussels, and marched out; brothers and fathers, sisters, mothers, and wives, came thronging thither, drew their lots of joy or agony, and departed; so many times a day the bells rang; so many times the shadows of the great building changed; so many lights sprang up at dusk; so many feet passed here and there upon the pavements; so many hours of sleep and cooler air of night succeeded: indif-

ferent to all, a marble face lay on a bed, like the face of a recumbent statue on the tomb of Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring, at last, through a long, heavy dream of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew, and of faces that had been familiar to his youth — dearest and kindest among them, Mary Marshall's, with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern — Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life. To the beautiful life of a calm autumn evening sunset. To the peaceful life of a fresh, quiet room, with a large window standing open; a balcony, beyond, in which were moving leaves and sweet-smelling flowers; beyond again, the clear sky, with the sun full in his sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely, that he thought he had passed into another world. And he said in a faint voice, "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him. Not his; his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You were moved here long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek, and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his ce. He was very weak — too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked, presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me? Something passed away, like a black shadow. But as it went, and the sun — oh the blessed sun, how beautiful it is! — touched my face, I thought I saw a white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and, in a little while, he fell asleep — she still holding his hand and soothing him.

From that time he recovered. Slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head, and had been shot in the body; but making some little advance every day. When he had gained sufficient strength to converse as he lay in bed, he soon began to remark that Mrs. Taunton always brought him back to his own history. Then he recalled his preserver's dying words, and thought, "It comforts her."

One day he woke out of a sleep, refreshed, and asked her to read to him. But the curtain of the bed softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke, that she might see him from her table at the bedside where she sat at work, was held undrawn, and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories, before the days of Private Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name" —

He cried out her name, "Mary!" and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

She was married.

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever hear it?"

"Never!"

He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears.

"Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?"

"Never!"

"Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here, while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man; loved him with my whole heart; loved him for years and years; loved him faithfully, devotedly; loved him with no hope of return; loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities — not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of thousands, when the mother of his dear friend found me, and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought, dying, here, into Brussels; I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone, with such a purpose, to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else, he knew me. When he suffered most, he bore his sufferings barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death, he married me, that he might call me wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night" —

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank Heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me; lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words are fulfilled. I see home again!"

Well! they were happy. It was a long recovery,

but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground, and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring, when these three were first able to ride out together, and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But, even then, it became necessary for the captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of Southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Avignon, and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire; they lived there, together, six months; then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton growing old after three years, — though not so old as that her bright, dark eyes were dimmed, — and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms; and she was to be rejoined and escorted home, at the year's end, by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children (as she called them now), and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix; and there, in their own chateau near the farmer's house which she rented, she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child — a girl with a most compassionate heart, who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well, that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home piecemeal as it came about, from time

to time; and, at last, inclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau, soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of cet homme si justement célèbre, Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick — now a hardy, handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before — dispatched a courteous reply, and followed it in person. Travelling through all that extent of country after three years of peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden under foot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. The carts were laden with the fair fruits of the earth, not with wounds and death. To him who had so often seen the terrible reverse, these things were beautiful indeed, and they brought him in a softened spirit to the old chateau near Aix, upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers, and extinguishers, and a high leaden roof, and more windows than Aladdin's Palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open, after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then there were immense outbuildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace-gardens, balustrades; tanks of water, too weak to play and too dirty to work; statues, weeds, and thickets of iron railing, that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies, and to have branched out in all manner of wild shapes. The entrance doors stood open, as doors often do in that country when the heat of the day is past, and the captain saw no bell or knocker, and walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of a southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall was a gallery, leading to suites of rooms; and it was lighted from the top. Still no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the captain, halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning!"

He started back, and felt his face turn white. In the gallery, looking down at him, stood the French officer; the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the original, at last — in every lineament how like it was!

He moved and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face. Much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment.

Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fête among them in the garden. In effect, it was the fête day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Madame Taunton.

He was so gracious and so frank, that Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave Englishman," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman, even as my foe; how much more as my friend! I, also, am a soldier."

"He has not remembered me, as I have remembered him; he did not take such note of my face that day as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden, and presented him to his wife; an engaging and beauti-

ful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical, old-fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him; and there was a boy-baby to tumble down among the orange-trees on the broad steps, in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children-visitors were dancing to sprightly music; and all the servants and peasants about the chateau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of the scenes of peace which had soothed the captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went up-stairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down; and Monsieur le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber, and a smaller one within, all clocks, and draperies, and hearths, and brazen dogs, and tiles, and cool devices, and elegance, and vastness.

"You were at Waterloo?" said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider. "What shall I do, and how shall I tell him?" At that time, unhappily, many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers, arising out of the recent war; and these duels, and how to avoid this officer's hospitality, were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking and letting the time run out in which he should have dressed for dinner, when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door, asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary. "His mother,

above all," the captain thought. "How shall I tell *her?*"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, whom he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true-hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If he had been spared," she kissed (not without tears) the locket in which she wore his hair, "he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity, and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past, which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room; and the captain walked, first to one window, whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window, whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through thee these better thoughts are rising in my mind! Is it thou who hast shown me all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time! Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my angry hand! Is it from thee the whisper comes, that this man did his duty as thou didst, — and as I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me, here on earth, — and that he did no more!"

He sat down, with his head buried in his hands, and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life: That neither to the French officer, nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any soul while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own, that day at dinner, he secretly forgave him, in the name of the Divine forgiver of injuries.

Here I ended my story as the first Poor Traveller.

But, if I had told it now, I could have added that the time has since come when the son of Major Richard Doubledick, and the son of that French officer, friends as their fathers were before them, fought side by side in one cause: with their respective nations, like long-divided brothers whom the better times have brought together, fast united.

. . . . . .

THE ROAD.

The stories being all finished, and the Wassail too, we broke up as the Cathedral bell struck twelve. I did not take leave of my Travellers that night; for it had come into my head to reappear in conjunction with some hot coffee, at seven in the morning.

As I passed along the High Street, I heard the Waits at a distance, and struck off to find them. They were playing near one of the old gates of the city, at the corner of a wonderfully quaint row of red-brick tenements, which the clarionet originally informed me were inhabited by the Minor-Canons. They had odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits; and I thought I should like to see one of the Minor-Canons come out upon his top step, and favor us with a little Christmas discourse about the poor scholars of Rochester; taking for his text the words of his Master, relative to the devouring of widow's houses.

The clarionet was so communicative, and my inclinations were (as they generally are) of so vagabond a tendency, that I accompanied the Waits across an open green called the Vines, and assisted — in the French sense — at the performance of two waltzes, two polkas, and three Irish melodies before I thought of my inn any more. However, I returned to it then, and found a fiddle in the kitchen, and Ben, the wall-eyed young man,

and two chambermaids, circling round the great deal table with the utmost animation.

I had a very bad night. It cannot have been owing to the turkey or the beef, — and the Wassail is out of the question, — but in every endeavor that I made to get to sleep I failed most dismally. Now, I was at Badajos with a fiddle; now, haunted by the widow's murdered sister. Now, I was riding on a little blind girl to save my native town from sack and ruin. Now, I was expostulating with the dead mother of the unconscious little sailor-boy; now, dealing in diamonds in Sky Fair; now, for life or death hiding mince-pies under bedroom carpets. For all this I was never asleep; and, in whatsoever unreasonable direction my mind rambled, the effigy of Master Richard Watts perpetually embarrassed it.

In a word, I only got out of the worshipful Master Richard Watts's way, by getting out of bed in the dark at six o'clock, and tumbling, as my custom is, into all the cold water that could be accumulated for the purpose. The outer air was dull and cold enough in the street, when I came down there; and the one candle in our supper-room at Watts's Charity looked as pale in the burning as if it had had a bad night too. But my Travellers had all slept soundly, and they took to the hot coffee, and the piles of bread and butter which Ben had arranged like deals in a timber-yard, as kindly as I could desire.

While it was yet scarcely daylight, we all came out into the street together, and there shook hands. The widow took the little sailor towards Chatham, where he was to find a steamboat for Sheerness; the lawyer, with an extremely knowing look, went his own way, without committing himself by announcing his intentions; two more struck off by the Cathedral and old Castle for

Maidstone; and the book-peddler accompanied me over the bridge. As for me, I was going to walk, by Cobham Woods, as far upon my way to London as I fancied.

When I came to the stile and footpath by which I was to diverge from the main road, I bade farewell to my last remaining Poor Traveller, and pursued my way alone. And now the mist began to rise in the most beautiful manner, and the sun to shine; and as I went on through the bracing air, seeing the hoar-frost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all Nature shared in the joy of the great Birthday.

Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground, and among the brown leaves, enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree. By Cobham Hall, I came to the village, and the church-yard where the dead had been quietly buried, "in the sure and certain hope" which Christmas time inspired. What children could I see at play and not be loving of, recalling who had loved them! No garden that I passed was out of unison with the day, for I remembered that the tomb was in a garden, and that "she supposing him to be the gardener," had said, "Sir, if thou have borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away." In time, the distant river with the ships came full in view, and with it pictures of the poor fishermen mending their nets, who arose and followed Him; of the teaching of the people from a ship pushed off a little way from shore, by reason of the multitude; of a majestic figure walking on the water, in the loneliness of night. My very shadow on the ground was eloquent

of Christmas; for, did not the people lay their sick where the mere shadows of the men who had heard and seen Him might fall as they passed along?

Thus, Christmas begirt me, far and near, until I had come to Blackheath, and had walked down the long vista of gnarled old trees in Greenwich Park, and was being steam-rattled through the mists, now closing in once more, towards the lights of London. Brightly they shone, but not so brightly as my own fire and the brighter faces around it, when we came together to celebrate the day. And there I told of my worthy Master Richard Watts, and of my supper with the six Poor Travellers who were neither Rogues nor Proctors; and from that hour to this I have never seen one of them again.

THE HOLLY-TREE INN.

THE GUEST.

I HAVE kept one secret in the course of my life. I am a bashful man. Nobody would suppose it, nobody ever does suppose it, nobody ever did suppose it. But I am naturally a bashful man. This is the secret which I have never breathed until now.

I might greatly move the reader by some account of the innumerable places I have not been to, the innumerable people I have not called upon or received, the innumerable social evasions I have been guilty of, solely because I am by original constitution and character, a bashful man. But I will leave the reader unmoved, and proceed with the object before me.

That object is, to give a plain account of my travels and discoveries in the Holly-Tree Inn; in which place of good entertainment for man and beast I was once snowed up.

It happened in the memorable year when I parted forever from Angela Leath, whom I was shortly to have married, on making the discovery that she preferred my bosom friend. From our school days I had freely admitted Edwin, in my own mind, to be far superior to myself, and, though I was grievously wounded at heart, I felt the preference to be natural, and tried to forgive them both. It was under these circumstances that I resolved to go to America — on my way to the Devil.

Communicating my discovery neither to Angela nor to Edwin, but resolving to write each of them an affecting letter conveying my blessing and forgiveness, which the steam tender for shore should carry to the post when I myself should be bound for the New World, far beyond recall, — I say, locking up my grief in my own breast, and consoling myself as I could, with the prospect of being generous, I quietly left all I held dear, and started on the desolate journey I have mentioned.

The dead winter time was in full dreariness when I left my chambers forever, at five o'clock in the morning. I had shaved by candle-light, of course, and was miserably cold, and experienced that general all-pervading sensation of getting up to be hanged, which I have usually found inseparable from untimely rising under such circumstances.

How well I remember the forlorn aspect of Fleet Street when I came out of the Temple! The street-lamps flickering in the gusty northeast wind, as if the very gas were contorted with cold; the white-topped houses; the bleak, star-lighted sky; the market people and other early stragglers, trotting to circulate their almost frozen blood; the hospitable light and warmth of the few coffee-shops and public-houses that were open for such customers; the hard, dry, frosty rime with which the air was charged (the wind had already beaten it into every crevice), and which lashed my face like a steel whip.

It wanted nine days to the end of the month, and end of the year. The Post-office packet for the United States was to depart from Liverpool, weather permitting, on the first of the ensuing month, and I had the intervening time on my hands. I had taken this into consideration, and had resolved to make a visit to a certain spot (which I need not name) on the further borders

of Yorkshire. It was endeared to me by my having first seen Angela at a farm-house in that place, and my melancholy was gratified by the idea of taking a wintry leave of it before my expatriation. I ought to explain, that to avoid being sought out before my resolution should have been rendered irrevocable by being carried into full effect, I had written to Angela overnight, in my usual manner, lamenting that urgent business — of which she should know all particulars by and by — took me unexpectedly away from her for a week or ten days.

There was no Northern Railway at that time, and in its place there were stage-coaches: which I occasionally find myself, in common with some other people, affecting to lament now, but which everybody dreaded as a very serious penance then. I had secured the box-seat on the fastest of these, and my business in Fleet Street was to get into a cab with my portmanteau, so as to make the best of my way to the Peacock at Islington, where I was to join this coach. But when one of our Temple watchmen, who carried my portmanteau into Fleet Street for me, told me about the huge blocks of ice that had for some days past been floating in the river, having closed up in the night and made a walk from the Temple Gardens over to the Surrey shore, I began to ask myself the question, Whether the box-seat would not be likely to put a sudden and a frosty end to my unhappiness? I was heart-broken, it is true, and yet I was not quite so far gone as to wish to be frozen to death.

When I got up to the Peacock — where I found everybody drinking hot purl, in self-preservation — I asked if there were an inside seat to spare? I then discovered that, inside or out, I was the only passenger. This gave me a still livelier idea of the great inclemency of the weather, since that coach always loaded particularly well. However, I took a little purl (which I found un-

commonly good), and got into the coach. When I was seated, they built me up with straw to the waist, and, conscious of making a rather ridiculous appearance, I began my journey.

It was still dark when we left the Peacock. For a little while, pale, uncertain ghosts of houses and trees appeared and vanished, and then it was hard, black, frozen day. People were lighting their fires; smoke was mounting straight up, high into the rarefied air; and we were rattling for Highgate Archway over the hardest ground I have ever heard the ring of iron shoes on. As we got into the country, everything seemed to have grown old and gray, — the roads, the trees, the thatched roofs of cottages and homesteads, the ricks in farmers' yards. Out-door work was abandoned, horse-troughs at roadside inns were frozen hard, no stragglers lounged about, doors were close shut, little turnpike houses had blazing fires inside, and children (even turnpike people have children, and seem to like them) rubbed the frost from the little panes of glass with their chubby arms, that their bright eyes might catch a glimpse of the solitary coach going by. I don't know when the snow began to set in; but I know that we were changing horses somewhere, when I heard the guard remark, "That the old lady up in the sky was picking her geese pretty hard to-day." Then, indeed, I found the white down falling fast and thick.

The lonely day wore on, and I dozed it out as a lonely traveller does. I was warm and valiant after eating and drinking — particularly after dinner; cold and depressed at all other times. I was always bewildered as to time and place, and always more or less out of my senses. The coach and horses seemed to execute in chorus, Auld Lang Syne, without a moment's intermission. They kept the time and tune with the greatest regularity, and

rose into the swell at the beginning of the refrain, with a precision that worried me to death. While we changed horses, the guard and coachman went stumping up and down the road, printing off their shoes in the snow, and poured so much liquid consolation into themselves, without being any the worse for it, that I began to confound them, as it darkened again, with two great white casks, standing on end. Our horses tumbled down in solitary places, and we got them up — which was the pleasantest variety *I* had, for it warmed me. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing. All night long we went on in this manner. Thus, we came round the clock, upon the Great North Road, to the performance of Auld Lang Syne by day again. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

I forget now, where we were at noon on the second day, and where we ought to have been; but I know that we were scores of miles behindhand, and that our case was growing worse every hour. The drift was becoming prodigiously deep; landmarks were getting snowed out; the road and the fields were all one; instead of having fences and hedgerows to guide us, we went crunching on, over an unbroken surface of ghastly white that might sink beneath us at any moment and drop us down a whole hill-side. Still, the coachman and guard — who kept together on the box, always in council, and looking well about them — made out the track with astonishing sagacity.

When we came in sight of a town, it looked, to my fancy, like a large drawing on a slate, with abundance of slate-pencil expended on the churches and houses where the snow lay thickest. When we came within a town, and found the church clocks all stopped, the dial faces choked with snow, and the inn-signs blotted out, it

seemed as if the whole place were overgrown with white moss. As to the coach, it was a mere snowball; similarly, the men and boys who ran along beside us to the town's end, turning our clogged wheels and encouraging our horses, were men and boys of snow; and the bleak, wild solitude to which they at last dismissed us, was a snowy Sahara. One would have thought this enough, notwithstanding which, I pledge my word that it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowing.

We performed Auld Lang Syne the whole day; seeing nothing out of towns and villages, but the tracks of stoats, hares, and foxes, and sometimes of birds. At nine o'clock at night, on a Yorkshire moor, a cheerful burst from our horn, and a welcome sound of talking, with a glimmering and moving about of lanterns, roused me from my drowsy state. I found that we were going to change.

They helped me out, and I said to a waiter, whose bare head became as white as King Lear's in a single minute, "What inn is this?"

"The Holly-Tree, sir," said he.

"Upon my word, I believe," said I, apologetically to the guard and coachman, "that I must stop here."

Now, the landlord, and the landlady, and the hostler, and the postboy, and all the stable authorities, had already asked the coachman, to the wide-eyed interest of all the rest of the establishment, if he meant to go on? The coachman had already replied, "Yes, he'd take her through it"—meaning by Her, the coach—"if so be as George would stand by him." George was the guard, and he had already sworn that he *would* stand by him. So, the helpers were already getting the horses out.

My declaring myself beaten, after this parley, was not

an announcement without preparation. Indeed, but for the way to the announcement being smoothed by the parley, I more than doubt whether, as an innately bashful man, I should have had the confidence to make it. As it was, it received the approval even of the guard and coachman. Therefore, with many confirmations of my inclining, and many remarks from one bystander to another, that the gentleman could go for'ard by the mail to-morrow, whereas to-night he would only be froze, and where was the good of a gentleman being froze — ah, let alone buried alive (which latter clause was added by a humorous helper as a joke at my expense, and was extremely well received), I saw my portmanteau got out stiff, like a frozen body; did the handsome thing by the guard and coachman; wished them good night and a prosperous journey; and, a little ashamed of myself after all, for leaving them to fight it out alone, followed the landlord, landlady, and waiter of the Holly-Tree, upstairs.

I thought I had never seen such a large room as that into which they showed me. It had five windows, with dark-red curtains that would have absorbed the light of a general illumination; and there were complications of drapery at the top of the curtains, that went wandering about the wall in a most extraordinary manner. I asked for a smaller room, and they told me there was no smaller room. They could screen me in, however, the landlord said. They brought a great old japanned screen, with natives (Japanese, I suppose) engaged in a variety of idiotic pursuits all over it; and left me, roasting whole before an immense fire.

My bedroom was some quarter of a mile off, up a great staircase, at the end of a long gallery; and nobody knows what a misery this is to a bashful man who would rather not meet people on the stairs. It was the

grimmest room I have ever had the nightmare in; and all the furniture from the four posts of the bed to the two old silver candlesticks, was tall, high-shouldered, and spindle-waisted. Below, in my sitting-room, if I looked round my screen, the wind rushed at me like a mad bull: if I stuck to my arm-chair, the fire scorched me to the color of a new brick. The chimney-piece was very high, and there was a bad glass — what I may call a wavy glass — above it, which, when I stood up, just showed me my anterior phrenological developments — and these never look well, in any subject, cut short off at the eyebrow. If I stood with my back to the fire, a gloomy vault of darkness above and beyond the screen insisted on being looked at; and, in its dim remoteness, the drapery of the ten curtains of the five windows went twisting and creeping about, like a nest of gigantic worms.

I suppose that what I observe in myself must be observed by some other men of similar character in *themselves;* therefore I am emboldened to mention that, when I travel, I never arrive at a place but I immediately want to go away from it. Before I had finished my supper of boiled fowl and mulled port, I had impressed upon the waiter, in detail, my arrangements for departure in the morning. Breakfast and bill at eight. Fly at nine. Two horses, or, if needful, even four.

Tired though I was, the night appeared about a week long. In cases of nightmare, I thought of Angela, and felt more depressed than ever by the reflection that I was on the shortest road to Gretna Green! What had *I* to do with Gretna Green? I was not going *that* way to the Devil, but by the American route, I remarked, in my bitterness.

In the morning I found that it was snowing still, that it had snowed all night, and that I was snowed up.

Nothing could get out of that spot on the moor, or could come at it, until the road had been cut out by laborers from the market-town. When they might cut their way to the Holly-Tree, nobody could tell me.

It was now Christmas Eve. I should have had a dismal Christmas time of it anywhere, and, consequently, that did not so much matter; still, being snowed up was, like dying of frost, a thing I had not bargained for. I felt very lonely. Yet I could no more have proposed to the landlord and landlady to admit me to their society (though I should have liked it very much) than I could have asked them to present me with a piece of plate. Here my great secret, the real bashfulness of my character, is to be observed. Like most bashful men, I judge of other people as if they were bashful too. Besides being far too shamefaced to make the proposal myself, I really had a delicate misgiving that it would be in the last degree disconcerting to them.

Trying to settle down, therefore, in my solitude, I first of all asked what books there were in the house? The waiter brought me a Book of Roads, two or three old Newspapers, a little Song-book terminating in a collection of Toasts and Sentiments, a little Jest-book, an odd volume of "Peregrine Pickle," and the "Sentimental Journey." I knew every word of the two last already, but I read them through again; then tried to hum all the songs (Auld Lang Syne was among them); went entirely through the jokes, in which I found a fund of melancholy adapted to my state of mind; proposed all the toasts, enunciated all the sentiments, and mastered the papers. The latter had nothing in them but stock advertisements, a meeting about a county rate, and a highway robbery. As I am a greedy reader, I could not make this supply hold out until night; it was exhausted by tea-time. Being then entirely cast upon

my own resources, I got through an hour in considering what to do next. Ultimately it came into my head (from which I was anxious by any means to exclude Angela and Edwin) that I would endeavor to recall my experience of inns, and would try how long it lasted me. I stirred the fire, moved my chair a little to one side of the screen — not daring to go far, for I knew the wind was waiting to make a rush at me; I could hear it growling — and began.

My first impressions of an inn dated from the nursery; consequently, I went back to the nursery for a starting-point, and found myself at the knee of a sallow woman, with a fishy eye, an aquiline nose, and a green gown, whose speciality was a dismal narrative of a landlord by the roadside, whose visitors unaccountably disappeared for many years, until it was discovered that the pursuit of his life had been to convert them into pies. For the better devotion of himself to this branch of industry, he had constructed a secret door behind the head of the bed; and when the visitor (oppressed with pie) had fallen asleep, this wicked landlord would look softly in with a lamp in one hand and a knife in the other, would cut his throat, and would make him into pies; for which purpose he had coppers underneath a trap-door, always boiling; and rolled out his pastry in the dead of the night. Yet even he was not insensible to the stings of conscience, for he never went to sleep without being heard to mutter, "Too much pepper!" — which was eventually the cause of his being brought to justice. I had no sooner disposed of this criminal than there started up another, of the same period, whose profession was, originally, house-breaking; in the pursuit of which art he had had his right ear chopped off one night as he was burglariously getting in at a window, by a brave and lovely servant-maid (whom the aquiline-nosed

woman, though not at all answering the description, always mysteriously implied to be herself). After several years, this brave and lovely servant-maid was married to the landlord of a country inn, which landlord had this remarkable characteristic, that he always wore a silk night-cap, and never would, on any consideration, take it off. At last, one night, when he was fast asleep, the brave and lovely woman lifted up his silk night-cap on the right side, and found that he had no ear there; upon which she sagaciously perceived that he was the clipped housebreaker, who had married her with the intention of putting her to death. She immediately heated the poker and terminated his career, for which she was taken to King George upon his throne, and received the compliments of royalty on her great discretion and valor. This same narrator, who had a ghoulish pleasure, I have long been persuaded, in terrifying me to the utmost confines of my reason, had another authentic anecdote within her own experience, founded, I now believe, upon "Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun." She said it happened to her brother-in-law, who was immensely rich — which my father was not; and immensely tall — which my father was not. It was always a point with this Ghoul to present my dearest relations and friends to my youthful mind under circumstances of disparaging contrast. The brother-in-law was riding once through a forest on a magnificent horse (we had no magnificent horse at our house), attended by a favorite and valuable Newfoundland dog (we had no dog), when he found himself benighted, and came to an inn. A dark woman opened the door, and he asked her if he could have a bed there? She answered yes, and put his horse in the stable, and took him into a room where there were two dark men. While he was at supper, a parrot in the room began to talk, saying,

"Blood, blood! Wipe up the blood!" Upon which one of the dark men wrung the parrot's neck, and said he was fond of roasted parrots, and he meant to have this one for breakfast in the morning. After eating and drinking heartily, the immensely rich, tall brother in-law went up to bed; but he was rather vexed, because they had shut his dog in the stable, saying that they never allowed dogs in the house. He sat very quiet for more than an hour, thinking and thinking, when, just as his candle was burning out, he heard a scratch at the door. He opened the door, and there was the Newfoundland dog! The dog came softly in, smelt about him, went straight to some straw in a corner which the dark men had said covered apples, tore the straw away, and disclosed two sheets steeped in blood. Just at that moment the candle went out, and the brother-in-law, looking through a chink in the door, saw the two dark men stealing up-stairs; one armed with a dagger that long (about five feet); the other carried a chopper, a sack, and a spade. Having no remembrance of the close of this adventure, I suppose my faculties to have been always so frozen with terror at this stage of it, that the power of listening stagnated within me for some quarter of an hour.

These barbarous stories carried me, sitting there on the Holly-Tree hearth, to the Roadside Inn, renowned in my time in a sixpenny book with a folding plate, representing, in a central compartment of oval form, the portrait of Jonathan Bradford, and in four corner compartments, four incidents of the tragedy with which the name is associated, — colored with a hand at once so free and economical, that the bloom of Jonathan's complexion passed without any pause into the breeches of the hostler, and smearing itself off into the next division, became rum in a bottle. Then I remembered how the landlord

was found at the murdered traveller's bedside, with his own knife at his feet, and blood upon his hand; how he was hanged for the murder, notwithstanding his protestation that he had indeed come there to kill the traveller for his saddle-bags, but had been stricken motionless on finding him already slain; and how the hostler, years afterwards, owned the deed. By this time I had made myself quite uncomfortable. I stirred the fire and stood with my back to it as long as I could bear the heat, looking up at the darkness beyond the screen, and at the wormy curtains creeping in and creeping out, like the worms in the ballad of "Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene."

There was an inn in the cathedral town where I went to school, which had pleasanter recollections about it than any of these. I took it next. It was the inn where friends used to put up, and where we used to go to see parents, and to have salmon and fowls, and be tipped. It had an ecclesiastical sign — the Mitre — and a bar that seemed to be the next best thing to a bishopric, it was so snug. I loved the landlord's youngest daughter to distraction — but let that pass. It was in this inn that I was cried over by my rosy little sister, because I had acquired a black eye in a fight. And though she had been, that Holly-Tree night, for many a long year where all tears are dried, the Mitre softened me yet.

"To be continued to-morrow," said I, when I took my candle to go to bed. But my bed took it upon itself to continue the train of thought that night. It carried me away, like the enchanted carpet, to a distant place (though still in England), and there, alighting from a stage-coach at another inn in the snow, as I had actually done some years before, I repeated, in my sleep, a curious experience I had really had there. More than a

year before I made the journey in the course of which I put up at that inn, I had lost a very near and dear friend by death. Every night since, at home or away from home, I had dreamed of that friend; sometimes, as still living; sometimes, as returning from the world of shadows to comfort me; always, as being beautiful, placid, and happy; never, in association with any approach to fear or distress. It was at a lonely inn in a wide moorland place, that I halted to pass the night. When I had looked from my bedroom window over the waste of snow on which the moon was shining, I sat down by my fire to write a letter. I had always, until that hour, kept it within my own breast that I dreamed every night of the dear lost one. But, in the letter that I wrote, I recorded the circumstance, and added that I felt much interested in proving whether the subject of my dream would still be faithful to me, travel-tired, and in that remote place. No. I lost the beloved figure of my vision in parting with the secret. My sleep has never looked upon it since, in sixteen years, but once. I was in Italy, and awoke (or seemed to awake), the well-remembered voice distinctly in my ears, conversing with it. I entreated it, as it rose above my bed and soared up to the vaulted roof of the old room, to answer me a question I had asked, touching the Future Life. My hands were still outstretched towards it as it vanished, when I heard a bell ringing by the garden wall, and a voice, in the deep stillness of the night, calling on all good Christians to pray for the souls of the dead; it being All Souls' Eve.

To return to the Holly-Tree. When I awoke next day, it was freezing hard, and the lowering sky threatened more snow. My breakfast cleared away, I drew my chair into its former place, and, with the fire getting so much the better of the landscape that I sat in twilight, resumed my inn remembrances.

That was a good inn down in Wiltshire where I put up once, in the days of the hard Wiltshire ale, and before all beer was bitterness. It was on the skirts of Salisbury Plain, and the midnight wind that rattled my lattice window, came moaning at me from Stonehenge. There was a hanger-on at that establishment (a supernaturally preserved Druid, I believe him to have been, and to be still), with long white hair, and a flinty blue eye always looking afar off: who claimed to have been a shepherd, and who seemed to be ever watching for the reappearance, on the verge of the horizon, of some ghostly flock of sheep that had been mutton for many ages. He was a man with a weird belief in him that no one could count the stones of Stonehenge twice, and make the same number of them; likewise, that any one who counted them three times nine times, and then stood in the centre and said, "I dare!" would behold a tremendous apparition, and be stricken dead. He pretended to have seen a bustard (I suspect him to have been familiar with the dodo), in manner following: He was out upon the plain at the close of a late autumn day, when he dimly discerned, going on before him at a curious, fitfully bounding pace, what he at first supposed to be a gig-umbrella that had been blown from some conveyance, but what he presently believed to be a lean dwarf man upon a little pony. Having followed this object for some distance without gaining on it, and having called to it many times without receiving any answer, he pursued it for miles and miles, when, at length coming up with it, he discovered it to be the last bustard in Great Britain, degenerated into a wingless state, and running along the ground. Resolved to capture him or perish in the attempt, he closed with the bustard; but the bustard, who had formed a counter-resolution that he should do neither, threw him, stunned him, and was last seen mak

ing off due west. This weird man, at that stage of metempsychosis, may have been a sleep-walker, or an enthusiast, or a robber; but I awoke one night to find him in the dark at my bedside, repeating the Athanasian Creed in a terrific voice. I paid my bill next day; and retired from the county with all possible precipitation.

That was not a commonplace story which worked itself out at a little inn in Switzerland, while I was staying there. It was a very homely place, in a village of one narrow, zigzag street among mountains, and you went in at the main door through the cow-house, and among the mules and the dogs and the fowls, before ascending a great bare staircase to the rooms: which were all of unpainted wood, without plastering or papering — like rough packing-cases. Outside, there was nothing but the straggling street, a little toy church with a copper-colored steeple, a pine forest, a torrent, mists, and mountain-sides. A young man belonging to this inn had disappeared eight weeks before (it was winter time), and was supposed to have had some undiscovered love affair, and to have gone for a soldier. He had got up in the night, and dropped into the village street from the loft in which he slept with another man; and he had done it so quietly, that his companion and fellow-laborer had heard no movement when he was awakened in the morning, and they said, "Louis, where is Henri?" They looked for him high and low, in vain, and gave him up. Now, outside this inn there stood, as there stood outside every dwelling in the village, a stack of fire-wood; but the stack belonging to the inn was higher than any of the rest, because the inn was the richest house and burnt the most fuel. It began to be noticed, while they were looking high and low, that a Bantam cock, part of the live-stock of the inn, put himself wonderfully out of his way to get to the top of this wood-stack; and that he

would stay there for hours and hours, crowing, until he appeared in danger of splitting himself. Five weeks went on — six weeks — and still this terrible Bantam, neglecting his domestic affairs, was always on the top of the wood-stack, crowing the very eyes out of his head. By this time it was perceived that Louis had become inspired with a violent animosity toward the terrible Bantam, and one morning he was seen by a woman who sat nursing her goitre at a little window in a gleam of sun, to catch up a rough billet of wood, with a great oath, hurl it at the terrible Bantam crowing on the wood-stack, and bring him down dead. Hereupon, the woman, with a sudden light in her mind, stole round to the back of the wood-stack, and, being a good climber, as all those women are, climbed up, and soon was seen upon the summit, screaming, looking down the hollow within, and crying, "Seize Louis, the murderer! Ring the church bell! Here is the body!" I saw the murderer that day, and I saw him as I sat by my fire at the Holly-Tree Inn, and I see him now, lying shackled with cords on the stable litter, among the mild eyes and the smoking breath of the cows, waiting to be taken away by the police, and stared at by the fearful village. A heavy animal — the dullest animal in the stables — with a stupid head and a lumpish face devoid of any trace of sensibility, who had been, within the knowledge of the murdered youth, an embezzler of certain small moneys belonging to his master, and who had taken this hopeful mode of putting a possible accuser out of his way. All of which he confessed next day, like a sulky wretch who couldn't be troubled any more, now that they had got hold of him and meant to make an end of him. I saw him once again, on the day of my departure from the inn. In that canton, the headsman still does his office with a sword; and I came upon this murderer sitting bound to

a chair, with his eyes bandaged, on a scaffold in a little market-place. In that instant, a great sword (loaded with quicksilver in the thick part of the blade) swept round him like a gust of wind, or fire, and there was no such creature in the world. My wonder was — not that he was so suddenly dispatched, but that any head was left unreaped within a radius of fifty yards of that tremendous sickle.

That was a good inn, too, with the kind, cheerful landlady, and the honest landlord, where I lived in the shadow of Mont Blanc, and where one of the apartments has a zoölogical papering on the walls, not so accurately joined but that the elephant occasionally rejoices in a tiger's hind legs and tail; while the lion puts on a trunk and tusks; and the bear, moulting as it were, appears, as to portions of himself, like a leopard. I made several American friends at that inn, who all called Mont Blanc, Mount Blank — except one good-humored gentleman, of a very sociable nature, who became on such intimate terms with it that he spoke of it familiarly as "Blank;" observing at breakfast, "Blank looks pretty tall this morning," or considerably doubting in the court-yard in the evening whether there wasn't some go-ahead naters in our country, sir, that would make out the top of Blank, in a couple of hours from first start — now!

Once I passed a fortnight at an inn in the North of England, where I was haunted by the ghost of a tremendous pie. It was a Yorkshire pie, like a fort — an abandoned fort with nothing in it; but the waiter had a fixed idea that it was a point of ceremony at every meal to put the pie on the table. After some days, I tried to hint, in several delicate ways, that I considered the pie done with; as, for example, by emptying fag-ends of glasses of wine into it; putting cheese-plates and spoons into it as into a basket; putting wine-bottles into it, as

into a cooler; but always in vain, the pie being invariably cleaned out again and brought up as before. At last, beginning to be doubtful whether I was not the victim of a spectral illusion, and whether my health and spirits might not sink under the horrors of an imaginary pie, I cut a triangle out of it, fully as large as the musical instrument of that name in a powerful orchestra. Human prevision could not have foreseen the result — but the waiter mended the pie. With some effectual species of cement, he adroitly fitted the triangle in again, and I paid my reckoning and fled.

The Holly-Tree was getting rather dismal. I made an overland expedition beyond the screen, and penetrated as far as the fourth window. Here, I was driven back by stress of weather. Arrived at my winter-quarters once more, I made up the fire, and took another inn.

It was in the remotest part of Cornwall. A great annual Miners' Feast was being holden at the inn, when I and my travelling companions presented ourselves at night among the wild crowd that were dancing before it by torchlight. We had had a break-down in the dark, on a stony morass some miles away; and I had the honor of leading one of the unharnessed post-horses. If any lady or gentleman, on perusal of the present lines, will take any very tall post-horse with his traces hanging about his legs, and will conduct him by the bearing-rein into the heart of a country dance of a hundred and fifty couples, that lady or gentleman will then, and only then, form an adequate idea of the extent to which that post-horse will tread on his conductor's toes. Over and above which, the post-horse, finding three hundred people whirling about him, will probably rear, and also lash out with his hind legs, in a manner incompatible with dignity or self-respect on his conductor's part. With such little drawbacks on my usually impressive aspect, I appeared

at this Cornish inn, to the unutterable wonder of the Cornish Miners. It was full, and twenty times full, and nobody could be received but the post-horse — though to get rid of that noble animal was something. While my fellow-travellers and I were discussing how to pass the night and so much of the next day as must intervene before the jovial blacksmith and the jovial wheelwright would be in a condition to go out on the morass and mend the coach, an honest man stepped forth from the crowd and proposed his unlet floor of two rooms, with supper of eggs and bacon, ale and punch. We joyfully accompanied him home to the strangest of clean houses, where we were well entertained to the satisfaction of all parties. But the novel feature of the entertainment was, that our host was a chairmaker, and that the chairs assigned to us were mere frames, altogether without bottoms of any sort; so that we passed the evening on perches. Nor was this the absurdest consequence; for when we unbent at supper, and any one of us gave way to laughter, he forgot the peculiarity of his position, and instantly disappeared. I myself, doubled up into an attitude from which self-extrication was impossible, was taken out of my frame, like a clown in a comic pantomime who has tumbled into a tub, five times by the taper's light during the eggs and bacon.

The Holly-Tree was fast reviving within me a sense of loneliness. I began to feel conscious that my subject would never carry me on until I was dug out. I might be a week here — weeks!

There was a story with a singular idea in it, connected with an inn I once passed a night at, in a picturesque old town on the Welsh border. In a large, double-bedded room of this inn, there had been a suicide committed by poison, in one bed, while a tired traveller slept unconscious in the other. After that time, the suicide bed was

never used, but the other constantly was; the disused bed remaining in the room empty, though as to all other respects in its old state. The story ran, that whosoever slept in this room, though never so entire a stranger, from never so far off, was invariably observed to come down in the morning with an impression that he smelt laudanum; and that his mind always turned upon the subject of suicide; to which, whatever kind of man he might be, he was certain to make some reference if he conversed with any one. This went on for years, until it at length induced the landlord to take the disused bedstead down, and bodily burn it — bed, hangings, and all. The strange influence (this was the story) now changed to a fainter one, but never changed afterwards. The occupant of that room, with occasional but very rare exceptions, would come down in the morning, trying to recall a forgotten dream he had had in the night. The landlord, on his mentioning his perplexity, would suggest various commonplace subjects, not one of which, as he very well knew, was the true subject. But the moment the landlord suggested, "Poison," the traveller started and cried, "Yes!" He never failed to accept that suggestion, and he never recalled any more of the dream.

This reminiscence brought the Welsh inns, in general, before me; with the women in their round hats, and the harpers with their white beards (venerable, but humbugs, I am afraid), playing outside the door while I took my dinner. The transition was natural to the Highland inns, with the oatmeal bannocks, the honey, the venison steaks, the trout from the loch, the whiskey, and, perhaps (having the materials so temptingly at hand), the Athol brose. Once was I coming south from the Scottish Highlands in hot haste, hoping to change quickly at the station at the bottom of a certain wild historical glen, when these eyes did with mortification see the landlord

come out with a telescope and sweep the whole prospect for the horses: which horses were away picking up their own living, and did not heave in sight under four hours. Having thought of the loch-trout, I was taken by quick association to the anglers' inns of England (I have assisted at innumerable feats of angling, by lying in the bottom of the boat, whole summer days, doing nothing with the greatest perseverance; which I have generally found to be as effectual towards the taking of fish as the finest tackle and the utmost science), and to the pleasant white, clean, flower-pot-decorated bedrooms of those inns, overlooking the river, and the ferry, and the green ait, and the church spire, and the country bridge; and to the peerless Emma with the bright eyes and the pretty smile, who waited, bless her! with a natural grace that would have converted Blue Beard. Casting my eyes upon my Holly-Tree fire, I next discerned among the glowing coals the pictures of a score or more of those wonderful English posting-inns which we are all so sorry to have lost, which were so large and so comfortable, and which were such monuments of British submission to rapacity and extortion. He who would see these houses pining away, let him walk from Basingstoke or even Windsor to London, by way of Hounslow, and moralize on their perishing remains; the stables crumbling to dust; unsettled laborers and wanderers bivouacking in the out-houses; grass growing in the yards; the rooms where erst so many hundred beds of down were made up, let off to Irish lodgers at eighteen-pence a week; a little, ill-looking beer-shop shrinking in the tap of former days, burning coach-house gates for fire-wood, having one of its two windows bunged up, as if it had received punishment in a fight with the Railroad; a low, bandy-legged, brick-making bull-dog standing in the doorway. What could I next see in my fire, so naturally, as the new

railway-house of these times near the dismal country station; with nothing particular on draught but cold air and damp, nothing worth mentioning in the larder but new mortar, and no business doing, beyond a conceited affectation of luggage in the hall? Then, I came to the inns of Paris, with the pretty appartement of four pieces up one hundred and seventy-five waxed stairs, the privilege of ringing the bell all day long without influencing anybody's mind or body but your own, and the not-too-much-for-dinner, considering the price. Next, to the provincial inns of France, with the great church-tower rising above the court-yard, the horse-bells jingling merrily up and down the street beyond, and the clocks of all descriptions in all the rooms, which are never right, unless taken at the precise minute when, by getting exactly twelve hours too fast or too slow, they unintentionally become so. Away I went, next, to the lesser roadside inns of Italy; where all the dirty clothes in the house (not in wear) are always lying in your ante-room; where the mosquitoes make a raisin pudding of your face in summer, and the cold bites it blue in winter; where you get what you can, and forget what you can't; where I should again like to be boiling my tea in a pocket-handkerchief dumpling, for want of a teapot. So, to the old palace inns and old monastery inns, in towns and cities of the same bright country; with their massive quadrangular staircases whence you may look from among clustering pillars high into the blue vault of heaven; with their stately banqueting-rooms, and vast refectories; with their labyrinths of ghostly bedchambers, and their glimpses into gorgeous streets that have no appearance of reality or possibility. So, to the close little inns of the Malaria districts, with their pale attendants, and their peculiar smell of never 'etting in the air. So, to the immense fantastic inns of Venice, with the cry of the gondolier below, as he skims

the corner; the grip of the watery odors on the particular little bit of the bridge of your nose (which is never released while you stay there), and the great bell of St. Mark's Cathedral tolling midnight. Next, I put up for a minute at the restless inns upon the Rhine, where your going to bed, no matter at what hour, appears to be the tocsin for everybody else's getting up; and where, in the table d'hôte room at the end of the long table (with several towers of Babel on it at the other end, all made of white plates), one knot of stoutish men, entirely drest in jewels and dirt, and having nothing else upon them, *will* remain all night, clinking glasses, and singing about the river that flows and the grape that grows, and Rhine wine that beguiles and Rhine woman that smiles, and hi, drink, drink, my friend, and ho, drink, drink, my brother, and all the rest of it. I departed thence, as a matter of course, to other German inns, where all the eatables are sodden down to the same flavor, and where the mind is disturbed by the apparition of hot puddings, and boiled cherries sweet and slab, at awfully unexpected periods of the repast. After a draught of sparkling beer from a foaming glass jug, and a glance of recognition through the windows of the student beer-houses at Heidelberg and elsewhere, I put out to sea for the inns of America, with their four hundred beds apiece, and their eight or nine hundred ladies and gentlemen at dinner every day. Again, I stood in the bar-rooms thereof, taking my evening cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail. Again, I listened to my friend the General — whom I had known for five minutes, in the course of which period he had made me intimate for life with two Majors, who again had made me intimate for life with three Colonels, who again had made me brother to twenty-two civilians — again, I say, I listened to my friend the General, leisurely expounding the resources of the establishment, as to gentlemen's

morning-room, sir; ladies' morning-room, sir; gentlemen's evening-room, sir; ladies' evening-room, sir ladies' and gentlemen's evening reuniting-room, sir; music-room, sir; reading-room, sir; over four hundred sleeping-rooms, sir; and the entire planned and finited within twelve calendar months from the first clearing off of the old incumbrances on the plot, at a cost of five hundred thousand dollars, sir. Again I found, as to my individual way of thinking, that the greater, the more gorgeous, and the more dollarous the establishment was, the less desirable it was. Nevertheless, again I drank my cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail, in all good-will, to my friend the General, and my friends the Majors, Colonels, and civilians, all; full well knowing that whatever little motes my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, they belong to a kind, generous, large-hearted, and great people.

I had been going on lately, at a quick pace, to keep my solitude out of my mind; but here I broke down for good, and gave up the subject. What was I to do? What was to become of me? Into what extremity was I submissively to sink? Supposing that, like Baron Trenck, I looked out for a mouse or spider, and found one, and beguiled my imprisonment by training it? Even that might be dangerous with a view to the future. I might be so far gone when the road did come to be cut through the snow, that, on my way forth, I might burst into tears, and beseech, like the prisoner who was released in his old age from the Bastile, to be taken back again to the five windows, the ten curtains, and the sinuous drapery.

A desperate idea came into my head. Under any other circumstances I should have rejected it; but, in the strait at which I was, I held it fast. Could I so far overcome the inherent bashfulness which withheld me from the landlord's table and the company I might find

there, as to make acquaintance, under various pretenses, with some of the inmates of the house, singly — with the object of getting from each, either a whole autobiography, or a passage or experience in one, with which I could cheat the tardy time: first of all by seeking out, then by listening to, then by remembering and writing down? Could I, I asked myself, so far overcome my retiring nature as to do this? I could. I would. I did.

THE BOOTS.

Where had he been in his time? he repeated when I asked him the question. Lord, he had been everywhere! And what had he been? Bless you, he had been everything you could mention a'most.

Seen a good deal? Why, of course he had. I should say so, he could assure me, if I only knew about a twentieth part of what had come in *his* way. Why, it would be easier for him, he expected, to tell what he hadn't seen, than what he had. Ah! A deal, it would.

What was the curiousest thing he had seen? Well! He didn't know. He couldn't momently name what was the curiousest thing he had seen — unless it was a Unicorn — and he see *him* once, at a Fair. But, supposing a young gentleman not eight year old, was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think *that* a queer start? Certainly! Then, that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on — and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in — and they was so little that he couldn't get his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers's father, you see, he lived at the Elmses, down away by Shooter's Hill, there, six or seven mile from Lunnon. He was a gentleman of spirit, and good looking, and held his head up when he walked, and had what you may call Fire about him. He wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran, and he cricketed, and he

danced, and he acted, and he done it all equally beautiful. He was uncommon proud of Master Harry as was his only child; but he didn't spoil him, neither. He was a gentleman that had a will of his own and a eye of his own, and that would be minded. Consequently, though he made quite a companion of the fine bright boy, and was delighted to see him so fond of reading his fairy books, and was never tired of hearing him say, My name is Norval, or hearing him sing his songs about Young May Moon is beaming love, and When he as adores thee has left but the name, and that: still he kept the command over the child, and the child *was* a child, and it's to be wished more of 'em was!

How did Boots happen to know all this? Why, through being under-gardener. Of course he couldn't be under-gardener, and be always about in the summer time, near the windows on the lawn, a-mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the family. Even supposing Master Harry hadn't come to him one morning early, and said, "Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked?" and then begun cutting it in print, all over the fence.

He couldn't say he had taken particular notice of children before that; but really it was pretty to see them two mites a-going about the place together, deep in love. And the courage of the boy! Bless your soul, he'd have throwed off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves, and gone in at a lion, he would, if they had happened to meet one and she had been frightened of him. One day he stops, along with her, where Boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel, and says — speaking up, "Cobbs," he says, "I like *you*." "Do you, sir? I'm proud to hear it." "Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, do you think, Cobbs?" "Don't know, Master

Harry, I am sure." "Because Norah likes you, Cobbs." "Indeed, sir? That's very gratifying." "Gratifying, Cobbs? It's better than millions of the brightest diamonds to be liked by Norah." "Certainly, sir." "You're going away, ain't you, Cobbs?" "Yes, sir." "Would you like another situation, Cobbs?" "Well, sir, I shouldn't object, if it was a good 'un." "Then, Cobbs," says he, "you shall be our head-gardener when we are married." And he tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than a picter, and equal to a play, to see them babies with their long, bright, curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their beautiful light tread, a-rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots was of opinion that the birds believed they was birds, and kept up with 'em, singing to please 'em. Sometimes, they would creep under the Tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms round one another's necks, and their soft cheeks touching, a-reading about the Prince, and the Dragon, and the good and bad enchanters, and the king's fair daughter. Sometimes he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living entirely on milk and honey. Once he came upon them by the pond, and heard Master Harry say, "Adorable Norah, kiss me, and say you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in headforemost." And Boots made no question he would have done it, if she hadn't complied. On the whole, Boots said it had a tendency to make him feel as if he was in love himself — only he didn't exactly know who with.

"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers, "I am going on a visit, this present Midsummer, to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you, indeed, sir? I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire myself when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, sir. I haven't got such a thing."

"Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs?"

"No, sir."

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers for a little while, and then said, "I shall be very glad, indeed, to go, Cobbs — Norah's going."

"You'll be all right then, sir," says Cobbs, "with your beautiful sweetheart by your side."

"Cobbs," returned the boy, flushing, "I never let anybody joke about it when I can prevent them."

"It wasn't a joke, sir," says Cobbs, with humility — "wasn't so meant."

"I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like you, you know, and you're going to live with us. Cobbs!"

"Sir."

"What do you think my grandmamma gives me, when I go down there?"

"I couldn't so much as make a guess, sir."

"A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs."

"Whew!" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry."

"A person could do a great deal with such a sum of money as that. Couldn't a person, Cobbs?"

"I believe you, sir!"

"Cobbs," said the boy, "I'll tell you a secret. At Norah's house, they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged. Pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!"

"Such, sir," says Cobbs, "is the depravity of human natur'."

The boy, looking exactly like his father, stood for a few minutes with his glowing face towards the sunset, and then departed with, "Good night, Cobbs. I'm going in."

If I was to ask Boots how it happened that he was a-going to leave that place just at that present time, well, he couldn't rightly answer me. He did suppose he might have stayed there till now, if he had been anyways inclined. But, you see, he was younger then, and he wanted change. That's what he wanted — change. Mr. Walmers, he said to him when he gave him notice of his intentions to leave, "Cobbs," he says, "have you anythink to complain of? I make the inquiry, because if I find that any of my people really has anythink to complain of, I wish to make it right if I can." "No, sir," says Cobbs; "thanking you, sir, I find myself as well sitiwated here as I could hope to be anywheres. The truth is, sir, that I'm a-going to seek my fortun'." "Oh, indeed, Cobbs?" he says. "I hope you may find it." And Boots could assure me — which he did, touching his boot-jack, as a salute in the way of his present calling — that he hadn't found it yet.

Well, sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up, and Master Harry he went down to the old lady's at York, which old lady would have given that child the teeth out of her head (if she had had any), she was so wrapped up in him. What does that Infant do, — for Infant you may call him, and be within the mark, — but cut away from that old lady's with his Norah, on a expedition to go to Gretna Green and be married!

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree Inn (having left it several times since to better himself, but always come back through one thing or another), when, one summer afternoon, the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets them two children. The Guard says to our Governor, "I don't quite make out these little passengers, but the young gentleman's words was, that they was to be brought here." The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the Guard something for

himself; says to our Governor, "We're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bedrooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!" and tucks her, in her little sky-blue mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than Brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was, when those two tiny creatures all alone by themselves was marched into the Angel — much more so when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, give the Governor his views of the expedition they was upon. "Cobbs," says the Governor, "if this is so, I must set off myself to York and quiet their friends' minds. In which case you must keep your eye upon 'em, and humor 'em, till I come back. But, before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinions is correct." "Sir to you," says Cobbs, "that shall be done directly."

So Boots goes up stairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on an enormous sofa, — immense at any time, but looking like the Great Bed of Ware, compared with him, — a-drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pocket-hankecher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked.

"It's Cobbs! It's Cobbs!" cries Master Harry, and comes running to him, and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on t'other side, and catching hold of his t'other hand, and they both jump for joy.

"I see you a-getting out, sir," says Cobbs. "I thought it was you. I thought I couldn't be mistaken in your height and figure. What's the object of your journey, sir? — Matrimonial?"

"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at Gretna

Green," returned the boy. "We have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cobbs; but she'll be happy, now we have found you to be our friend."

"Thank you, sir, and thank *you*, miss," says Cobbs, "for your good opinion. *Did* you bring any luggage with you, sir?"

If I will believe Boots when he gives me his word and honor upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight peppermint drops, and a hair-brush — seemingly a doll's. The gentleman had got about half a dozen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprising small, an orange, and a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact natur of your plans, sir?" says Cobbs.

"To go on," replied the boy, — which the courage of that boy was something wonderful! — "in the morning, and be married to-morrow."

"Just so, sir," says Cobbs. "Would it meet your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this, they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, "Oh yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!"

"Well, sir," says Cobbs. "If you will excuse my having the freedom to give an opinion, what I should recommend would be this. I'm acquainted with a pony, sir, which, put in a pheayton that I could borrow, would take you and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior (myself driving, if you approved) to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sure, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to-morrow, but even if you had to wait over to-morrow for him, it might be worth your while. As to the small account here, sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short, that

don't signify; because I'm a part proprietor of this inn and it could stand over."

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him, "Good Cobbs!" and "Dear Cobbs!" and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confiding hearts, he felt himself the meanest rascal for deceiving 'em that ever was born.

"Is there anything you want just at present, sir?" says Cobbs, mortally ashamed of himself.

"We should like some cakes after dinner," answered Master Harry, folding his arms, putting out one leg, and looking straight at him, "and two apples — and jam. With dinner, we should like to have toast-and-water. But Norah has always been accustomed to half a glass of currant wine at dessert. And so have I."

"It shall be ordered at the bar, sir," says Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feeling as fresh upon him at this minute of speaking, as he had then, that he would far rather have had it out in half a dozen rounds with the Governor, than have combined with him; and that he wished with all his heart there was any impossible place where these two babies could make an impossible marriage, and live impossibly happy ever afterwards. However, as it couldn't be, he went into the Governor's plans, and the Governor set off for York in half an hour.

The way in which the women of that house, — without exception — every one of 'em — married *and* single, — took to that boy when they heard the story, Boots considers surprising. It was as much as he could do to keep 'em from dashing into the room and kissing him. They climbed up all sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look at him through a pane of glass. They

was seven deep at the key-hole. They was out of their minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening Boots went into the room, to see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his shoulder.

"Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, fatigued, sir?" says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin, please?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," says Cobbs. "What was it you" —

"I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her, Cobbs. She is very fond of them."

Boots withdrew in search of the required restorative, and, when he brought it in, the gentleman handed it to the lady, and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself. The lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross, "What should you think, sir," says Cobbs, "of a chamber candlestick?" The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door, and retired to his own apartment, where Boots softly locked him up.

Boots couldn't but feel with increased acuteness what a base deceiver he was when they consulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet milk-and-water, and toast and currant jelly, overnight) about the pony. It really was as much as he could do, he don't mind confessing to me, to look them two young things in the face, and think what a wicked old father of lies he had

grown up to be. Howsomever, he went on a-lying like a Trojan, about the pony. He told 'em that it did so unfort'nately happen that the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he couldn't be taken out in that state for fear that it should strike to his inside. But that he'd be finished clipping in the course of the day, and that to-morrow morning at eight o'clock the pheayton would be ready. Boots's view of the whole case, looking back upon it in my room, is, that Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior was beginning to give in. She hadn't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she didn't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and its getting in her eyes put her out. But nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a-tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his own father.

After breakfast Boots is inclined to consider that they drawed soldiers — at least, he knows that many such was found in the fire-place, all on horseback. In the course of the morning Master Harry rang the bell — it was surprising how that there boy did carry on — and said in a sprightly way, "Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighborhood?"

"Yes, sir," says Cobbs. "There's Love Lane."

"Get out with you, Cobbs!" — that was that there boy's expression — "you're joking."

"Begging your pardon, sir," says Cobbs, "there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is, and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior."

"Norah, dear," said Master Harry, "this is curious. We really ought to see Love Lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs."

Boots leaves me to judge what a beast he felt him-

self to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him two thousand guineas a year as head gardener, on account of his being so true a friend to 'em. Boots could have wished at the moment that the earth would have opened and swallowed him up; he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes a-looking at him and believing him. Well, sir, he turned the conversation as well as he could, and he took 'em down Love Lane to the water-meadows, and there Master Harry would have drowned himself in half a moment more, a-getting out a water-lily for her — but nothing daunted that boy. Well, sir, they was tired out. All being so new and strange to 'em, they was tired as tired could be. And they laid down on a bank of daisies, like the children in the wood, leastways meadows, and fell asleep.

Boots don't know — perhaps I do — but never mind, it don't signify either way — why it made a man fit to make a fool of himself, to see them two pretty babies a-lying there in the clear, still, sunny day, not dreaming half so hard when they was asleep as they done when they was awake. But, Lord! when you come to think of yourself, you know, and what a game you have been up to ever since you was in your own cradle, and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and how it's always either Yesterday with you, or else To-morrow, and never To-day, that's where it is!

Well, sir, they woke up at last, and then one thing was getting pretty clear to Boots, namely, that Mrs. Harry Walmers's Junior temper was on the move When Master Harry took her round the waist she said he "teased her so;" and when he says, "Norah, my young May Moon, your Harry tease you?" she tells him, "Yes; and I want to go home!"

A biled fowl and baked bread-and-butter pudding brought Mrs. Walmers up a little; but Boots could have wished, he must privately own to me, to have seen her more sensible of the woice of love, and less abandoning of herself to currants. However, Master Harry he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry. Therefore, Mrs. Walmers went off to bed as per yesterday; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night comes back the Governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmers and an elderly lady. Mr. Walmers looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, "We are much indebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently acknowledge. Pray, ma'am, where is my boy?" Our missis says, "Cobbs has the dear children in charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty!" Then he says to Cobbs, "Ah, Cobbs! I am glad to see *you*. I understood you was here!" And Cobbs says, "Yes, sir. Your most obedient, sir."

I may be surprised to hear Boots say it, perhaps, but Boots assures me that his heart beat like a hammer, going up-stairs. "I beg your pardon, sir," says he, while unlocking the door; "I hope you are not angry with Master Harry. For Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honor." And Boots signifies to me that if the fine boy's father had contradicted him in the daring state of mind in which he then was, he thinks he should have "fetched him a crack," and taken the consequences.

But Mr. Walmers only says, "No, Cobbs. No, my good fellow. Thank you!" And, the door being open, goes in.

Boots goes in too, holding the light, and he sees Mr

Walmers go up to the bedside, bend gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmers); and then he gently shakes the little shoulder.

"Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"

Master Harry starts up and looks at him. Looks at Cobbs, too. Such is the honor of that mite that he looks at Cobbs to see whether he has brought him into trouble.

"I am not angry, my child. I only want you to dress yourself and come home."

"Yes, Pa."

Master Harry dresses himself quickly. His breast begins to swell when he has nearly finished, and it swells more and more as he stands at last a-looking at his father; his father standing a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.

"Please may I" — the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his rising tears down! — "Please, dear Pa — may I — kiss Norah before I go?"

"You may, my child."

So he takes Master Harry in his hand, and Boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bedroom; where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior is fast asleep. There the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, and gently draws it to him — a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are peeping through the door, that one of them calls out, "It's a shame to part 'em!" But this chambermaid was always, as Boots informs me, a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any harm in that girl. Far from it.

Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaise, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior that was never to be (she married a Captain long afterwards, and died in India) went off the next day. In conclusion, Boots puts it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions: firstly that there are not many couples on their way to be married who are half as innocent of guile as those two children; secondly, that it would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time and brought back separately.

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

HIS LEAVING IT TILL CALLED FOR.

THE writer of these humble lines being a waiter, and having come of a family of waiters, and owning at the present time five brothers who are all waiters, and likewise an only sister who is a waitress, would wish to offer a few words respecting his calling; first having the pleasure of hereby in a friendly manner offering the Dedication of the same unto JOSEPH, much respected Head Waiter at the Slamjam Coffee-house, London, E. C., than which a individual more eminently deserving of the name of man, or a more amenable honor to his own head and heart, whether considered in the light of a waiter, or regarded as a human being, do not exist.

In case confusion should arise in the public mind (which is open to confusion on many subjects) respecting what is meant or implied by the term Waiter, the present humble lines would wish to offer an explanation. It may not be generally known that the person as goes out to wait is *not* a waiter. It may not be generally known that the hand as is called in extra, at the Freemasons' Tavern, or the London, or the Albion, or otherwise, is *not* a waiter. Such hands may be took on for public dinners by the bushel (and you may know them by their breathing with difficulty when in attendance, and taking away the bottle ere it is half out), but such are *not* waiters. For you cannot lay down the

tailoring, or the shoemaking, or the brokering, or the green-grôcering, or the pictorial periodicaling, or the second-hand wardrobe, or the small fancy businesses — you cannot lay down those lines of life at your will and pleasure by the half-day or evening and take up Waitering. You may suppose you can, but you cannot; or you may go so far as to say you do, but you do not. Not yet can you lay down the gentleman's service when stimulated by prolonged incompatibility on the part of cooks (and here it may be remarked that Cooking and Incompatibility will be mostly found united), and take up Waitering. It has been ascertained that what a gentleman will sit meek under at home he will not bear out of doors, at the Slamjam or any similar establishment. Then, what is the inference to be drawn respecting true Waitering? You must be bred to it. You must be born to it.

Would you know how born to it, fair reader — if of the adorable female sex? Then learn from the biographical experience of one that is a waiter in the sixty-first year of his age.

You were conveyed ere yet your dawning powers were otherwise developed than to harbor vacancy in your inside, — you were conveyed, by surreptitious means, into a pantry adjoining the Admiral Nelson, Civic and General Dining Rooms, there to receive by stealth that healthful sustenance which is the pride and boast of the British female constitution. Your mother was married to your father (himself a distant waiter) in the profoundest secrecy; for a waitress known to be married would ruin the best of businesses — it is the same as on the stage. Hence your being smuggled into the pantry, and that — to add to the infliction — by an unwilling grandmother. Under the combined influence of the smells of roast and boiled, and soup, and gas, and

malt liquors, you partook of your earliest nourishment your unwilling grandmother sitting prepared to catch you when your mother was called and dropped you; your grandmother's shawl ever ready to stifle your natural complainings; your innocent mind surrounded by uncongenial cruets, dirty plates, dish-covers, and cold gravy; your mother calling down the pipe for veals and porks, instead of soothing you with nursery rhymes. Under these untoward circumstances you were early weaned. Your unwilling grandmother — ever growing more unwilling as your food assimilated less — then contracted habits of shaking you till your system curdled, and your food would not assimilate at all. At length she was no longer spared, and could have been thankfully spared much sooner. When your brothers began to appear in succession, your mother retired, left off her smart dressing (she had previously been a smart dresser), and her dark ringlets (which had previously been flowing), and haunted your father late at nights, lying in wait for him through all weathers, up the shabby court which led to the back-door of the Royal Old Dust-Binn (said to have been so named by George the Fourth), where your father was Head. But the Dust-Binn was going down then, and your father took but little — excepting from a liquid point of view. Your mother's object in those visits was of a housekeeping character, and you was set on to whistle your father out. Sometimes he came out, but generally not. Come or not come, however, all that part of his existence which was unconnected with open Waitering was kept a close secret, and was acknowledged by your mother to be a close secret, and you and your mother flitted about the court, close secrets both of you, and would scarcely have confessed under torture that you knew your father, or that your father had any name than Dick (which wasn't his name

though he was never known by any other), or that he had kith or kin, or chick or child. Perhaps the attraction of this mystery, combined with your father's having a damp compartment to himself behind a leaky cistern, at the Dust-Binn — a sort of a cellar compartment, with a sink in it, and a smell, and a plate-rack, and a bottle-rack, and three windows that didn't match each other or anything else, and no daylight — caused your young mind to feel convinced that you must grow up to be a waiter too; but you did feel convinced of it, and so did all your brothers, down to your sister. Every one of you felt convinced that you was born to the Waitering. At this stage of your career, what was your feelings one day when your father came home to your mother in open broad daylight — of itself an act of madness on the part of a waiter — and took to his bed (leastwise, your mother and family's bed), with the statement that his eyes were deviled kidneys. Physicians being in vain, your father expired after repeating at intervals for a day and a night, when dreams of reason and old business fitfully illuminated his being, "Two and two is five. And three is sixpence." Interred in the parochial department of the neighboring church-yard, and accompanied to the grave by as many waiters of long standing as could spare the morning time from their soiled glasses (namely, one), your bereaved form was attired in a white neckankecher, and you was took on from motives of benevolence at the George and Gridiron, theatrical and supper. Here, supporting nature on what you found in the plates (which was, as it happened, and but too often, thoughtlessly immersed in mustard), and on what you found in the glasses (which rarely went beyond dribblets and lemon), by night you dropped asleep standing till you was cuffed awake, and by day was set to polishing every individual article in the coffee-room

Your couch being saw-dust; your counterpane being ashes of cigars. Here, frequently hiding a heavy heart under the smart tie of your white neckankecher (or correctly speaking, lower down and more to the left), you picked up the rudiments of knowledge from an extra, by the name of Bishops, and by calling plate-washer, and by gradually elevating your mind with chalk on the back of the corner-box partition, until such time as you used the ink-stand when it was out of hand, attained to manhood, and to be the waiter that you find yourself.

I could wish here to offer a few respectful words on behalf of the calling so long the calling of myself and family, and the public interest in which is but too often very limited. We are not generally understood. No, we are not. Allowance enough is not made for us. For, say that we ever show a little drooping listlessness of spirits, or what might be termed indifference or apathy. Put it to yourself what would your own state of mind be if you was one of an enormous family, every member of which except you was always greedy and in a hurry. Put it to yourself that you was regularly replete with animal food at the slack hours of one in the day and again at nine P. M., and that the repleter you was, the more voracious all your fellow-creatures came in. Put it to yourself that it was your business, when your digestion was well on, to take a personal interest and sympathy in a hundred gentlemen fresh and fresh (say, for the sake of argument, only a hundred), whose imaginations was given up to grease, and fat, and gravy, and melted butter, and abandoned to questioning you about cuts of this, and dishes of that — each of 'em going on as if him and you and the bill-of-fare was alone in the world. Then look what you are expected to know. You are never out, but they seem to think you regularly attend everywhere. "What's this, Christo-

pher, that I hear about the smashed excursion train?" "How are they doing at the Italian Opera, Christopher?" "Christopher, what are the real particulars of this business at the Yorkshire Bank?" Similarly a ministry gives me more trouble than it gives the Queen. As to Lord Palmerston, the constant and wearing connection into which I have been brought with his lordship during the last few years is deserving of a pension. Then look at the hypocrites we are made, and lies (white, I hope) that are forced upon us! Why must a sedentary-pursuited waiter be considered to be a judge of horse-flesh, and to have a tremenjous interest in horse-training and racing? Yet it would be half our little incomes out of our pockets if we didn't take on to have those sporting tastes. It is the same (inconceivable why!) with Farming. Shooting, equally so. I am sure that so regular as the months of August, September, and October come round, I am ashamed of myself in my own private bosom for the way in which I make believe to care whether or not the grouse is strong on the wing (much their wings or drum-sticks either signifies to me uncooked!), and whether the partridges is plentiful among the turnips, and whether the pheasants is shy or bold, or anything else you please to mention. Yet you may see me, or any other waiter of my standing, holding on by the back of the box and leaning over a gentleman with his purse out and his bill before him, discussing these points in a confidential tone of voice, as if my happiness in life entirely depended on 'em.

I have mentioned our little incomes. Look at the most unreasonable point of all, and the point on which the greatest injustice is done us! Whether it is owing to us always carrying so much change in our right-hand trousers-pocket, and so many half-pence in our coat-tails, or whether it is human nature (which I were loath

to believe), what is meant by the everlasting fable that Head Waiters is rich? How did that fable get into circulation? Who first put it about, and what are the facts to establish the unblushing statement? Come forth, thou slanderer, and refer the public to the Waiter's will in Doctors' Commons supporting thy malignant hiss! Yet this is so commonly dwelt upon — especially by the screws who give waiters the least — that denial is vain, and we are obliged, for our credit's sake, to carry our heads as if we were going into a business, when of the two we are much more likely to go into a union. There was formerly a screw as frequented the Slamjam ere yet the present writer had quitted that establishment on a question of tea-ing his assistant staff out of his own pocket, which screw carried the taunt to its bitterest height. Never soaring above threepence, and as often as not groveling on the earth a penny lower, he yet represented the present writer as a large holder of consols, and a lender of money on mortgage, a capitalist. He has been overheard to dilate to other customers on the allegation that the present writer put out thousands of pounds at interest, in distilleries and breweries. "Well, Christopher," he would say (having groveled his lowest on the earth half a moment before), "looking out for a house to open, eh? Can't find a business to be disposed of on a scale as is up to your resources, umph?" To such a dizzy precipice of falsehood has this misrepresentation taken wing that the well-known and highly-respected Old Charles, long eminent at the West Country Hotel, and by some considered the Father of the Waitering, found himself under the obligation to fall into it through so many years that his own wife (for he had an unbeknown old lady in that capacity toward himself) believed it! And what was the consequence? When he was borne to the grave on the shoul-

ders of six picked waiters, with six more for change, six more acting as pall-bearers, all keeping step in a pouring shower without a dry eye visible, and a concourse only inferior to royalty, his pantry and lodgings was equally ransacked high and low for property, and none was found! How could it be found, when, beyond his last monthly collection of walking-sticks, umbrellas, and pocket-handkerchiefs (which happened to have been not yet disposed of, though he had ever been through life punctual in clearing off his collections by the month), there was no property existing? Such, however, is the force of this universal libeling, that the widow of Old Charles, at the present hour an inmate of the Almshouses of the Cork-Cutters' Company, in Blue Anchor Road (identified sitting at the door of one of 'em, in a clean cap and Windsor arm-chair, only last Monday), expects John's hoarded wealth to be found hourly! Nay, ere yet he had succumbed to the grisly dart, and when his portrait was painted in oils, life-size, by subscription of the frequenters of the West Country, to hang over the coffee-room chimney-piece, there were not wanting those who contended that what is termed the accessories of such portrait ought to be the Bank of England out of window, and a strong-box on the table. And but for better-regulated minds contending for a bottle and screw and the attitude of drawing, — and carrying their point, — it would have been so handed down to posterity.

I am now brought to the title of the present remarks. Having, I hope without offense to any quarter, offered such observations as I felt it my duty to offer, in a free country which has ever dominated the seas, on the general subject, I will now proceed to wait on the particular question.

At a momentous period of my life, when I was off, so far as concerned notice given, with a house that shall

oe nameless — for the question on which I took my departing stand was a fixed charge for Waiters, and no house as commits itself to that eminently Un-English act of more than foolishness and baseness shall be advertised by me — I repeat, at a momentous crisis when I was off with a house too mean for mention, and not yet on with that to which I have ever since had the honor of being attached in the capacity of Head,[1] I was casting about what to do next. Then it were that proposals were made to me on behalf of my present establishment. Stipulations were necessary on my part, emendations were necessary on my part; in the end, ratifications ensued on both sides, and I entered on a new career.

We are a Bed business, and a Coffee-room business. We are not a general dining business, nor do we wish it. In consequence, when diners drop in, we know what to give 'em as will keep 'em away another time. We are a Private Room or Family business also; but Coffee-room principal. Me and the Directory and the Writing Materials and cetrer occupy a place to ourselves; a place fended off up a step or two at the end of the Coffee-room, in what I call the good old-fashioned style. The good old-fashioned style is, that whatever you want, down to a wafer, you must be oley and solely dependent on the head waiter for. You must put yourself a new-born child into his hands. There is no other way in which a business untinged with Continental Vice can be conducted. (It were bootless to add that if languages is required to be jabbered and English is not good enough, both families and gentlemen had better go somewhere else.)

When I began to settle down in this right-principled and well-conducted house, I noticed under the bed in

1 Its name and address at length, with other full particulars, all editorially struck out.

No. 24 B (which it is up a angle off the staircase, and usually put off upon the lowly-minded) a heap of things in a corner. I asked our head chambermaid in the course of the day, —

"What are them things in 24 B?"

To which she answered, with a careless air, —

"Somebody's Luggage."

Regarding her with a eye not free from severity, I says, —

"Whose luggage?"

Evading my eye, she replied, —

"Lor! How should *I* know?"

— Being, it may be right to mention, a female of some pertness, though acquainted with her business.

A head waiter must be either head or tail. He must be at one extremity or the other of the social scale. He cannot be at the waist of it, or anywhere else but the extremities. It is for him to decide which of the extremities.

On the eventful occasion under consideration, I give Mrs. Pratchett so distinctly to understand my decision, that I broke her spirit as toward myself, then and there, and for good. Let not inconsistency be suspected on account of my mentioning Mrs. Pratchett as "Mrs.," and having formerly remarked that a waitress must not be married. Readers are respectfully requested to notice that Mrs. Pratchett was not a waitress, but a chambermaid. Now a chambermaid *may* be married: if head, generally is married — or says so — it comes to the same thing as expressing what is customary. (N. B. Mr. Pratchett is in Australia, and his address there is, "the Bush.")

Having took Mrs. Pratchett down as many pegs as was essential to the future happiness of all parties, I requested her to explain herself.

"For instance," I says, to give her a little encouragement. "Who is Somebody?"

"I give you my sacred honor, Mr. Christopher," answers Pratchett, "that I haven't the faintest notion."

But for the manner in which she settled her cap-strings, I should have doubted this; but in respect of positiveness it was hardly to be discriminated from an affidavit.

"Then you never saw him?" I followed her up with.

"Nor yet," said Mrs. Pratchett, shutting her eyes and making as if she had just took a pill of unusual circumference, — which gave a remarkable force to her denial, — "nor yet any servant in this house. All have been changed, Mr. Christopher, within five year, and Somebody left his Luggage here before then."

Inquiry of Miss Martin yielded (in the language of the Bard of A 1) "confirmation strong." So it had really and truly happened. Miss Martin is the young lady at the bar as makes out our bills: and though higher than I could wish, considering her station, is perfectly well behaved.

Further investigations led to the disclosure that there was a bill against this Luggage to the amount of two sixteen six. The Luggage had been lying under the bedstead in 24 B over six year. The bedstead is a four-poster, with a deal of old hanging and valance, and is, as I once said, probably connected with more than 24 B's — which I remember my hearers was pleased to laugh at at the time.

I don't know why — when DO we know why? — but this Luggage laid heavy on my mind. I fell a wondering about Somebody, and what he had got and been up to. I couldn't satisfy my thoughts why he should leave so much luggage against so small a bill. For I had the Luggage out within a day or two, and turned it over,

and the following were the items: A black portmanteau, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick. It was all very dusty and fluey. I had our porter up to get under the bed and fetch it out; and though he habitually wallows in dust, — swims in it from morning to night, and wears a close-fitting waistcoat with black calimanco sleeves for the purpose, — it made him sneeze again, and the throat was that hot with it that it was obliged to be cooled with a drink of Allsopp's draught.

The Luggage so got the better of me that instead of having it put back when it was well dusted and washed with a wet cloth, — previous to which it was so covered with feathers that you might have thought it was turning into poultry, and would by and by begin to lay, — I say, instead of having it put back I had it carried into one of my places down-stairs. There, from time to time I stared at it, and stared at it till it seemed to grow big and grow little, and come forward at me and retreat again, and go through all manner of performances resembling intoxication. When this had lasted weeks, — I may say months, and not be far out, — I one day thought of asking Miss Martin for the particulars of the two sixteen six total. She was so obliging as to extract it from the books, — it dating before her time, — and here follows a true copy: —

1856.	No. 4.			
February 2d.	Pen and paper	£0	0	6
	Port Negus	0	2	0
	Ditto	0	2	0
	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Tumbler broken	0	2	6
	Brandy	0	2	0
	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Anchovy toast	0	2	6
	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Bed	0	3	0
	Carried forward	£0	16	0

	Brought forward	£0	16	0
February 3d.	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Breakfast	0	2	6
	" Broiled ham	0	2	0
	" Eggs	0	1	0
	" Watercresses	0	1	0
	" Shrimps	0	1	0
	Pen and paper	0	0	6
	Blotting-paper	0	0	6
	Messenger to Paternoster-row and back	0	1	6
	Again, when No Answer	0	1	6
	Brandy 2s., Deviled Pork Chop 2s.	0	4	0
	Pens and paper	0	1	0
	Messenger to Albemarle Street and back	0	1	0
	Again (detained), when No Answer	0	1	6
	Saltcellar broken	0	3	6
	Large Liqueur-glass Orange Brandy	0	1	6
	Dinner: Soup, Fish, Joint, and Bird	0	7	6
	Bottle old East India Brown	0	8	0
	Pen and paper.	0	0	6
		£2	16	6

Mem. — January 1, 1857. He went out after dinner, directing Luggage to be ready when he called for it. Never called.

So far from throwing a light upon the subject, this bill appeared to me, if I may so express my doubts, to involve it in a yet more lurid halo. Speculating it over with the Mistress, she informed me that the luggage had been advertised in the Master's time as being to be sold after such and such a day to pay expenses, but no further steps had been taken. (I may here remark that the Mistress is a widow in her fourth year. The Master was possessed of one of those unfortunate constitutions in which spirits turn to water, and rises in the ill-starred victim.)

My speculating it over, not then only, but repeatedly, sometimes with the Mistress, sometimes with one, sometimes with another, led up to the Mistress's saying to me — whether at first in joke or in earnest, or half joke and half earnest it matters not, —

" Christopher, I am going to make you a handsome offer."

(If this should meet her eye — a lovely blue — may she not take it ill my mentioning that if I had been eight or ten year younger, I would have done as much by her! That is, I would have made her *a* offer. It is for others than me to denominate it a handsome one.)

"Christopher, I am going to make you a handsome offer."

"Put a name to it, ma'am."

"Look here, Christopher. Run over the articles of Somebody's Luggage. You've got it all by heart, I know."

"A black portmanteau, ma'am, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a brown-paper parcel, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick."

"All just as they were left. Nothing opened, nothing tampered with."

"You are right, ma'am. All locked but the brown-paper parcel, and that sealed."

The Mistress was leaning on Miss Martin's desk at the bar-window, and she taps the open book that lays upon the desk — she has a pretty-made hand, to be sure — and bobs her head over it, and laughs.

"Come," says she. "Christopher, pay me Somebody's bill, and you shall have Somebody's Luggage."

I rather took to the idea from the first moment; but, —

"It mayn't be worth the money," I objected, seeming to hold back.

"That's a lottery," says the Mistress, folding her arms upon the book — it ain't her hands alone that's pretty made: the observation extends right up her arms. "Won't you venture two pounds sixteen shillings and sixpence in the lottery? Why, there's no blanks!" says the Mistress, laughing and bobbing her head again, "you *must* win. If you lose, you must win! All

prizes in this lottery! Draw a blank, and remember, Gentleman-Sportsman, you'll still be entitled to a black portmanteau, a black bag, a desk, a dressing-case, a sheet of brown paper, a hat-box, and an umbrella strapped to a walking-stick!"

To make short of it, Miss Martin come round me, and Mrs. Pratchett come round me, and the Mistress she was completely round me already, and all the women in the house come round me, and if it had been sixteen two instead of two sixteen, I should have thought myself well out of it. For what can you do when they do come round you?

So I paid the money — down — and such a laughing as there was among 'em! But I turned the tables on 'em regularly, when I said, —

"My family-name is Blue Beard. I'm going to open Somebody's Luggage all alone in the Secret Chamber, and not a female eye catches sight of the contents!"

Whether I thought proper to have the firmness to keep to this don't signify, or whether any female eye, and if any how many, was really present when the opening of the Luggage came off. Somebody's Luggage is the question at present: Nobody's eyes, nor yet noses.

What I still look at most, in connection with that Luggage, is the extraordinary quantity of writing-paper, and all written on! And not our paper neither — not the paper charged in the bill, for we know our paper — so he must have been always at it. And he had crumpled up this writing of his everywhere, in every part and parcel of his luggage. There was writing in his dressing-case, writing in his boots, writing among his shaving tackle, writing in his hat-box, writing folded away down among the very whalebones of his umbrella.

His clothes wasn't bad, what there was of 'em. His dressing-case was poor — not a particle of silver stopper

— bottle apertures with nothing in 'em, like empty little dog-kennels — and a most searching description of tooth-powder diffusing itself around, as under a deluded mistake that all the chinks in the fittings was divisions in teeth. His clothes I parted with well enough, to a second-hand dealer not far from St. Clement's Danes, in the Strand — him as the officers in the army mostly dispose of their uniforms to, when hard pressed with debts of honor, if I may judge from their coats and epaulettes diversifying the window, with their backs towards the public. The same party bought in one lot the portmanteau, the bag, the desk, the dressing-case, the hat-box, the umbrella, the strap, and walking-stick. On my remarking that I should have thought those articles not quite in his line, he said: "No more ith a man'th grandmother, Mithter Chrithtopher; but if any man will bring hith grandmother here, and offer her at a fair trifle below what the'll feth with good luck when the'th thcoured and turned — I'll buy her!"

These transactions brought me home, and indeed, more than home, for they left a goodish profit on the original investment. And now there remained the writings; and the writings I particular wish to bring under the candid attention of the reader.

I wish to do so without postponement, for this reason. That is to say, namely, viz., i. e., as follows, thus: Before I proceed to recount the mental sufferings of which I became the prey in consequence of the writings; and before following up that harrowing tale with a statement of the wonderful and impressive catastrophe, as thrilling in its nature as unlooked for in any other capacity, which crowned the 'ole and filled the cup of nuexpectedness to overflowing, the writings themselves ought to stand forth to view. Therefore it is that they now come next. One word to introduce them, and I

lay down my pen (I hope my unassuming pen), until I take it up to trace the gloomy sequel of a mind with something on it.

He was a smeary writer, and wrote a dreadful bad hand. Utterly regardless of ink, he lavished it on every undeserving object — on his clothes, his desk, his hat, the handle of his tooth-brush, his umbrella. Ink was found freely on the coffee-room carpet by No. 4 table, and two blots was on his restless couch. A reference to the document I have given entire, will show that on the morning of the third of February, eighteen fifty-six, he procured his no less than fifth pen and paper. To whatever deplorable act of ungovernable composition he immolated those materials obtained from the bar, there is no doubt that the fatal deed was committed in bed, and that it left its evidences but too plainly, long afterward, upon the pillow-case.

He had put no heading to any of his writings. Alas! Was he likely to have a heading without a head, and where was *his* head when he took such things into it! The writings are consequently called, here, by the names of the articles of luggage to which they was found attached. In some cases, such as his boots, he would appear to have hid his writings: thereby involving his style in greater obscurity. But his boots was at least pairs — and no two of his writings can put in any claim to be so regarded.

With a low-spirited anticipation of the gloomy state of mind in which it will be my lot to describe myself as having drooped, when I next resume my artless narrative, I will now withdraw. If there should be any flaw in the writings, or anything missing in the writings, it is him as is responsible — not me. With that observation in justice to myself, I for the present conclude.

HIS BOOTS.

"Eh! Well then, Monsieur Mutuel! What do I know, what can I say? I assure you that he calls himself Monsieur The Englishman."

"Pardon. But I think it is impossible," said Monsieur Mutuel. — A spectacled, snuffy, stooping old gentleman in carpet shoes and a cloth cap with a peaked shade; a loose blue frock-coat reaching to his heels; a large limp white shirt frill, and cravat to correspond, — that is to say, white was the natural color of his linen on Sundays, but it toned down with the week.

"It is," repeated Monsieur Mutuel, — his amiable old walnut-shell countenance, very walnut-shelly indeed, as he smiled and blinked in the bright morning sunlight, — "it is, my cherished Madame Bouclet, I think, impossible."

"Hey!" (with a little vexed cry and a great many tosses of her head). "But it is not impossible that you are a Pig!" retorted Madame Bouclet, — a compact little woman of thirty-five or so. "See then — look there — read! 'On the second floor Monsieur L'Anglais.' Is it not so?"

"It is so," said Monsieur Mutuel.

"Good. Continue your morning walk. Get out!" Madame Bouclet dismissed him with a lively snap of her fingers.

The morning walk of Monsieur Mutuel was in the brightest patch that the sun made in the Grande Place of a dull old fortified French town. The manner of his morning walk was with his hands crossed behind him, an umbrella, in figure the express image of himself, always in one hand: a snuff-box in the other. Thus, with the shuffling gait of the elephant (who really does deal with the very worst trousers-maker employed by the

zoölogical world, and who appeared to have recommended him to Monsieur Mutuel), the old gentleman sunned himself daily when sun was to be had — of course, at the same time sunning a red ribbon at his buttonhole; for was he not an ancient Frenchman?

Being told by one of the angelic sex to continue his morning walk and get out, Monsieur Mutuel laughed a walnut-shell laugh, pulled off his cap at arm's-length with the hand that contained his snuff-box, kept it off for a considerable period after he had parted from Madame Bouclet, and continued his morning walk and got out: like a man of gallantry as he was.

The documentary evidence to which Madame Bouclet had referred Monsieur Mutuel was the list of her lodgers sweetly written forth by her own nephew and book-keeper, who held the pen of an angel, and posted up at the side of her gateway for the information of the police. "Au second, M. L'Anglais, Propriétaire." On the second floor, Mr. The Englishman, man of property. So it stood; nothing could be plainer.

Madame Bouclet now traced the line with her forefinger, as it were to confirm and settle herself in her parting snap at Monsieur Mutuel, and so, placing her right hand on her hip with a defiant air, as if nothing should ever tempt her to unsnap that snap, strolled out into the Place to glance up at the windows of Mr. The Englishman. That worthy happening to be looking out of window at the moment, Madame Bouclet gave him a graceful salutation with her head, looked to the right and looked to the left to account to him for her being there, considered for a moment like one who accounted to herself for somebody she had expected not being there, and reëntered her own gateway. Madame Bouclet let all her house, giving on the Place in furnished flats or floors, and lived up the yard behind, in company with

Monsieur Bouclet her husband (great at billiards), an inherited brewing business, several fowls, two carts, a nephew, a little dog in a big kennel, a grape-vine, a counting-house, four horses, a married sister, with a share in the brewing business, the husband and two children of the married sister, a parrot, a drum (performed on by the little boy of the married sister), two billeted soldiers, a quantity of pigeons, a fife (played by the nephew in a ravishing manner), several domestics and supernumeraries, a perpetual flavor of coffee and soup, a terrific range of artificial rocks and wooden precipices at least four feet high, a small fountain, and half a dozen large sunflowers.

Now, the Englishman in taking his Appartement — or as one might say on our side of the Channel, his set of chambers — had given his name, correct to the letter, LANGLEY. But as he had a British way of not opening his mouth very wide on foreign soil, except at meals, the brewery had been able to make nothing of it but L'Anglais. So, Mr. The Englishman he had become and he remained.

"Never saw such a people!" muttered Mr. The Englishman, as he now looked out of window. "Never did in my life."

This was true enough, for he had never before been out of his own country — a right little island, a tight little island, a bright little island, a show-fight little island, and full of merit of all sorts; but not the whole round world.

"These chaps," said Mr. The Englishman to himself, as his eye rolled over the Place, sprinkled with military here and there, "are no more like soldiers!" — Nothing being sufficiently strong for the end of his sentence, he left it unended.

This again (from the point of view of his experience)

was strictly correct; for, though there was a great agglomeration of soldiers in the town and neighboring country, you might have held a grand review and field day of them every one, and looked in vain among them all for a soldier choking behind his foolish stock, or a soldier lamed by his ill-fitting shoes, or a soldier deprived of the use of his limbs by straps and buttons, or a soldier elaborately forced to be self-helpless in all the small affairs of life. A swarm of brisk, bright, active, bustling, handy, odd, skirmishing fellows, able to turn, to cleverly at anything from a siege to soup, from great guns to needles and thread, from the broad-sword exercise to slicing an onion, from making war to making omelets, was all you would have found.

What a swarm! From the Great Place under the eye of Mr. The Englishman, where a few awkward squads from the last conscription were doing the goose-step — some members of those squads still as to their bodies in the chrysalis peasant-state of blouse, and only military butterflies as to their regimentally-clothed legs — from the Great Place away outside the fortifications, and away for miles along the dusty roads, soldiers swarmed. All day long, upon the grass-grown ramparts of the town, practicing soldiers trumpeted and bugled; all day long, down in angles of dry trenches, practicing soldiers drummed and drummed. Every forenoon, soldiers burst out of the great barracks into the sandy gymnasium ground hard by, and flew over the wooden horse, and hung on to flying ropes, and dangled upside-down between parallel bars, and shot themselves off wooden platforms — splashes, sparks, coruscations, showers of soldiers. At every corner of the town wall, every guard-house, every gateway, every sentry-box, every drawbridge, every reedy ditch and rushy dike, soldiers, soldiers, soldiers. And the town being pretty well all wall, guard-

house, gateway, sentry-box, drawbridge, reedy ditch and rushy dike, the town was pretty well all soldiers.

What would the sleepy old town have been without the soldiers, seeing that even with them it had so overslept itself as to have slept its echoes hoarse, its defensive bars and locks and bolts and chains all rusty, and its ditches stagnant! From the days when Vauban engineered it to that perplexing extent that to look at it was like being knocked on the head with it: the stranger becoming stunned and stertorous under the shock of its incomprehensibility — from the days when Vauban made it the express incorporation of every substantive and adjective in the art of military engineering, and not only twisted you into it and twisted you out of it, to the right, to the left, opposite, under here, over there, in the dark, in the dirt, by gateway, archway, covered way, dry way, wet way, fosse, portcullis, drawbridge, sluice, squat tower, pierced wall, and heavy battery, but likewise took a fortifying dive under the neighboring country, and came to the surface three or four miles off, blowing out incomprehensible mounds and batteries among the quiet crops of chiccory and beet-root — from those days to these the town had been asleep, and dust and rust and must had settled on its drowsy arsenals and magazines, and grass had grown up in its silent streets.

On market days alone its Great Place suddenly leaped out of bed. On market days some friendly enchanter struck his staff upon the stones of the Great Place, and instantly arose the liveliest booths and stalls, and sittings and standings, and a pleasant hum of chaffering and huckstering from many hundreds of tongues, and a pleasant though peculiar blending of colors — white caps, blue blouses, and green vegetables — and at last the knight destined for the adventure seemed to

nave come in earnest, and all the Vaubanois sprang up awake. And now, by long low-lying avenues of trees, jolting in white-hooded donkey-cart, and on donkey-back, and in tumbril and wagon and cart and cabriolet, and afoot with barrow and burden — and along the dikes and ditches and canals, in little peak-prowed country boats — came peasant men and women in flocks and crowds, bringing articles for sale. And here you had boots and shoes, and sweetmeats, and stuffs to wear; and here (in the cool shade of the Town Hall) you had milk and cream, and butter and cheese; and here you had fruits, and onions and carrots, and all things needful for your soup; and here you had poultry and flowers, and protesting pigs; and here new shovels, axes, spades, and bill-hooks for your farming work; and here huge mounds of bread, and here your unground grain in sacks, and here your children's dolls, and here the cake-seller announcing his wares by beat and roll of drum. And hark! fanfaronade of trumpets, and here into the Great Place, resplendent, in an open carriage with four gorgeously attired servitors up behind, playing horns, drums, and cymbals, rolled "the Daughter of a Physician," in massive golden chains and ear-rings, and blue-feathered hat, shaded from the admiring sun by two immense umbrellas of artificial roses, to dispense (from motives of philanthropy) that small and pleasant dose which had cured so many thousands! Toothache, earache, headache, heartache, stomachache, debility, nervousness, fits, faintings, fever, ague, all equally cured by the small and pleasant dose of the great Physician's great Daughter! The process was this: she, the Daughter of a Physician, proprietress of the superb equipage you now admired, with its confirmatory blasts of trumpet, drum, and cymbal, told you so: on the first day, after taking the small and pleasant

dose, you would feel no particular influence beyond a most harmonious sensation of indescribable and irresistible joy; on the second day, you would be so astonishingly better that you would think yourself changed into somebody else; on the third day you would be entirely free from your disorder, whatever its nature, and however long you had had it, and would seek out the Physician's Daughter, to throw yourself at her feet, kiss the hem of her garment, and buy as many more of the small and pleasant doses as by the sale of all your few effects you could obtain; but she would be inaccessible — gone for herbs to the pyramids of Egypt — and you would be (though cured) reduced to despair! Thus would the Physician's Daughter drive her trade (and briskly too), and thus would the buying and selling, and mingling of tongues and colors continue, until the changing sunlight, leaving the Physician's Daughter in the shadow of high roofs, admonished her to jolt out westward, with a departing effect of gleam and glitter on the splendid equipage and brazen blast. And now the enchanter struck his staff upon the stones of the Great Place once more, and down went the booths and sittings and standings, and vanished the merchandise, and with it the barrows, donkeys, donkey-carts and tumbrils, and all other things on wheels and feet, except the slow scavengers with unwieldy carts and meagre horses, clearing up the rubbish, assisted by the sleek town pigeons, better plumped out than on non-market days. While there was yet an hour or two to wane before the autumn sunset, the loiterer outside town-gate and drawbridge and postern and double-ditch, would see the last white-hooded cart lessening in the avenue of lengthening shadows of trees, or the last country boat paddled by the last market-woman on her way home, showing black upon the reddening long,

low, narrow dike between him and the mill; and as the paddle-parted scum and weed closed over the boat's track, he might be comfortably sure that its sluggish rest would be troubled no more until next market day.

As it was not one of the Great Place's days for getting out of bed when Mr. The Englishman looked down at the young soldiers practicing the goose-step there, his mind was left at liberty to take a military turn.

"These fellows are billeted everywhere about," said he, "and to see them lighting the people's fires, boiling the people's pots, minding the people's babies, rocking the people's cradles, washing the people's greens, and making themselves generally useful, in every sort of unmilitary way, is most ridiculous! Never saw such a set of fellows; never did in my life!"

All perfectly true again. Was there not Private Valentine, in that very house, acting as sole housemaid, valet, cook, steward, and nurse, in the family of his captain, Monsieur le Capitaine De la Cour? — cleaning the floors, making the beds, doing the marketing, dressing the captain, dressing the dinners, dressing the salads, and dressing the baby, all with equal readiness! Or, to put him aside, he being in loyal attendance on his chief, was there not Private Hyppolite, billeted at the Perfumer's two hundred yards off, who, when not on duty, volunteered to keep shop while the fair Perfumeress stepped out to speak to a neighbor or so, and laughingly sold soap with his war sword girded on him? Was there not Émile, billeted at the Clockmaker's, perpetually turning to of an evening with his coat off, winding up the stock? Was there not Eugène, billeted at the Tinman's, cultivating, pipe in mouth, a garden, four feet square for the Tinman, in the little court behind the shop, and extorting the fruits of the earth from the same, on his knees, with the sweat of his brow? Not

to multiply examples, was there not Baptiste, billeted on the poor Water-Carrier, at that very instant sitting on the pavement in the sunlight, with his martial legs asunder, and one of the Water-Carrier's spare pails between them, which (to the delight and glory of the heart of the Water-Carrier, coming across the Place from the fountain, yoked and burdened) he was painting bright green outside and bright red within? Or, to go no further than the Barber's at the very next door, was there not Corporal Théophile —

"No," said Mr. The Englishman, glancing down at the Barber's, "he is not there at present. There's the child, though."

A mere mite of a girl stood on the steps of the Barber's shop, looking across the Place. A mere baby, one might call her, dressed in the close white linen cap which small French country-children wear (like the children in Dutch pictures), and in a frock of homespun blue, that had no shape except where it was tied round her little fat throat. So that, being naturally short and round all over, she looked behind as if she had been cut off at her natural waist, and had had her head neatly fitted on it.

"There's the child, though."

To judge from the way in which the dimpled hand was rubbing the eyes, the eyes had been closed in a nap and were newly opened. But they seemed to be looking so intently across the Place, that the Englishman looked in the same direction.

"Oh!" said he presently, "I thought as much. The Corporal's there."

The Corporal, a smart figure of a man of thirty, perhaps a thought under the middle size, but very neatly made — a sunburnt Corporal with a brown-peaked beard — faced about at the moment, addressing voluble

words of instruction to the squad in hand. Nothing was amiss or awry about the Corporal. A lithe and nimble Corporal, quite complete, from the sparkling dark eyes under his knowing uniform cap, to his sparkling white gaiters. The very image and presentment of a corporal of his country's army, in the line of his shoulders, the line of his waist, the broadest line of his bloomer trousers, and their narrowest line at the calf of his leg.

Mr. The Englishman looked on, and the child looked on, and the Corporal looked on (but the last-named at his men), until the drill ended a few minutes afterward, and the military sprinkling dried up directly and was gone. Then said Mr. The Englishman to himself, "Look here! By George!" and the Corporal, dancing toward the Barber's, with his arms wide open, caught up the child, held her over his head in a flying attitude, caught her down again, kissed her, and made off with her into the Barber's house.

Now, Mr. The Englishman had had a quarrel with his erring and disobedient and disowned daughter, and there was a child in that case too. Had not his daughter been a child, and had she not taken angel-flights above his head as this child had flown above the Corporal's?

"He's a" — National Participled — "fool!" said the Englishman. And shut his window.

But the windows of the house of Memory, and the windows of the house of Mercy, are not so easily closed as windows of glass and wood. They fly open unexpectedly; they rattle in the night; they must be nailed up. Mr. The Englishman had tried nailing them, but had not driven the nails quite home. So he passed but a disturbed evening and a worse night.

By nature a good-tempered man? No; very little gentleness, confounding the quality with weakness.

Fierce and wrathful when crossed? Very, and stupendously unreasonable. Moody? Exceedingly so. Vindictive? Well; he *had* had scowling thoughts that he would formally curse his daughter, as he had seen it done on the stage. But remembering that the real heaven is some paces removed from the mock one in the great chandelier of the theatre, he had given that up.

And he had come abroad to be rid of his repudiated daughter for the rest of his life. And here he was.

At bottom, it was for this reason more than any other that Mr. The Englishman took it extremely ill that Corporal Théophile should be so devoted to little Bebelle. the child at the Barber's shop. In an unlucky moment he had chanced to say to himself, "Why, confound the fellow, he is not her father!" There was a sharp sting in the speech which ran into him suddenly, and put him in a worse mood. So he had National Participled the unconscious Corporal with most hearty emphasis, and had made up his mind to think no more about such a mountebank.

But it came to pass that the Corporal was not to be dismissed. If he had known the most delicate fibres of the Englishman's mind, instead of knowing nothing on earth about him, and if he had been the most obstinate Corporal in the grand army of France, instead of being the most obliging, he could not have planted himself with more determined immovability plump in the midst of all The Englishman's thoughts. Not only so, but he seemed to be always in his view. Mr. The Englishman had but to look out of the window to look upon the Corporal with little Bebelle. He had but to go for a walk, and there was the Corporal walking with Bebelle. He had but to come home again disgusted, and the Corporal and Bebelle were at home before him. If he looked out at his back windows early in the morning, the Corporal

was in the Barber's back yard, and washing and dressing and brushing Bebelle. If he took refuge at his front windows, the Corporal brought his breakfast out into the Place, and shared it there with Bebelle. Always Corporal and always Bebelle. Never Corporal without Bebelle. Never Bebelle without Corporal.

Mr. The Englishman was not particularly strong in the French language as a means of oral communication, though he read it very well. It is with languages as with people — when you only know them by sight, you are apt to mistake them; you must be on speaking terms before you can be said to have established an acquaintance.

For this reason Mr. The Englishman had to gird up his loins considerably before he could bring himself to the point of exchanging ideas with Madame Bouclet on the subject of this Corporal and this Bebelle. But Madame Bouclet looking in apologetically one morning to remark, that O Heaven she was in a state of desolation because the lamp-maker had not sent home that lamp confided to him to repair, but that truly he was a lamp-maker against whom the whole world shrieked out, Mr. The Englishman seized the occasion.

"Madame, that baby" —

"Pardon, Monsieur. That lamp."

"No, no, that little girl."

"But pardon!" said Madame Bouclet, angling for a clue; "one cannot light a little girl, or send her to be repaired?"

"The little girl — at the house of the Barber."

"Ah-h-h!" cried Madame Bouclet, suddenly catching the idea with her delicate little line and rod. "Little Bebelle? Yes, yes, yes! And her friend the Corporal? Yes, yes, yes! So genteel of him; is it not?"

"He is not?" —

"Not at all; not at all! He is not one of her relations. Not at all!"

"Why then, he"—

"Perfectly!" cried Madame Bouclet, "you are right, Monsieur. It is so genteel of him. The less relation the more genteel. As you say."

"Is she?"—

"The child of the barber?" Madame Bouclet whisked up her skillful little line and rod again. "Not at all, not at all! She is the child of—in a word, of no one."

"The wife of the barber then?"—

"Indubitably. As you say. The wife of the barber receives a small stipend to take care of her. So much by the month. Eh, then! It is without doubt very little, for we are all poor here."

"You are not poor, Madame."

"As to my lodgers," replied Madame Bouclet, with a smiling and gracious bend of her head, "no. As to all things else, so-so."

"You flatter me, Madame."

"Monsieur, it is you who flatter me in living here."

Certain fishy gasps on Mr. The Englishman's part denoting that he was about to resume his subject under difficulties, Madame Bouclet observed him closely, and whisked up her delicate line and rod again with triumphant success.

"Oh, no, Monsieur, certainly not. The wife of the barber is not cruel to the poor child, but she is careless. Her health is delicate, and she sits all day looking out at window. Consequently, when the Corporal first came, the poor little Bebelle was much neglected."

"It is a curious"—began Mr. The Englishman.

"Name? That Bebelle? Again you are right, Monsieur. But it is a playful name for Gabrielle."

"And so the child is a mere fancy of the Corporal's?"

said Mr. The Englishman, in a gruffly disparaging tone of voice.

"Eh, well!" returned Madame Bouclet with a pleading shrug: "one must love something. Human nature is weak."

("Devilish weak," muttered The Englishman in his own language.)

"And the Corporal," pursued Madame Bouclet, "being billeted at the Barber's — where he will probably remain a long time, for he is attached to the General — and finding the poor unowned child in need of being loved, and finding himself in need of loving — why, there you have it all, you see!"

Mr. The Englishman accepted this interpretation of the matter with an indifferent grace, and observed to himself, in an injured manner, when he was again alone: "I shouldn't mind it so much if these people were not such a" — National Participled — "sentimental people!"

There was a cemetery outside the town, and it happened ill for the reputation of the Vaubanois, in this sentimental connection, that he took a walk there that same afternoon. To be sure there were some wonderful things in it (from the Englishman's point of view), and of a certainty in all Britain you would have found nothing like it. Not to mention the fanciful flourishes of hearts and crosses, in wood and iron, that were planted all over the place, making it look very like a firework-ground where a most splendid pyrotechnic display might be expected after dark, there were so many wreaths upon the graves, embroidered, as it might be, "To my mother," "To my daughter," "To my father," "To my brother," "To my sister," "To my friend," and those many wreaths were in so many stages of elaboration and decay, from the wreath of yesterday, all fresh color and bright beads, to the wreath of last year, a

poor, mouldering wisp of straw! There were so many little gardens and grottoes made upon graves, in so many tastes, with plants and shells and plaster figures and porcelain pitchers, and so many odds and ends! There were so many tributes of remembrance hanging up, not to be discriminated by the closest inspection from little round waiters, whereon were depicted in glowing hues either a lady or a gentleman with a white pocket-handkerchief out of all proportion, leaning, in a state of the most faultless mourning and most profound affliction, on the most architectural and gorgeous urn! There were so many surviving wives who had put their names on the tombs of their deceased husbands with a blank for the date of their own departure from this weary world; and there were so many surviving husbands who had rendered the same homage to their deceased wives; and out of the number there must have been so many who had long ago married again! In fine, there was so much in the place that would have seemed mere frippery to a stranger, save for the consideration that the lightest paper-flower that lay upon the poorest heap of earth was never touched by a rude hand, but perished there, a sacred thing.

"Nothing of the solemnity of death here," Mr. The Englishman had been going to say; when the last consideration touched him with a mild appeal, and on the whole he walked out without saying it. "But these people are," he insisted, by way of compensation when he was well outside the gate, "they are so," Participled, "sentimental!"

His way back lay by the military gymnasium-ground. And there he passed the Corporal, glibly instructing young soldiers how to swing themselves over rapid and deep water-courses, on their way to glory, by means of a rope, and himself deftly plunging off a platform and

flying a hundred feet or two as an encouragement to them to begin. And there he also passed, perched on a crowning eminence (probably by the Corporal's careful hands), the small Bebelle, with her round eyes wide open, surveying the proceeding like a wondering sort of blue and white bird.

"If that child was to die" — this was his reflection as he turned his back and went his way — "and it would almost serve the fellow right for making such a fool of himself — I suppose we should have *him* sticking up a wreath and a waiter in that fantastic burying-ground."

Nevertheless, after another early morning or two of looking out of window, he strolled down into the Place, when the Corporal and Bebelle were walking there, and touching his hat to the Corporal (an immense achievement) wished him good day.

"Good day, Monsieur."

"This is a rather pretty child you have here," said Mr. The Englishman, taking her chin in his hand, and looking down into her astonished blue eyes.

"Monsieur, she is a very pretty child," returned the Corporal, with a stress on the polite correction of the phrase.

"And good?" said The Englishman.

"And very good. Poor little thing!"

"Hah!" The Englishman stooped down and patted her cheek, not without awkwardness, as if he were going too far in his conciliation. "And what is this medal round your neck, my little one?"

Bebelle having no other reply on her lips than her chubby right fist, the Corporal offered his services as interpreter.

"Monsieur demands what is this, Bebelle?"

"It is the Holy Virgin," said Bebelle.

"And who gave it you?" asked the Englishman.

"Théophile."

"And who is Théophile?"

Bebelle broke into a laugh, laughed merrily and heartily, clapped her chubby hands, and beat her little feet on the stone pavement of the Place.

"He doesn't know Théophile! Why he doesn't know any one!" Then, sensible of a small solecism in her manners, Bebelle twisted her right hand in a leg of the Corporal's Bloomer trousers, and laying her cheek against the place, kissed it.

"Monsieur Théophile, I believe?" said The Englishman to the Corporal.

"It is I, Monsieur."

"Permit me." Mr. The Englishman shook him heartily by the hand and turned away. But he took it mighty ill that old Monsieur Mutuel, in his patch of sunlight, upon whom he came as he turned, should pull off his cap to him with a look of pleased approval. And he muttered, in his own tongue, as he returned the salutation, "Well, walnut-shell! And what business is it of *yours?*"

Mr. The Englishman went on for many weeks passing but disturbed evenings and worse nights, and constantly experiencing that those aforesaid windows in the houses of Memory and Mercy rattled after dark, and that he had very imperfectly nailed them up. Likewise, he went on for many weeks daily improving the acquaintance of the Corporal and Bebelle. That is to say, he took Bebelle by the chin and the Corporal by the hand, and offered Bebelle sous and the Corporal cigars, and even got the length of changing pipes with the Corporal, and kissing Bebelle. But he did it all in a shamefaced way, and always took it extremely ill that Monsieur Mutuel in his patch of sunlight should note what he did. Whenever that seemed to be the case he

always growled, in his own tongue, "There you are again, walnut-shell! What business is it of *yours?*"

In a word, it had become the occupation of Mr. The Englishman's life to look after the Corporal and little Bebelle, and to resent old Monsieur Mutuel's looking after *him*. An occupation only varied by a fire in the town one windy night, and much passing of water-buckets from hand to hand (in which The Englishman rendered good service), and much beating of drums, when all of a sudden the Corporal disappeared.

Next, all of a sudden, Bebelle disappeared.

She had been visible a few days later than the Corporal, — sadly deteriorated as to washing and brushing, — but she had not spoken when addressed by Mr. The Englishman, and had looked scared, and had run away. And now it would seem that she had run away for good. And there lay the Great Place under the windows, bare and barren.

In his shamefaced and constrained way, Mr. The Englishman asked no question of any one, but watched from his front windows, and watched from his back windows, and lingered about the Place, and peeped in at the Barber's shop, and did all this and much more with a whistling and tune-humming pretense of not missing anything, until one afternoon, when Monsieur Mutuel's patch of sunlight was in shadow, and when, according to all rule and precedent, he had no right whatever to bring his red ribbon out of doors, behold here he was, advancing, with his cap already in his hand, twelve paces off!

Mr. The Englishman had got as far into his usual objurgation as "What bu — si" — when he checked himself.

"Ah, it is sad, it is sad! Hélas, it is unhappy, it is sad!" Thus old Monsieur Mutuel, shaking his gray head.

"What busin — at least, I would say, what do you mean, Monsieur Mutuel?"

"Our Corporal. Hélas, our dear Corporal."

"What has happened to him?"

"You have not heard?"

"No."

"At the fire. But he was so brave, so ready. Ah, too brave, too ready!"

"May the devil carry you away!" The Englishman broke in, impatiently. "I beg your pardon, — I mean me — I am not accustomed to speak French, — go on, will you?"

"And a falling beam" —

"Good God!" exclaimed The Englishman. "It was a private soldier who was killed?"

"No. A Corporal, the same Corporal, our dear Corporal. Beloved by all his comrades. The funeral ceremony was touching — penetrating. Monsieur The Englishman, your eyes fill with tears."

"What bu — si" —

"Monsieur The Englishman, I honor these emotions. I salute you with profound respect. I will not obtrude myself upon your noble heart."

Monsieur Mutuel, a gentleman in every thread of his cloudy linen, under whose wrinkled hand every grain in the quarter of an ounce of poor snuff in his poor little tin box became a gentleman's property — Monsieur Mutuel passed on with his cap in his hand.

"I little thought," said The Englishman, after walking for several minutes, and more than once blowing his nose, "when I was looking round that cemetery — I'll go there!"

Straight he went there; and when he came within the gate he paused, considering whether he should go ask at the lodge for some direction to the grave. But

he was less than ever in a mood for asking questions, and he thought, "I shall see something on it to know it by."

In search of the Corporal's grave he went softly on, up this walk and down that, peering in among the crosses, and hearts, and columns, and obelisks, and tombstones, for a recently disturbed spot. It troubled him now to think how many dead there were in the cemetery, — he had not thought them a tenth part so numerous before, — and after he had walked and sought for some time he said to himself, as he struck down a new vista of tombs, "I might suppose that every one was dead but I."

Not every one. A live child was lying on the ground asleep. Truly he had found something on the Corporal's grave to know it by, and the something was Bebelle.

With such a loving will had the dead soldier's comrades worked at his resting-place that it was already a neat garden. On the green turf of the garden Bebelle lay sleeping, with her cheek touching it. A plain, unpainted little wooden cross was planted in the turf, and her short arm embraced this little cross, as it had many a time embraced the Corporal's neck. They had put a tiny flag (the flag of France) at his head, and a laurel garland.

Mr. The Englishman took off his hat, and stood for a while silent. Then covering his head again, he bent down on one knee, and softly roused the child.

"Bebelle! My little one!"

Opening her eyes, on which the tears were still wet, Bebelle was at first frightened; but seeing who it was, she suffered him to take her in his arms, looking steadfastly at him.

"You must not lie here, my little one. You must come with me."

"No, no. I can't leave Théophile. I want the good, dear Théophile."

"We will go and seek him, Bebelle. We will go and look for him in England. We will go and look for him at my daughter's, Bebelle."

"Shall we find him there?"

"We shall find the best part of him there. Come with me, poor forlorn little one. Heaven is my witness," said the Englishman in a low voice, as, before he rose, he touched the turf above the gentle Corporal's breast, "that I thankfully accept this trust!"

It was a long way for the child to have come unaided. She was soon asleep again, with her embrace transferred to the Englishman's neck. He looked at her worn shoes, and her galled feet, and her tired face, and believed that she had come there every day.

He was leaving the grave with the slumbering Bebelle in his arms, when he stopped, looked wistfully down at it, and looked wistfully at the other graves around. "It is the innocent custom of the people," said Mr. The Englishman, with hesitation; "I think I should like to do it. No one sees."

Careful not to wake Bebelle as he went, he repaired to the lodge where such little tokens of remembrance were sold, and bought two wreaths. One blue and white and glistening silver, "To my friend;" one of a soberer red and black and yellow, "To my friend." With these he went back to the grave, and so down on one knee again. Touching the child's lips with the brighter wreath, he guided her hand to hang it on the cross, then hung his own wreath there. After all, the wreaths were not far out of keeping with the little garden. To my friend. To my friend.

Mr. The Englishman took it very ill when he looked round a street-corner into the Great Place, carrying Be-

belle in his arms, that old Mutuel should be there, airing his red ribbon. He took a world of pains to dodge the worthy Mutuel, and devoted a surprising amount of time and trouble to skulking into his own lodging like a man pursued by Justice. Safely arrived there at last, he made Bebelle's toilet with as accurate a remembrance as he could bring to bear upon that work of the way in which he had often seen the poor Corporal make it, and, having given her to eat and drink, laid her down on his own bed. Then he slipped out into the barber's shop, and after a brief interview with the barber's wife and a brief recourse to his purse and card-case, came back again, with the whole of Bebelle's personal property in such a very little bundle that it was quite lost under his arm.

As it was irreconcilable with his whole course and character that he should carry Bebelle off in state, or receive any compliments or congratulations on that feat, he devoted the next day to getting his two portmanteaus out of the house by artfulness and stealth, and to comporting himself in every particular as if he were going to run away — except, indeed, that he paid his few debts in the town, and prepared a letter to leave for Madame Bouclet, inclosing a sufficient sum of money in lieu of notice. A railway train would come through at midnight, and by that train he would take away Bebelle to look for Théophile in England, and at his forgiven daughter's.

At midnight on a moonlight night, Mr. The Englishman came creeping forth like a harmless assassin, with Bebelle on his breast instead of a dagger. Quiet the Great Place, and quiet the never-stirring streets; closed the cafés; huddled together motionless their billiard-balls; drowsy the guard or sentinel on duty here and there; lulled for the time, by sleep, even the insatiate appetite of the Officer of Town-dues.

Mr. The Englishman left the Place behind, and left the streets behind, and left the civilian-inhabited town behind, and descended down among the military works of Vauban, hemming all in. As the shadow of the first heavy arch and postern fell upon him and was left behind; as the shadow of the second heavy arch and postern fell upon him and was left behind; as his hollow tramp over the first drawbridge was succeeded by a gentler sound; as his hollow tramp over the second drawbridge was succeeded by a gentler sound; as he overcame the stagnant ditches one by one, and passed out where the flowing waters were and where the moonlight shone; so the dark shades and the hollow sounds, and the unwholesomely locked currents of his soul, were vanquished and set free. See to it, Vaubans of your own hearts, who gird them in with triple walls and ditches, and with bolt and chain, and bar and lifted bridge; raze those fortifications and lay them level with the all-absorbing dust, before the night cometh when no hand can work!

All went prosperously, and he got into an empty carriage in the train, where he could lay Bebelle on the seat over against him, as on a couch, and cover her from head to foot with his mantle. He had just drawn himself up from perfecting this arrangement, and had just leaned back in his own seat, contemplating it with great satisfaction, when he became aware of a curious appearance at the open carriage-window — a ghostly little tin box floating up in the moonlight, and hovering there.

He leaned forward and put out his head. Down among the rails and wheels and ashes, Monsieur Mutuel, red ribbon and all!

"Excuse me, Monsieur The Englishman," said Monsieur Mutuel, holding up his box at arm's length; the carriage being so high and he so low; "but I shall rev-

erence the little box forever, if your so generous hand will take a pinch from it at parting."

Mr. The Englishman reached out of the window before complying, and, — without asking the old fellow what business it was of his, — shook hands and said, "Adieu! God bless you!"

"And, Mr. The Englishman, God bless *you!*" cried Madame Bouclet, who was also there among the rails and wheels and ashes. "And God will bless you in the happiness of the protected child now with you. And God will bless you in your own child at home. And God will bless you in your own remembrances. And this from me!"

He had barely time to catch a bouquet from her hand when the train was flying through the night. Round the paper that enfolded it was bravely written (doubtless by the nephew who held the pen of an angel), "Homage to the friend of the friendless."

"Not bad people, Bebelle!" said Mr. The Englishman, softly drawing the mantle a little from her sleeping face, that he might kiss it, "though they are so" —

Too "sentimental" himself at the moment to be able to get out that word, he added nothing but a sob, and travelled for some miles, through the moonlight, with his hand before his eyes.

HIS WONDERFUL END.

It will have been, ere now, perceived that I sold the foregoing writings. From the fact of their being printed in these pages, the inference will, ere now, have been drawn by the reader (may I add, the gentle reader?) that I sold them to one who never yet — [1]

Having parted with the writings on most satisfactory terms — for in opening negotiations with the present

[1] The remainder of this complimentary sentence editorially struck out.

Journal was I not placing myself in the hands of one of whom it may be said, in the words of another — [1] I resumed my usual functions. But I too soon discovered that peace of mind had fled from a brow which, up to that time, Time had merely took the hair off, leaving an unruffled expanse within.

It were superfluous to veil it — the brow to which I allude is my own.

Yes, over that brow uneasiness gathered like the sable wing of the fabled bird, as — as no doubt will be easily identified by all right-minded individuals. If not, I am unable on the spur of the moment, to enter into particulars of him. The reflection that the writings must now inevitably get into print, and that He might yet live and meet with them, sat like the hag of night upon my jaded form. The elasticity of my spirits departed. Fruitless was the bottle, whether wine or medicine. I had recourse to both, and the effect of both upon my system was witheringly lowering.

Into this state of depression into which I subsided when I first began to revolve what could I ever say if He — the unknown — was to appear in the coffee-room and demand reparation, I one forenoon in this November received a turn that appeared to be given me by the finger of Fate and Conscience, hand in hand. I was alone in the coffee-room, and had just poked the fire into a blaze, and was standing with my back to it, trying whether heat would penetrate with soothing influence to the voice within, when a young man in a cap, of an intelligent countenance, though requiring his hair cut, stood before me.

"Mr. Christopher, the head waiter?"

"The same."

[1] The remainder of this complimentary parenthesis editorially struck out.

The young man shook his hair out of his vision — which it impeded — took a packet from his breast, and handing it over to me, said, with his eye (or did I dream?) fixed with a lambent meaning on me, "THE PROOFS."

Although I smelt my coat-tails singeing at the fire, I had not the power to withdraw them. The young man put the packet in my faltering grasp, and repeated — let me do him the justice to add, with civility: —

"THE PROOFS. A. Y. R."

With these words he departed.

A. Y. R.? And You Remember. Was that his meaning? At Your Risk. Were the letters short for *that* reminder? Anticipate Your Retribution. Did they stand for *that* warning? Outdacious Youth Repent? But no; for that, a O was happily wanting, and the vowel here was a A.

I opened the packet, and found that its contents were the foregoing writings printed, just as the reader (may I add, the discerning reader?) peruses them. In vain was the reassuring whisper — A. Y. R., All the Year Round — it could not cancel the proofs. Too appropriate name. The proofs of my having sold the writings.

My wretchedness daily increased. I had not thought of the risk I ran, and the defying publicity I put my head into, until all was done, and all was in print. Give up the money to be off the bargain, and prevent the publication, I could not. My family was down in the world, Christmas was coming on, a brother in the hospital and a sister in the rheumatics could not be entirely neglected. And it was not only ins in the family that had told on the resources of one unaided Waitering; outs were not wanting. A brother out of a situation, and another brother out of money to meet an acceptance, and another brother out of his mind, and another brother

out at New York (not the same, though it might appear so), had really and truly brought me to a stand till I could turn myself round. I got worse and worse in my meditations, constantly reflecting "The Proofs," and reflecting that when Christmas drew nearer, and the proofs were published, there could be no safety from hour to hour, but that He might confront me in the coffee-room, and in the face of day and his country demand his rights.

The impressive and unlooked-for catastrophe toward which I dimly pointed the reader (shall I add, the highly intellectual reader?) in my first remarks, now rapidly approaches.

It was November still, but the last echoes of the Guy-Foxes had long ceased to reverberate. We was slack — several joints under our average mark, and wine of course proportionate. So slack had we become at last, that beds Nos. 26, 27, 28, and 31, having took their six o'clock dinners and dozed over their respective pints, had drove away in their respective Hansoms for their respective night mail-trains, and left us empty.

I had took the evening paper to No. 6 table — which is warm and most to be preferred — and lost in the all-absorbing topics of the day, had dropped into a slumber. I was recalled to consciousness by the well-known intimation, "Waiter!" and replying, "Sir!" found a gentleman standing at No. 4 table. The reader (shall I add, the observant reader?) will please to notice the locality of the gentleman — *at No. 4 table.*

He had one of the new-fangled uncollapsable bags in his hand (which I am against, for I don't see why you shouldn't collapse when you are about it, as your fathers collapsed before you), and he said, —

"I want to dine, waiter. I shall sleep here to-night."

"Very good, sir. What will you take for dinner, sir?"

"Soup, bit of codfish, oyster-sauce, and the joint."

"Thank you, sir."

I rang the chambermaid's bell, and Mrs. Pratchett marched in, according to custom, demurely carrying a lighted flat candle before her, as if she was one of a long public procession, all the other members of which was invisible.

In the mean while the gentleman had gone up to the mantel-piece, right in front of the fire, and laid his forehead against the mantel-piece (which is a low one, and brought him into the attitude of a leap-frog), and had heaved a tremendjous sigh. His hair was long and lightish; and when he laid his forehead against the mantel-piece, his hair all fell in a dusty fluff together over his eyes; and when he now turned round and lifted up his head again, it all fell in a dusty fluff together over his ears. This give him a wild appearance, similar to a blasted heath.

"Oh! The chambermaid. Ah!" He was turning something in his mind. "To be sure. Yes. I won't go up-stairs now, if you will take my bag. It will be enough for the present to know my number. Can you give me 24 B?"

(O Conscience, what a adder art thou!)

Mrs. Pratchett allotted him the room, and took his bag to it. He then went back before the fire and fell a-biting his nails.

"Waiter!" biting between the words, "give me"—bite—"pen and paper; and in five minutes"—bite—"let me have, if you please"—bite—"a"—bite—"messenger."

Unmindful of his waning soup, he wrote and sent off six notes before he touched his dinner. Three were City; three West-End. The City letters were to Cornhill, Ludgate-hill, and Farringdon Street. The West-

End letters were to Great Marlborough Street, New Burlington Street, and Piccadilly. Everybody was systematically denied at every one of the six places, and there was not a vestige of any answer. Our light porter whispered to me when he came back with the report, "All booksellers."

But before then he had cleared off his dinner and his bottle of wine. He now — mark the concurrence with the document formerly given in full! — knocked a plate of biscuits off the table with his agitated elber (but without breakage), and demanded boiling brandy-and-water.

Now fully convinced that it was himself, I perspired with the utmost freedom. When he become flushed with the heated stimulant referred to, he again demanded pen and paper, and passed the succeeding two hours in producing a manuscript, which he put into the fire when completed. He then went up to bed, attended by Mrs. Pratchett. Mrs. Pratchett (who was aware of my emotions) told me on coming down that she had noticed his eye rolling into every corner of the passages and staircase, as if in search of his Luggage, and that, looking back as she shut the door of 24 B, she perceived him, his coat already thrown off, immersing himself bodily under the bedstead, like a chimney-sweep before the application of machinery.

The next day — I forbear the horrors of that night — was a very foggy day in our part of London, insomuch that it was necessary to light the coffee-room gas. We was still alone, and no feverish words of mine can do justice to the fitfulness of his appearance as he sat at No. 4 table, increased by their being something wrong with the meter.

Having again ordered his dinner he went out, and was out for the best part of two hours. Inquiring on his return whether any of the answers had arrived.

and receiving an unqualified negative, his instant call was for mulligatawny, the cayenne pepper, and orange brandy.

Feeling that the mortal struggle was now at hand, I also felt that I must be equal to him, and with that view resolved that whatever he took I would take. Behind my partition, but keeping my eye on him over the curtain, I therefore operated on mulligatawny, cayenne pepper, and orange brandy. And at a later period of the day, when he again said, "Orange brandy," I said so too in a lower tone, to George, my second lieutenant (my first was absent on leave), who acts between me and the bar.

Throughout that awful day he walked about the coffee-room continually. Often he came close up to my partition, and then his eye rolled within, too evidently in search of any signs of his Luggage. Half-past six came, and I laid his cloth. He ordered a bottle of old Brown. I likewise ordered a bottle of old Brown. He drank his, I drank mine (as nearly as my duties would permit), glass for glass against his. He topped with coffee and a small glass. I topped with coffee and a small glass. He dozed. I dozed. At last, "Waiter!" — and he ordered his bill. The moment was now at hand when we two must be locked in the deadly grapple.

Swift as the arrow from the bow I had formed my resolution: in other words, I had hammered it out between nine and nine. It was, that I would be the first to open up the subject with a full acknowledgment, and would offer any gradual settlement within my power. He paid his bill (doing what was right by attendance) with his eye rolling about him to the last, for any tokens of his Luggage. One only time our gaze then met, with the lustrous fixedness (I believe I am correct in imputing that character to it?) of the well-known basilisk. The decisive moment had arrived.

With a tolerable steady hand, though with humility, I laid The Proofs before him.

"Gracious Heavens!" he cries out, leaping up and catching hold of his hair. "What's this! Print!"

"Sir," I replied, in a calming voice, and bending forward, "I humbly acknowledge to being the unfortunate cause of it. But I hope, sir, that when you have heard the circumstances explained, and the innocence of my intention"—

To my amazement I was stopped short by his catching me in both his arms, and pressing me to his breast-bone; where I must confess to my face (and particular nose) having undergone some temporary vexation from his wearing his coat buttoned high up, and his buttons being uncommon hard.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he cries, releasing me with a wild laugh, and grasping my hand. "What is your name, my benefactor?"

"My name, sir" (I was crumbled and puzzled to make him out), "is Christopher: and I hope, sir, that as such when you've heard my ex—"

"In print!" he exclaims again, dashing the proofs over and over as if he was bathing in them. "In print! O Christopher! Philanthropist! Nothing can recompense you — but what sum of money would be acceptable to you?"

I had drawn a step back from him, or I should have suffered from his buttons again.

"Sir, I assure you I have been already well paid, and"—

"No, no, Christopher! Don't talk like that! What sum of money would be acceptable to you, Christopher? Would you find twenty pounds acceptable, Christopher?"

However great my surprise, I naturally found words

to say, "Sir, I am not aware that the man was ever yet born without more than the average amount of water on the brain, as would *not* find twenty pound acceptable. But — extremely obliged to you, sir, I'm sure;" for he had tumbled it out of his purse and crammed it into my hand in two bank notes; "but I could wish to know, sir, if not intruding, how I have merited this liberality?"

"Know then, my Christopher," he says, "that from boyhood's hour I have unremittingly and unavailingly endeavored to get into print. Know, Christopher, that all the booksellers alive — and several dead — have refused to put me into print. Know, Christopher, that I have written unprinted reams. But they shall be read to you, my friend and brother. You sometimes have a holiday?"

Seeing the great danger I was in, I had the presence of mind to answer, "Never!" To make it more final I added, "Never! Not from the cradle to the grave."

"Well," says he, thinking no more about that, and chuckling at his proofs again. "But I am in print! The first flight of ambition emanating from my father's lowly cot is realized at length! The golden bowl!" — he was getting on — "struck by the magic hand, has emitted a complete and perfect sound! When did this happen, my Christopher?"

"Which happen, sir?"

"This," he held it out at arm's-length to admire it, "this per-rint."

When I had given him my detailed account of it, he grasped me by the hand again, and said, —

"Dear Christopher, it should be gratifying to you to know that you are an instrument in the hands of destiny Because you *are*."

A passing something of a melancholy cast put it into

my head to shake it, and to say: "Perhaps we all are."

"I don't mean that," he answered; "I don't take that wide range; I confine myself to the special case. Observe me well, my Christopher! Hopeless of getting rid, through any effort of my own, of any of the manuscripts among my Luggage — all of which, send them where I would, were always coming back to me — it is now some seven years since I left that Luggage here, on the desperate chance, either that the too, too faithful manuscripts would come back to me no more, or that some one less accursed than I might give them to the world. You follow me, my Christopher?"

"Pretty well, sir." I followed him so far as to judge that he had a weak head, and that the orange, the boiling, and the old Brown combined, was beginning to tell. (The old Brown being heady is best adapted to seasoned cases.)

"Years elapsed, and those compositions slumbered in dust. At length Destiny, choosing her agent from all mankind, sent you here, Christopher, and lo! the casket was burst asunder, and the giant was free!"

He made hay of his hair after he said this, and he stood a-tiptoe.

"But," he reminded himself, in a state of great excitement, "we must sit up all night, my Christopher. I must correct these proofs for the press. Fill all the inkstands and bring me several new pens."

He smeared himself and he smeared the proofs, the night through, to that degree, that when Sol give him warning to depart (in a four-wheeler), few could have said which was them, and which was him, and which was blots. His last instructions was, that I should instantly run and take his corrections to the office of the present Journal. I did so. They most likely will not appear

in print, for I noticed a message being brought round from the Beaufort Printing House while I was throwing this concluding statement on paper, that the ole resources of that establishment was unable to make out what they meant. Upon which a certain gentleman in company, as I will not more particularly name — but of whom it will be sufficient to remark, standing on the broad basis of a wave-girt isle, that whether we regard him in the light of[1] — laughed, and put the corrections in the fire.

[1] The remainder of this complimentary parenthesis editorially struck out.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS.

HOW MRS. LIRRIPER CARRIED ON THE BUSINESS.

WHOEVER would begin to be worried with letting Lodgings, that wasn't a lone woman with a living to get, is a thing inconceivable to me, my dear. Excuse the familiarity; but it comes natural to me in my own little room, when, wishing to open my mind to those that I can trust — and I should be truly thankful if they were all mankind, but such is not so; for have but a furnished bill in the window and your watch on the mantel-piece, and farewell to it, if you turn your back for but a second, however gentlemanly the manners; nor is being of your own sex any safeguard, as I have reason, in the form of sugar-tongs, to know; for that lady (and a fine woman she was) got me to run for a glass of water on the plea of going to be confined, which certainly turned out true, but it was in the station-house.

Number 81 Norfolk Street, Strand — situated midway between the City and St. James's, and within five minutes' walk of the principal places of public amusement — is my address. I have rented this house many years, as the parish rate-books will testify, and I could wish my landlord was as alive to the fact as I am myself; but no, bless you, not a half a pound of paint to save his life, nor so much, my dear, as a tile upon the roof, though on your bended knees.

My dear, you never have found number 81 Norfolk

Street, Strand, advertised in Bradshaw's "Railway Guide," and, with the blessing of Heaven, you never will or shall so find it. Some there are who do not think it lowering themselves to make their names that cheap, and even going the lengths of a portrait of the house not like it, with a blot in every window and a coach and four at the door; but what will suit Wozenham's lower down on the other side of the way, will not suit me, Miss Wozenham having her opinions and me having mine; though when it comes to systematic underbidding, capable of being proved on oath in a court of justice, and taking the form of, "If Mrs. Lirriper names eighteen shillings a week, I name fifteen and six," it then comes to a settlement between yourself and your conscience, supposing, for the sake of argument, your name to be Wozenham, which I am well aware it is not, or my opinion of you would be greatly lowered; and as to airy bedrooms and a night-porter in constant attendance, the less said the better — the bedrooms being stuffy and the porter stuff.

It is forty years ago since me and my poor Lirriper got married at St. Clement's Danes, where I now have a sitting in a very pleasant pew, with genteel company and my own hassock, and being partial to evening service not too crowded. My poor Lirriper was a handsome figure of a man, with a beaming eye and a voice as mellow as a musical instrument made of honey and steel; but he had ever been a free liver, being in the commercial travelling line, and travelling what he called a lime kiln road, — "A dry road, Emma, my dear," my poor Lirriper says to me, "where I have to lay the dust with one drink or another all day long and half the night, and it wears me, Emma," — and this led to his running through a good deal, and might have run through the turnpike, too, when that dreadful horse that

never would stand still for a single instant, set off, but for its being night and the gate shut, and consequently took his wheel, my poor Lirriper, and the gig smashed to atoms, and never spoke afterwards. He was a handsome figure of a man, and a man with a jovial heart and a sweet temper; but if they had come up then, they never could have given you the mellowness of his voice, and, indeed, I consider photographs wanting in mellowness as a general rule, and making you look like a new-ploughed field.

My poor Lirriper being behindhand with the world, and being buried at Hatfield church in Hertfordshire, — not that it was his native place, but that he had a liking for the Salisbury Arms, where we went upon our wedding-day and passed as happy a fortnight as ever happy was, — I went round to the creditors and I says, "Gentlemen, I am acquainted with the fact that I am not answerable for my late husband's debts, but I wish to pay them, for I am his lawful wife, and his good name is dear to me. I am going into the Lodgings, gentlemen, as a business, and if I prosper, every farthing that my late husband owed shall be paid for the sake of the love I bore him, by this right hand." It took a long time to do, but it was done; and the silver cream-jug which is between ourselves, and the bed and the mattress in my room up-stairs (or it would have found legs so sure as ever the furnished bill was up), being presented by the gentlemen, engraved, "To Mrs. Lirriper: a mark of grateful respect for her honorable conduct," gave me a turn which was too much for my feelings, till Mr. Betley, which at that time had the parlors and loved his joke, says, "Cheer up, Mrs. Lirriper, you should feel as if it was only your christening, and they were your godfathers and godmothers which did promise for you." And it brought me round, and I don't

mind confessing to you, my dear, that I then put a sandwich and a drop of sherry in a little basket, and went down to Hatfield church-yard, outside the coach, and kissed my hand, and laid it with a kind of a proud and swelling love on my husband's grave; though, bless you, it had taken me so long to clear his name, that my wedding ring was worn quite fine and smooth when I laid it on the green, green waving grass.

I am an old woman now, and my good looks are gone, but that's me, my dear, over the platewarmer, and considered like in the times when you used to pay two guineas on ivory, and took your chance pretty much how you came out — which made you very careful how you left it about afterwards, because people were turned so red and uncomfortable by mostly guessing it was somebody else quite different; and there was once a certain person that had put his money in a hop business, that came in one morning to pay his rent and his respects, being the second floor, that would have taken it down from its hook and put it in his breast pocket, — you understand, my dear, — for the L, he says, of the original — only there was no mellowness in *his* voice, and I wouldn't let him; but his opinion of it you may gather from his saying to it, "Speak to me, Emma!" which was far from a rational observation, no doubt, but still a tribute to its being a likeness, and I think myself it *was* like me when I was young and wore that sort of stays.

But it was about the Lodgings that I was intending to hold forth, and certainly I ought to know something of the business, having been in it so long: for it was early in the second year of my married life that I lost my poor Lirriper, and I set up at Islington directly afterwards, and afterwards came here, being two houses and eight-and-thirty years, and some losses and a deal of experience.

Girls are your first trial after fixtures, and they try you even worse than what I call the Wandering Christians — though why *they* should roam the earth looking for bills, and then coming in and viewing the apartments, and stickling about terms and never at all wanting them, or dreaming of taking them, being already provided, is a mystery I should be thankful to have explained, if by any miracle it could be. It's wonderful they live so long and thrive so on it, but I suppose the exercise makes it healthy, knocking so much and going from house to house, and up and down stairs all day; and then their pretending to be so particular and punctual is a most astonishing thing, looking at their watches and saying, "Could you give me the refusal of the rooms till twenty minutes past eleven the day after to-morrow in the forenoon, and supposing it to be considered essential by my friend from the country, could there be a small iron bedstead put in the little room upon the stairs?" Why, when I was new to it, my dear, I used to consider before I promised, and to make my mind anxious with calculations, and to get quite wearied out with disappointments, but now I says, "Certainly, by all means," well knowing it's a Wandering Christian, and I shall hear no more about it: indeed, by this time, I know most of the Wandering Christians by sight as well as they know me, it being the habit of each individual revolving round London in that capacity, to come back about twice a year, and it's very remarkable that it runs in families, and the children grow up to it; but even were it otherwise, I should no sooner hear of the friend from the country, which is a certain sign, than I should nod and say to myself, "You're a Wandering Christian;" though whether they are (as I *have* heard) persons of small property with a taste for regular employment and frequent change of scene, I cannot undertake to tell you.

Girls, as I was beginning to remark, are one of your first and your lasting troubles, being like your teeth, which begin with convulsions and never cease tormenting you from the time you cut them till they cut you, and then you don't want to part with them, which seems hard, but we must all succumb or buy artificial; and even where you get a will, nine times out of ten, you'll get a dirty face with it, and naturally lodgers do not like good society to be shown in with a smear of black across the nose or a smudgy eyebrow. Where they pick the black up, is a mystery I cannot solve, as in the case of the willingest girl that ever came into a house, half-starved, poor thing, — a girl so willing that I called her Willing Sophy, — down upon her knees scrubbing, early and late, and ever cheerful, but always smiling with a black face. And I says to Sophy, "Now, Sophy, my good girl, have a regular day for your stoves, and keep the width of the airy between yourself and the blacking, and do not brush your hair with the bottoms of the saucepans, and do not meddle with the snuffs of the candles, and it stands to reason that it can no longer be;" yet there it was, and always on her nose, which, turning up and being broad at the end, seemed to boast of it, and caused warning from a steady gentleman and excellent lodger, with breakfast by the week, but a little irritable, and use of a sitting-room when required, his words being, "Mrs. Lirriper, I have arrived at the point of admitting that the black is a man and a brother, but only in a natural form, and when it can't be got off." Well, consequently I put poor Sophy on to other work, and forbid her answering the door or answering a bell on any account; but she was so unfortunately willing, that nothing would stop her flying up the kitchen stairs whenever a bell was heard to tingle. I put it to her, "Oh, Sophy, Sophy, for goodness goodness sake, where does

t come from?" To which that poor, unlucky, willing mortal, bursting out crying to see me so vexed, replied, "I took a deal of black into me, ma'am, when I was a small child, being much neglected, and I think it must be, that it works out;" so, it continuing to work out of that poor thing, and not having another fault to find with her, I says, "Sophy, what do you seriously think of my helping you away to New South Wales, where it might not be noticed?" Nor did I ever repent the money, which was well spent, for she married the ship's cook on the voyage (himself a mulotter), and did well and lived happy, and so far as ever I heard, it was *not* noticed in a new state of society to her dying day.

In what way Miss Wozenham, lower down on the other side of the way, reconciled it to her feelings as a lady (which she is not) to entice Mary Anne Perkinsop from my service, is best known to herself; I do not know, and I do not wish to know how opinions are formed at Wozenham's on any point. But Mary Anne Perkinsop, although I behaved handsomely to her, and she behaved unhandsomely to me, was worth her weight in gold, as overawing lodgers without driving them away; for lodgers would be far more sparing of their bells with Mary Anne then I ever knew them to be with maid or mistress, which is a great triumph, especially when accompanied with a cast in the eye and a bag of bones; but it was the steadiness of her way with them, through her father's having failed in pork. It was Mary Anne's looking so respectable in her person, and being so strict in her spirits, that conquered the tea-and-sugarest gentleman (for he weighed them both in a pair of scales every morning) that I have ever had to deal with, and no lamb grew meeker; still it afterwards came round to me that Miss Wozenham happening to pass, and seeing Mary Anne take in the milk of a milkman that made free in a

rosy-faced way (I think no worse of him) with every girl in the street, but was quite frozen up like the statue at Charing Cross by her, saw Mary Anne's value in the Lodging business, and went as high as one pound per quarter more: consequently, Mary Anne, with not a word betwixt us, says, "If *you* will provide yourself, Mrs. Lirriper, in a month from this day, *I* have already done the same" — which hurt me, and I said so; and she then hurt me more by insinuating that her father having failed in pork had laid her open to it.

My dear, I do assure you it's a harassing thing to know what kind of girls to give the preference to; for if they are lively they get bell'd off their legs, and if they are sluggish you suffer from it yourself in complaints, and if they are sparkling-eyed they get made love to, and if they are smart in their persons they try on your lodgers' bonnets, and if they are musical I defy you to keep them away from bands and organs; and allowing for any difference you like in their heads, their heads will be always out of window just the same. And then what the gentlemen like in girls the ladies don't, which is fruitful hot water for all parties; and then there's temper, though such a temper as Caroline Maxey's I hope not often. A good-looking, black-eyed girl was Caroline, and a comely made girl to your cost when she did break out and laid about her, as took place first and last through a new-married couple come to see London in the first floor, and the lady very high and it *was* supposed not liking the good looks of Caroline, having none of her own to spare; but anyhow she did try Caroline though that was no excuse. So one afternoon Caroline comes down into the kitchen flushed and flashing, and she says to me, "Mrs. Lirriper, that woman in the first has aggravated me past bearing." I says, "Caroline, keep your temper." Caroline says, with a curdling laugh, "Keep my temper?

You're right, Mrs. Lirriper, so I will. Capital D her!" burst out Caroline (you might have struck me into the centre of the earth with a feather when she said it); "I'll give her a touch of the temper that *I* keep!" Caroline downs with her hair, my dear, screeches and rushes upstairs, I following as fast as my trembling legs could bear me; but before I got into the room the dinner cloth and pink and white service all dragged off upon the floor with a crash, and the new-married couple on their backs in the fire-grate, him with the shovel and tongs and a dish of cucumber across him, and a mercy it was summer time. "Caroline," I says, "be calm;" but she catches off my cap and tears it in her teeth as she passes me, then pounces on the new-married lady, makes her a bundle of ribbons, takes her by the two ears and knocks the back of her head upon the carpet, murder screaming all the time, policemen running down the street, and Wozenham's windows (judge of my feelings when I came to know it) thrown up, and Miss Wozenham calking out from the balcony with crocodile's tears, "It's Mrs. Lirriper been overcharging somebody to madness — she'll be murdered — I always thought so — Pleeseman save her!" My dear, four of them, and Caroline behind the chiffoniere attacking with the poker, and when disarmed prize-fighting with her double fists, and down and up and up and down and dreadful! But I couldn't bear to see the poor young creature roughly handled and her hair torn when they got the better of her, and I says, "Gentlemen Policemen, pray remember that her sex is the sex of your mothers and sisters and your sweethearts, and God bless them and you!" And there she was sitting down on the ground handcuffed, taking breath against the skirting-board, and them cool with their coats in strips, and all she says was, "Mrs. Lirriper, I am sorry as ever I touched *you*, for you're a kind, motherly old thing," and it made

me think that I had often wished I had been a mother indeed and how would my heart have felt if I had been the mother of that girl! Well, you know it turned out at the police-office that she had done it before, and she had her clothes away and was sent to prison, and when she was to come out I trotted off to the gate in the evening with just a morsel of jelly in that little basket of mine to give her a mite of strength to face the world again, and there I met with a very decent mother waiting for her son through bad company, and a stubborn one he was with his half boots not laced. So out came Caroline, and I says, "Caroline, come along with me and sit down under the wall where it's retired, and eat a little trifle that I have brought with me to do you good;" and she throws her arms round my neck and says, sobbing, "Oh why were you never a mother when there are such mothers as there are!" she says, and in half a minute more she begins to laugh, and says, "Did I really tear your cap to shreds?" and when I told her, "You certainly did so, Caroline," she laughed again and said while she patted my face, "Then why do you wear such queer old caps, you dear old thing? If you hadn't worn such queer old caps I don't think I should have done it even then." Fancy the girl! Nothing could get out of her what she was going to do except, Oh she would do well enough; and we parted, she being very thankful and kissing my hands, and I never more saw or heard of that girl, except that I shall always believe that a very genteel cap which was brought anonymous to me one Saturday night in an oilskin basket, by a most impertinent young sparrow of a monkey whistling with dirty shoes on the clean steps and playing the harp on the airy railings with a hoop-stick, came from Caroline.

What you lay yourself open to, my dear, in the way of being the object of uncharitable suspicions when you

go into the Lodging business, I have not the words to tell you; but never was I so dishonorable as to have two keys, nor would I willingly think it even of Miss Wozenham, lower down on the other side of the way, sincerely hoping that it may not be, though doubtless at the same time money cannot come from nowhere, and it is not reason to suppose that Bradshaws put it in for love, be it blotty as it may. It *is* a hardship hurting to the feelings that lodgers open their minds so wide to the idea that you are trying to get the better of them, and shut their minds so close to the idea that they are trying to get the better of you; but as Major Jackman says to me, "I know the ways of this circular world, Mrs. Lirriper, and that's one of 'em all round it," and many is the little ruffle in my mind that the Major has smoothed, for he is a clever man who has seen much. Dear, dear, thirteen years have passed, though it seems but yesterday since I was sitting with my glasses on at the open front parlor window, one evening in August (the parlors being then vacant), reading yesterday's paper, my eyes for print being poor, though still I am thankful to say a long sight at a distance, when I hear a gentleman come posting across the road and up the street in a dreadful rage, talking to himself in a fury, and d'ing and c'ing somebody. "By George!" says he out loud, and clutching his walking-stick, "I'll go to Mrs. Lirriper's. Which is Mrs. Lirriper's?" Then looking round and seeing me, he flourishes his hat right off his head, as if I had been the queen, and he says, "Excuse the intrusion, Madame, but pray, Madame, can you tell me at what number in this street there resides a well-known and much-respected lady by the name of Lirriper?" A little flustered, though I must say gratified, I took off my glasses and courtesied and said, "Sir, Mrs. Lirriper is your humble servant." "As-tonishing!" said he. "A

million pardons! Madame, may I ask you to have the kindness to direct one of your domestics to open the door to a gentleman in search of apartments, by the name of Jackman?" I had never heard the name, but a politer gentleman I never hope to see, for he says, "Madame, I am shocked at your opening the door yourself to no worthier a fellow than Jemmy Jackman. After you, Madame. I never precede a lady." Then he comes into the parlors and he sniffs and he says, "Hah! These are parlors! Not musty cupboards," he says, "but parlors, and no smell of coal-sacks." Now, my dear, it having been remarked by some inimical to the whole neighborhood that it always smells of coal-sacks, which might prove a drawback to lodgers if encouraged, I says to the Major gently, though firmly, that I think he is referring to Arundel, or Surrey, or Howard, but not Norfolk. "Madame," says he, "I refer to Wozenham's, lower down over the way — Madame, you can form no notion what Wozenham's is — Madame, it is a vast coal-sack, and Miss Wozenham has the principles and manners of a female heaver — Madame, from the manner in which I have heard her mention you, I know she has no appreciation of a lady, and from the manner in which she has conducted herself towards me I know she has no appreciation of a gentleman. Madame, my name is Jackman — should you require any other reference than what I have already said, I name the Bank of England — perhaps you know it!" Such was the beginning of the Major's occupying the parlors, and from that hour to this the same and a most obliging lodger and punctual in all respects, except one irregular which I need not particularly specify, but made up for by his being a protection, and at all times ready to fill in the papers of the Assessed Taxes and Juries and that, and once collared a young man with the drawing-room

clock under his cloak, and once on the parapets with his own hands and blankets put out the kitchen chimney, and afterwards attending the summons made a most eloquent speech against the Parish before the magistrates, and saved the engine, and ever quite the gentleman though passionate. And certainly Miss Wozenham's detaining the trunks and umbrella was not in a liberal spirit, though it may have been according to her rights in law, or an act *I* would myself have stooped to, the Major being so much the gentleman that though he is far from tall he seems almost so when he has his shirt frill out and his frock-coat on and his hat with the curly brims, and in what service he was I cannot truly tell you, my dear, whether militia or foreign, for I never heard him even name himself as Major, but always simple "Jemmy Jackman;" and once, soon after he came, when I felt it my duty to let him know that Miss Wozenham had put it about that he was no Major, and I took the liberty of adding, "which you are, sir," his words were "Madame, at any rate I am not a Minor, and sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," which cannot be denied to be the sacred truth; nor yet his military ways of having his boots with only the dirt brushed off taken to him in the front parlor every morning on a clean plate, and varnishing them himself with a little sponge and a saucer and a whistle in a whisper so sure as ever his breakfast is ended; and so neat his ways that it never soils his linen, which is scrupulous, though more in quality than quantity, neither that nor his moustachios, which, to the best of my belief, are done at the same time, and which are as black and shining as his boots, his head of hair being a lovely white.

It was the third year nearly up of the Major's being in the parlors, that early one morning in the month of February, when Parliament was coming on, and you

may therefore suppose a number of impostors were about ready to take hold of anything they could get, a gentleman and lady from the country came in to view the second, and I well remember that I had been looking out of window, and had watched them and the heavy sleet driving down the street together looking for bills. I did not quite take to the face of the gentleman, though he was good-looking too, but the lady was a very pretty young thing, and delicate, and it seemed too rough for her to be out at all, though she had only come from the Adelphi Hotel, which would not have been much above a quarter of a mile if the weather had been less severe. Now it did so happen, my dear, that I had been forced to put five shillings weekly additional on the second in consequence of a loss from running away full-dressed as if going to a dinner-party, which was very artful and had made me rather suspicious taking it along with Parliament, so when the gentleman proposed three months certain, and the money in advance and leave them reserved to renew on the same terms for six months more, I says I was not quite certain but that I might have engaged myself to another party, but would step down-stairs and look into it if they would take a seat. They took a seat and I went down to the handle of the Major's door that I had already begun to consult finding it a great blessing, and I knew by his whistling in a whisper that he was varnishing his boots, which was generally considered private; however he kindly calls out, "If it's you, Madame, come in," and I went in and told him.

"Well, Madame," says the Major, rubbing his nose, — as I did fear at the moment, with the black sponge, but it was only his knuckle, he being always neat and dexterous with his fingers, — "Well, Madame, I suppose you would be glad of the money?"

I was delicate of saying, "Yes," too c ., for a little

extra color rose into the Major's cheeks, and there was irregularity which I will not particularly specify in a quarter which I will not name.

"I am of opinion, Madame," says the Major, "that when money is ready for you, — when it is ready for you, Mrs. Lirriper, — you ought to take it. What is there against it, Madame, in this case up-stairs?"

"I really cannot say there is anything against it, sir; still I thought I would consult you."

"You said a newly-married couple, I think, Madame," says the Major.

I says, "Ye-es. Evidently. And indeed, the young lady mentioned to me in a casual way that she had not been married many months."

The Major rubbed his nose again, and stirred the varnish round and round in its little saucer with his piece of sponge, and took to his whistling in a whisper for a few moments. Then he says, "You would call it a good let, Madame?"

"Oh, certainly, a good let, sir."

"Say they renew for the additional six months. Would it put you about very much, Madame, if — if the worst was to come to the worst?" said the Major.

"Well, I hardly know," I says to the Major. "It depends upon circumstances. Would *you* object, sir, for instance?"

"I?" says the Major. "Object? Jemmy Jackman? Mrs. Lirriper, close with the proposal."

So I went up-stairs and accepted, and they came in next day, which was Saturday, and the Major was so good as to draw up a memorandum of an agreement in a beautiful round hand and expressions that sounded to me equally legal and military; and Mr. Edson signed it on the Monday morning, and the Major called upon Mr. Edson on the Tuesday, and Mr. Edson called upon the

Major on the Wednesday, and the second and the parlors were as friendly as could be wished.

The three months paid for had run out, and we had got, without any fresh overtures as to payment, into May, my dear, when there came an obligation upon Mr. Edson to go a business expedition right across the Isle of Man, which fell quite unexpected on that pretty little thing — and is not a place that, according to my views, is particularly in the way to anywhere at any time, but that may be a matter of opinion. So short a notice was it that he was to go next day, and dreadfully she cried, poor pretty, and I am sure I cried, too, when I saw her on the cold pavement in the sharp east wind, — it being a very backward spring that year, — taking a last leave of him, with her pretty, bright hair blowing this way and that, and her arms clinging round his neck, and him saying, "There, there, there! Now let me go, Peggy." And by that time, it was plain that what the Major had been so accommodating as to say he would not object to happening in the house, would happen in it, and I told her as much when he was gone, while I comforted her with my arm up the staircase, for I says, "You will soon have others to keep up for, my pretty, and you must think of that."

His letter never came when it ought to have come, and what she went through morning after morning when the postman brought none for her, the very postman himself compassionated when she ran down to the door — and yet we cannot wonder at its being calculated to blunt the feelings to have all the trouble of other people's letters and none of the pleasure, and doing it oftener in the mud and mizzle than not, and at a rate of wages more resembling Little Britain than Great. But at last one morning, when she was too poorly to come running down-stairs, he says to me, with a pleased

look in his face that made me next to love the man in his uniform coat, though he was dripping wet, "I have taken you first in the street this morning, Mrs. Lirriper, for here's the one for Mrs. Edson." I went up to her bedroom with it fast as ever I could go, and she sat up in bed when she saw it, and kissed it and tore it open, and then a blank stare came upon her. "It's very short!" she says, lifting her large eyes to my face. "O Mrs. Lirriper, it's very short!" I says, "My dear Mrs. Edson, no doubt that's because your husband hadn't time to write more just at that time." "No doubt, no doubt," says she, and puts her two hands on her face and turns round in her bed.

I shut her softly in, and I crept down-stairs, and I tapped at the Major's door, and when the Major — having his thin slices of bacon in his own Dutch oven — saw me, he came out of his chair and put me down on the sofa. "Hush!" says he, "I see something's the matter. Don't speak — take time." I says, "O Major, I'm afraid there's cruel work up-stairs." "Yes, yes," says he, "I had begun to be afraid of it — take time." And then, in opposition to his own words, he rages out frightfully, and says, "I shall never forgive myself, Madame, that I, Jemmy Jackman, didn't see it all that morning — didn't go straight up-stairs when my boot-sponge was in my hand — didn't force it down his throat — and choke him dead with it on the spot!"

The Major and me agreed, when we came to ourselves, that just at present we could do no more than take on to suspect nothing and use our best endeavors to keep that poor young creature quiet, and what I ever should have done without the Major when it got about among the organ-men that quiet was our object, is unknown, for he made lion and tiger war upon them to that degree that, without seeing it, I could not have be-

lieved it was in any gentleman to have such a power of bursting out with fire-irons, walking-sticks, water-jugs, coals, potatoes off his table, the very hat off his head, and at the same time so furious in foreign languages that they would stand with their handles half turned, fixed like the Sleeping Ugly — for I cannot say Beauty.

Ever to see the postman come near the house, now gave me such a fear that it was a reprieve when he went by, but in about another ten days or a fortnight he says again, "Here's one for Mrs. Edson. Is she pretty well?" "She is pretty well, postman, but not well enough to rise so early as she used," which was so far gospel truth.

I carried the letter in to the Major at his breakfast, and I says, tottering, "Major, I have not the courage to take it up to her."

"It's an ill-looking villain of a letter," says the Major.

"I have not the courage, Major," I says again in a tremble, "to take it up to her."

After seeming lost in consideration for some moments, the Major says, raising his head as if something new and useful had occurred to his mind, "Mrs. Lirriper, I shall never forgive myself that I, Jemmy Jackman, didn't go straight up-stairs that morning when my boot-sponge was in my hand — and force it down his throat — and choke him dead with it."

"Major," I says, a little hasty, "you didn't do it, which is a blessing, for it would have done no good, and I think your sponge was better employed on your own honorable boots."

So we got to be rational, and planned that I should tap on her bedroom door, and lay the letter on the mat outside, and wait on the upper landing for what might happen, and never was gunpowder, cannon-balls, or

shells, or rockets, more dreaded than that dreadful letter was by me, as I took it to the second floor.

A terrible loud scream sounded through the house the minute after she had opened it, and I found her on the floor lying as if her life was gone. My dear, I never looked at the face of the letter which was lying open by her, for there was no occasion.

Everything I needed to bring her round the Major brought up with his own hands, besides running out to the chemist's for what was not in the house, and likewise having the fiercest of all his many skirmishes with a musical instrument representing a ball-room I do not know in what particular country and company, waltzing in and out at folding-doors with rolling eyes. When after a long time I saw her coming to, I slipped on the landing till I heard her cry, and then I went in and says cheerily, "Mrs. Edson, you're not well, my dear, and it's not to be wondered at," as if I had not been in before. Whether she believed or disbelieved I cannot say, and it would signify nothing if I could, but I stayed by her for hours, and then she God ever blesses me! and says she will try to rest for her head is bad.

"Major," I whispers, looking in at the parlors, "I beg and pray of you don't go out."

The Major whispers, "Madame, trust me, I will do no such a thing. How is she?"

I says, "Major, the good Lord above us only knows what burns and rages in her poor mind. I left her sitting at her window. I am going to sit at mine."

It came on afternoon and it came on evening. Norfolk is a delightful street to lodge in — provided you don't go lower down — but of a summer evening when the dust and waste paper lie in it, and stray children play in it, and a kind of a gritty calm and bake settles on it, and a peal of church-bells is practicing in the

neighborhood, it is a trifle dull; and never have I seen it since at such a time, and never shall I see it evermore at such a time, without seeing the dull June evening when that forlorn young creature sat at her open corner window on the second and me at my open corner window (the other corner) on the third. Something merciful, something wiser and better far than my own self, had moved me while it was yet light to sit in my bonnet and shawl, and as the shadows fell and the tide rose I could sometimes — when I put out my head and looked at her window below — see that she leaned out a little looking down the street. It was just getting dark when I saw *her* in the street.

So fearful of losing sight of her that it almost stops my breath while I tell it, I went down-stairs faster than I ever moved in all my life, and only tapped with my hand at the Major's door in passing it and slipping out. She was gone already. I made the same speed down the street, and when I came to the corner of Howard Street I saw that she had turned it and was there plain before me going towards the west. Oh with what a thankful heart I saw her going along!

She was quite unacquainted with London, and had very seldom been out for more than an airing in our own street where she knew two or three little children belonging to neighbors, and had sometimes stood among them at the end of the street looking at the water. She must be going at hazard I knew; still she kept the by-streets quite correctly as long as they would serve her, and then turned up into the Strand. But at every corner I could see her head turned one way, and that way was always the river way.

It may have been only the darkness and quiet of the Adelphi that caused her to strike into it, but she struck into it much as readily as if she had set out to go there,

which perhaps was the case. She went straight down to the Terrace, and along it, and looked over the iron rail, and I often woke afterwards in my own bed with the horror of seeing her do it. The desertion of the wharf below and the flowing of the high water there seemed to settle her purpose. She looked about as if to make out the way down, and she struck out the right way or the wrong way, — I don't know which, for I don't know the place before or since, — and I followed her the way she went.

It was noticeable that all this time she never once looked back. But there was now a great change in the manner of her going, and instead of going at a steady quick walk with her arms folded before her, among the dark dismal arches she went in a wild way with her arms opened wide, as if they were wings and she was flying to her death.

We were on the wharf, and she stopped. I stopped. I saw her hands at her bonnet-strings, and I rushed between her and the brink, and took her round the waist with both my arms. She might have drowned me, I felt then, but she never could have got quit of me.

Down to that moment my mind had been all in a maze, and not half an idea had I had in it what I should say to her; but the instant I touched her it came to me like magic, and I had my natural voice and my senses and even almost my breath.

"Mrs. Edson!" I says, "My dear! Take care. How ever did you lose your way and stumble on a dangerous place like this? Why, you must have come here by the most perplexing streets in all London. No wonder you are lost, I am sure. And this place too! Why I thought nobody ever got here, except me to order my coals and the Major in the parlors to smoke his cigar!" — for I saw that blessed man close by, pretending to do it.

"Hah — hah — hum!" coughs the Major.

"And good gracious me," says I, "why here he is!"

"Halloa! who goes there?" says the Major in a military manner.

"Well!" I says, "if this don't beat everything! Don't you know us, Major Jackman?"

"Halloa!" says the Major. "Who calls on Jemmy Jackman?" (and more out of breath he was, and did it less like life than I should have expected).

"Why, here's Mrs. Edson, Major," I says, "strolling out to cool her poor head, which has been very bad, has missed her way and got lost, and goodness knows where she might have got to but for me coming here to drop an order into my coal merchant's letter-box, and you coming here to smoke your cigar! And you really are not well enough, my dear," I says to her, "to be half so far from home without me. And your arm will be very acceptable, I am sure, Major," I says to him, "and I know she may lean upon it as heavy as she likes." And now we had both got her — thanks be Above! — one on each side.

She was all in a cold shiver, and she so continued till I laid her on her own bed; and up to the early morning she held me by the hand and moaned and moaned, "Oh, wicked, wicked, wicked!" But when at last I made believe to droop my head and be overpowered with a dead sleep, I heard that poor young creature give such touching and such humble thanks for being preserved from taking her own life in her madness, that I thought I should have cried my eyes out on the counterpane, and I knew she was safe.

Being well enough to do and able to afford it, me and the Major laid our little plans next day while she was asleep worn out, and so I says to her as soon as I could do it nicely, —

"Mrs. Edson, my dear, when Mr. Edson paid me the rent for these further six months"—

She gave a start, and I felt her large eyes look at me, but I went on with it and with my needlework.

—"I can't say that I am quite sure I dated the receipt right. Could you let me look at it?"

She laid her frozen cold hand upon mine, and she looked through me when I was forced to look up from my needlework; but I had taken the precaution of having on my spectacles.

"I have no receipt," says she.

"Ah! Then he has got it," I says in a careless way. "It's of no great consequence. A receipt's a receipt."

From that time she always had hold of my hand when I could spare it, which was generally only when I read to her, for of course she and me had our bits of needlework to plod at, and neither of us was very handy at those little things, though I am still rather proud of my share in them too, considering. And though she took to all I read to her, I used to fancy that next to what was taught upon the Mount she took most of all to His gentle compassion for us poor women, and to His young life, and to how His mother was proud of Him and treasured His sayings in her heart. She had a grateful look in her eyes that never, never, never will be out of mine until they are closed in my last sleep; and when I chanced to look at her without thinking of it I would always meet that look, and she would often offer me her trembling lip to kiss, much more like a little affectionate half-broken-hearted child than ever I can imagine any grown person.

One time the trembling of this poor lip was so strong, and her tears ran down so fast, that I thought she was going to tell me all her woe, so I takes her two hands in mine and I says,—

"No, my dear, not now; you had best not try to do it now. Wait for better times, when you have got over this and are strong, and then you shall tell me whatever you will. Shall it be agreed?"

With our hands still joined she nodded her head many times, and she lifted my hands and put them to her lips and to her bosom.

"Only one word now, my dear," I says. "Is there any one?"

She looked inquiringly, "Any one?"

"That I can go to?"

She shook her head.

"No one that I can bring?"

"No one is wanted by *me*, my dear. Now that may be considered past and gone."

Not much more than a week afterwards — for this was far on in the time of our being so together — I was bending over at her bedside with my ear down to her lips, by turns listening for her breath and looking for a sign of life in her face. At last it came in a solemn way — not in a flash, but like a kind of pale, faint light brought very slow to the face.

She said something to me that had no sound in it, but I saw she asked me, —

"Is this death?"

And I says, "Poor dear, poor dear, I think it is."

Knowing somehow that she wanted me to move her weak right hand, I took it and laid it on her breast, and then folded her other hand upon it; and she prayed a good, good prayer, and I joined in it — poor me — though there were no words spoke. Then I brought the baby in its wrappers from where it lay, and I says, —

"My dear, this is sent to a childless old woman. This is for me to take care of."

The trembling lip was put up towards my face for the last time, and I dearly kissed it.

"Yes, my dear," I says. "Please God! Me and the Major."

I don't know how to tell it right, but I saw her soul brighten and leap up, and get free and fly away in the grateful look.

. . . . . .

So this is the why and wherefore of its coming to pass, my dear, that we called him Jemmy, being after the Major his own godfather, with Lirriper for a surname, being after myself, and never was a dear child such a brightening thing in a Lodgings or such a playmate to his grandmother, as Jemmy to this house and me, and always good and minding what he was told (upon the whole) and soothing for the temper, and making everything pleasanter; except when he grew old enough to drop his cap down Wozenham's Airy and they wouldn't hand it up to him, and being worked into a state I put on my best bonnet and gloves and parasol with the child in my hand and I says, "Miss Wozenham, I little thought ever to have entered *your* house, but unless my grandson's cap is instantly restored, the laws of this country regulating the property of the subject shall at length decide betwixt yourself and me, cost what it may." With a sneer upon her face which did strike me I must say as being expressive of two keys, but it may have been a mistake, and if there is any doubt let Miss Wozenham have the full benefit of it as is but right, she rang the bell and she says, "Jane, is there a street-child's old cap down our Airy?" I says, "Miss Wozenham, before your housemaid answers that question you must allow me to inform you to your face that my grandson is *not* a street-child and is *not* in the habit of wearing old caps. In fact," I says, "Miss Wozenham, I am far from sure that my grandson's cap may not be newer than your own," which was perfectly savage in me, her lace being

the commonest machine-make, washed and torn besides, but I had been put into a state to begin with fomented by impertinence. Miss Wozenham says, red in the face, "Jane, you heard my question, is there any child's cap down our Airy?" "Yes ma'am," says Jane, "I think I did see some such rubbish a-lying there." "Then," says Miss Wozenham, "let these visitors out, and then throw up that worthless article out of my premises." But here the child who had been staring at Miss Wozenham with all his eyes and more, frowns down his little eyebrows, purses up his little mouth, puts his chubby legs far apart, turns his little dimpled fists round and round slowly over one another like a little coffee-mill, and says to her, "Oo impdent to mi Gran, me tut oor hi!" "Oh!" says Miss Wozenham looking down scornfully at the Mite, "this is not a street-child is it not! Really!" I bursts out laughing, and I says, "Miss Wozenham, if this an't a pretty sight to you I don't envy your feelings and I wish you good day. Jemmy, come along with Gran." And I was still in the best of humors, though his cap came flying up into the street as if it had been just turned on out of the water-plug, and I went home laughing all the way, all owing to that dear boy.

The miles and miles that me and the Major have travelled with Jemmy in the dusk between the lights are not to be calculated, Jemmy driving on the coach-box which is the Major's brass-bound writing-desk on the table, me inside in the easy-chair, and the Major guard up behind, with a brown-paper horn doing it really wonderful. I do assure you, my dear, that sometimes when I have taken a few winks in my place inside the coach, and have come half awake by the flashing light of the fire, and have heard that precious pet driving and the Major blowing up behind to have the change of horses ready when we got to the inn, I have half believed

we were on the old North Road that my poor Lirriper knew so well. Then to see that child and the Major both wrapped up getting down to warm their feet, and going stamping about and having glasses of ale out of the paper match-boxes on the chimney-piece, is to see the Major enjoying it fully as much as the child I am very sure, and it's equal to any play when coachee opens the coach-door to look in at me inside and say, "Wery 'past that 'tage. — 'Prightened old lady?"

But what my inexpressible feelings were when we lost that child can only be compared to the Major's, which were not a shade better, through his straying out at five years old and eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and never heard of by word or sign or deed till half-past nine at night, when the Major had gone to the Editor of the "Times" newspaper to put in an advertisement, which came out next day four-and-twenty hours after he was found, and which I mean always carefully to keep in my lavender drawer as the first printed account of him. The more the day got on, the more I got distracted and the Major too, and both of us made worse by the composed ways of the police though very civil and obliging, and what I must call their obstinacy in not entertaining the idea that he was stolen. "We mostly find, mum," says the sergeant who came round to comfort me, which he didn't at all, and he had been one of the private constables in Caroline's time to which he referred in his opening words when he said, "Don't give way to uneasiness in your mind, mum, it'll all come as right as my nose did when I got the same barked by that young woman in your second floor" — says this sergeant, "we mostly find, mum, as people an't over anxious to have what I may call second-hand children. *You'll* get him back, mum." "Oh but my dear good sir," I says clasping my hands and wringing them and clasping them

again, "He is such an uncommon child!" "Yes mum," says the sergeant, "we mostly find that too, mum. The question is what his clothes were worth." "His clothes," I says, "were not worth much, sir, for he had only got his playing-dress on; but the dear child!" — "All right mum," says the sergeant. "*You'll* get him back, mum. And even if he'd had his best clothes on it wouldn't come to worse than his being found wrapped up in a cabbage-leaf, a-shivering in a lane." His words pierced my heart like daggers and daggers, and me and the Major ran in and out like wild things all day long, till the Major returning from his interview with the Editor of the "Times" at night, rushes into my little room hysterical and squeezes my hand and wipes his eyes and says, "Joy, joy — officer in plain clothes came up on the steps as I was letting myself in — compose your feelings — Jemmy's found." Consequently I fainted away and when I came to, embraced the legs of the officer in plain clothes, who seemed to be taking a kind of a quiet inventory in his mind of the property in my little room, with brown whiskers, and I says, "Blessings on you, sir, where is the Darling!" and he says, "In Kennington Station House." I was dropping at his feet stone at the image of that Innocence in cells with murderers, when he adds, "He followed the monkey." I says, deeming it slang language, "O sir, explain for a loving grandmother what monkey." He says, "Him in the spangled cap and with the strap under the chin, as won't keep on — him as sweeps the crossing on a round table and don't want to draw his sabre more than he can help." Then I understood it all and most thankfully thanked him, and me and the Major and him drove over to Kennington, and there we found our boy lying quite comfortable before a blazing fire, having sweetly played himself to sleep upon a small accordion nothing

like so big as a flat-iron which they had been so kind as to lend him for the purpose, and which it appeared had been stopped upon a very young person.

My dear, the system upon which the Major commenced and as I may say perfected Jemmy's learning when he was so small that if the dear was on the other side of the table you had to look under it instead of over it to see him, with his mother's own bright hair in beautiful curls, is a thing that ought to be known to the Throne and Lords and Commons, and then might obtain some promotion for the Major, which he well deserves and would be none the worse for (speaking between friends) L. S. D.-ically. When the Major first undertook his learning he says to me, —

"I'm going, Madame," he says, "to make our child a Calculating Boy."

"Major," I says, "you terrify me and may do the pet a permanent injury: you would never forgive yourself."

"Madame," says the Major, "next to my regret that when I had my boot-sponge in my hand, I didn't choke that scoundrel with it — on the spot" —

"There! For gracious sake," I interrupts, "let his conscience find him without sponges."

— "I say next to that regret, Madame," says the Major, "would be the regret with which my breast,' which he tapped, "would be surcharged if this fine mind was not early cultivated. But mark me, Madame," says the Major holding up his forefinger, "cultivated on a principle that will make it a delight."

"Major," I says, "I will be candid with you and tell you openly that if ever I find the dear child fall off in his appetite I shall know it is his calculations and shall put a stop to them at two minutes' notice. Or if I find them mounting to his head," I says, "or striking any ways cold to his stomach, or leading to anything ap

proaching flabbiness in his legs, the result will be the same; but Major you are a clever man and have seen much, and you love the child and are his own godfather, and if you feel a confidence in trying, try."

"Spoken, Madame," says the Major, "like Emma Lirriper. All I have to ask Madame, is, that you will leave my godson and myself to make a week or two's preparation for surprising you, and that you will give me leave to have up and down any small articles not actually in use that I may require from the kitchen."

"From the kitchen, Major?" I says, half feeling as if he had a mind to cook the child.

"From the kitchen," says the Major, and smiles and swells, and at the same time looks taller.

So I passed my word, and the Major and the dear boy were shut up together for half an hour at a time through a certain while, and never could I hear anything going on betwixt them but talking and laughing and Jemmy clapping his hands and screaming out numbers, so I says to myself, "It has not harmed him yet," nor could I on examining the dear find any signs of it anywhere about him, which was likewise a great relief. At last one day Jemmy brings me a card in joke in the Major's neat writing, "The Messrs. Jemmy Jackman" — for we had given him the Major's other name too — "request the honor of Mrs. Lirriper's company at the Jackman Institution in the front parlor this evening at five, military time, to witness a few slight feats of elementary arithmetic." And if you'll believe me, there in the front parlor at five punctual to the moment was the Major behind the Pembroke table, with both leaves up and a lot of things from the kitchen tidily set out on old newspapers spread atop of it, and there was the Mite stood up on a chair with his rosy cheeks flushing and his eyes sparkling clusters of diamonds.

"Now Gran," says he, "oo tit down and don't oo touch ler poople" — for he saw with every one of those diamonds of his that I was going to give him a squeeze.

"Very well sir," I says, "I am obedient in this good company I am sure." And I sits down in the easy-chair that was put for me, shaking my sides.

But picture my admiration, when the Major, going on almost as quick as if he was conjuring sets out all the articles he names, and says, "Three saucepans, an Italian iron, a hand-bell, a toasting-fork, a nutmeg-grater four pot-lids, a spice-box, two egg-cups, and a chopping-board — how many?" and when that Mite instantly cries, "Tifteen, tut down tive and carry ler 'toppin-board," and then claps his hands, draws up his legs and dances on his chair!

My dear, with the same astonishing ease and correctness him and the Major added up the tables chairs and sofy, the picters fender and fire-irons, their own selves me and the cat, and the eyes in Miss Wozenham's head, and whenever the sum was done Young Roses and Diamonds claps his hands and draws up his legs and dances on his chair.

The pride of the Major! ("*Here's* a mind, Ma'am!" he says to me behind his hand.)

Then he says aloud, "We now come to the next elementary rule: which is called" —

"Umtraction!" cries Jemmy.

"Right!" says the Major. "We have here a toasting-fork, a potato in its natural state, two pot-lids, one egg-cup, a wooden spoon, and two skewers, from which it is necessary for commercial purposes to subtract a sprat-gridiron, a small pickle-jar, two lemons, one pepper-castor, a black-beetle-trap, and a knob of the dresser drawer — what remains?"

"Toatin-fork!" cries Jemmy.

"In numbers how many?" says the Major.

"One!" cries Jemmy.

("*Here's* a boy, Ma'am!" says the Major to me behind his hand.)

Then the Major goes on.

"We now approach the next elementary rule: which is entitled"—

"Tickleication!" cries Jemmy.

"Correct," says the Major.

But, my dear, to relate to you in detail the way in which they multiplied fourteen sticks of fire-wood by two bits of ginger and a larding-needle, or divided pretty well everything else there was on the table by the heater of the Italian iron and a chamber candlestick, and got a lemon over, would make my head spin round and round and round, as it did at the time. So I says, "If you'll excuse my addressing the chair, Professor Jackman, I think the period of the lecture has now arrived when it becomes necessary that I should take a good hug of this young scholar." Upon which Jemmy calls out from his station on the chair, "Gran oo open oor arms and me'll make a 'pring into 'em." So I opened my arms to him, as I had opened my sorrowful heart when his poor young mother lay a-dying, and he had his jump and we had a good long hug together, and the Major, prouder than any peacock, says to me behind his hand, "You need not let him know it, Madame" (which I certainly need not for the Major was quite audible), "but he is a boy!"

In this way Jemmy grew and grew, and went to day-school and continued under the Major too, and in summer we were as happy as the days were long, and in winter we were as happy as the days were short, and there seemed to rest a blessing on the Lodgings, for they as good as let themselves, and would have done it

if there had been twice the accommodation, when sore and hard against my will, I one day says to the Major, —

"Major, you know what I am going to break to you. Our boy must go to boarding-school."

It was a sad sight to see the Major's countenance drop, and I pitied the good soul with all my heart.

"Yes, Major," I says, "though he is as popular with the lodgers as you are yourself, and though he is to you and me what only you and me know, still it is in the course of things, and life is made of partings, and we must part with our pet."

Bold as I spoke, I saw two Majors and half a dozen fire-places, and when the poor Major put one of his neat bright-varnished boots upon the fender, and his elbow on his knee, and his head upon his hand, and rocked himself a little to and fro, I was dreadfully cut up.

"But," says I, clearing my throat, "you have so well prepared him, Major, — he has had such a tutor in you, — that he will have none of the first drudgery to go through. And he is so clever, besides, that he'll soon make his way to the front rank."

"He is a boy," says the Major — having sniffed — "that has not his like on the face of the earth."

"True as you say, Major, and it is not for us merely for our own sakes to do anything to keep him back from being a credit and an ornament wherever he goes, and perhaps even rising to be a great man, is it, Major? He will have all my little savings when my work is done (being all the world to me), and we must try to make him a wise man and a good man, mustn't we, Major?"

"Madame," says the Major, rising, "Jemmy Jackman is becoming an older file than I was aware of, and you put him to shame. You are thoroughly right, Madame. You are simply and undeniably right. — And if you'll excuse me, I'll take a walk."

So the Major being gone out, and Jemmy being at home, I got the child into my little room here, and I stood him by my chair and I took his mother's own curls in my hand, and I spoke to him loving and serious. And when I had reminded the darling how that he was now in his tenth year, and when I had said to him about his getting on in life pretty much what I had said to the Major, I broke to him how that we must have this same parting, and there I was forced to stop, for there I saw of a sudden the well remembered lip with its tremble, and it so brought back that time! But with the spirit that was in him he controlled it soon, and he says, gravely nodding through his tears, "I understand, Gran — I know it *must* be, Gran — go on, Gran, don't be afraid of *me*." And when I had said all that ever I could think of, he turned his bright steady face to mine, and he says, just a little broken here and there, "You shall see, Gran, that I can be a man, and that I can do anything that is grateful and loving to you — and if I don't grow up to be what you would like to have me — I hope it will be — because I shall die." And with that he sat down by me, and I went on to tell him of the school of which I had excellent recommendations, and where it was, and how many scholars, and what games they played, as I had heard, and what length of holidays, to all of which he listened bright and clear. And so it came that at last he says, "And now, dear Gran, let me kneel down here where I have been used to say my prayers and let me fold my face for just a minute in your gown and let me cry, for you have been more than father — more than mother — more than brothers, sisters, friends — to me!" And so he did cry, and I too, and we were both much the better for it.

From that time forth he was true to his word, and ever blithe and ready, and even when me and the Major

took him down into Lincolnshire he was far the gayest of the party, though for sure and certain he might easily have been that, but he really was, and put life into us, only when it came to the last good-by, he says, with a wistful look, "You wouldn't have me not really sorry, would you, Gran?" and when I says, "No dear, Lord forbid!" he says, "I am glad of that!" and ran in out of sight.

But now that the child was gone out of the Lodgings, the Major fell into a regularly moping state. It was taken notice of by all the lodgers that the Major moped. He hadn't even the same air of being rather tall that he used to have, and if he varnished his boots with a single gleam of interest it was as much as he did.

One evening the Major came into my little room to take a cup of tea and a morsel of buttered toast and to read Jemmy's newest letter, which had arrived that afternoon (by the very same postman more than middle-aged upon the beat now), and the letter raising him up a little, I says to the Major, —

"Major you mustn't get into a moping way."

The Major shook his head. "Jemmy Jackman, Madame," he says with a deep sigh, "is an older file than I thought him."

"Moping is not the way to grow younger, Major."

"My dear Madame," says the Major, "is there *any* way of growing younger?"

Feeling that the Major was getting rather the best of that point, I made a diversion to another.

"Thirteen years! Thir-teen years! Many lodgers have come and gone in the thirteen years that you have lived in the parlors, Major."

"Hah!" says the Major, warming. "Many, Madame, many."

"And I should say you have been familiar with them all?"

"As a rule (with its exception like all rules), my dear Madame," says the Major, "they have honored me with their acquaintance, and not unfrequently with their confidence."

Watching the Major as he dropped his white head and stroked his black moustachios and moped again, a thought, which I think must have been going about looking for an owner somewhere, dropped into my old noddle, if you will excuse the expression.

"The walls of my Lodgings," I says in a casual way, — for, my dear, it is of no use going straight at a man who mopes, — "might have something to tell, if they could tell it."

The Major neither moved nor said anything, but I saw he was attending with his shoulders, my dear — attending with his shoulders to what I said. In fact, I saw that his shoulders were struck by it.

"The dear boy was always fond of story-books," I went on, like as if I was talking to myself. "I am sure this house — his own home — might write a story or two for his reading one day or another."

The Major's shoulders gave a dip and a curve, and his head came up in his shirt-collar. The Major's head came up in his shirt-collar as I hadn't seen it come up since Jemmy went to school.

"It is unquestionable that in intervals of cribbage and a friendly rubber, my dear Madame," says the Major, "and also over what used to be called in my young times — in the salad days of Jemmy Jackman — the social glass, I have exchanged many a reminiscence with your lodgers."

My remark was — I confess I made it with the deepest and artfulest intentions — "I wish our dear boy had heard them!"

"Are you serious, Madame?" asks the Major starting and turning full round.

"Why not, Major?"

"Madame," says the Major, turning up one of his cuffs, "they shall be written for him."

"Ah! Now you speak," I says, giving my hands a pleased clap. "Now you are in a way out of moping, Major."

"Between this and my holidays — I mean the dear boy's," says the Major, turning up his other cuff, "a good deal may be done towards it."

"Major, you are a clever man, and you have seen much, and not a doubt of it."

"I'll begin," says the Major, looking as tall as ever he did, "to-morrow."

My dear, the Major was another man in three days, and he was himself again in a week, and he wrote and wrote and wrote with his pen scratching like rats behind the wainscot, and whether he had many grounds to go upon or whether he did at all romance I cannot tell you; but what he has written, is in the left-hand glass closet of the little book-case behind you, and if you'll put your hand in you'll find it come out heavy in lumps sewn together, and being beautifully plain and unknown Greek and Hebrew to myself, and me quite wakeful, I shall take it as a favor if you'll read out loud and read on.

HOW THE PARLORS ADDED A FEW WORDS.

I have the honor of presenting myself by the name of Jackman. I esteem it a proud privilege to go down to posterity through the instrumentality of the most remarkable boy that ever lived — by the name of JEMMY JACKMAN LIRRIPER — and of my most worthy and most highly respected friend, Mrs. Emma Lirriper, of Eighty-one, Norfolk Street, Strand, in the County of Middlesex, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

It is not for me to express the rapture with which we received that dear and eminently remarkable boy, on the occurrence of his first Christmas holidays. Suffice it to observe that when he came flying into the house with two splendid prizes (Arithmetic, and Exemplary Conduct), Mrs. Lirriper and myself embraced with emotion, and instantly took him to the Play, where we were all three admirably entertained.

Nor is it to render homage to the virtues of the best of her honored sex, — whom, in deference to her unassuming worth, I will only here designate by the initials E. L., — that I add this record to the bundle of papers with which our, in a most distinguished degree, remarkable boy has expressed himself delighted, before reconsigning the same to the left-hand glass closet of Mrs. Lirriper's little book-case.

Neither is it to obtrude the name of the old, original, superannuated, obscure Jemmy Jackman, once (to his degradation) of Wozenham's, long (to his elevation) of Lirriper's. If I could be consciously guilty of that piece of bad taste, it would indeed be a work of supererogation, now that the name is borne by JEMMY JACKMAN LIRRIPER.

No. I take up my humble pen to register a little record of our strikingly remarkable boy, which my poor capacity regards as presenting a pleasant little picture of the dear boy's mind. The picture may be interesting to himself when he is a man.

Our first reunited Christmas Day was the most delightful one we have ever passed together. Jemmy was never silent for five minutes, except in church-time. He talked as we sat by the fire, he talked when we were out walking, he talked as we sat by the fire again, he talked incessantly at dinner, though he made a dinner almost as remarkable as himself. It was the spring of happiness

in his fresh young heart flowing and flowing, and it fertilized (if I may be allowed so bold a figure) my much-esteemed friend, and J—— J—— the present writer.

There were only we three. We dined in my esteemed friend's little room, and our entertainment was perfect. But everything in the establishment is, in neatness, order, and comfort, always perfect. After dinner, our boy slipt away to his old stool at my esteemed friend's knee, and there, with his hot chestnuts and his glass of brown sherry (really, a most excellent wine!) on a chair for a table, his face outshone the apples in the dish.

We talked of these jottings of mine, which Jemmy had read through and through by that time; and so it came about that my esteemed friend remarked, as she sat smoothing Jemmy's curls, —

"And as you belong to the house too, Jemmy, — and so much more than the lodgers, having been born in it, — why, your story ought to be added to the rest, I think, one of these days."

Jemmy's eyes sparkled at this, and he said, "So *I* think, Gran."

Then he sat looking at the fire, and then he began to laugh, in a sort of confidence with the fire, and then he said, folding his arms across my esteemed friend's lap, and raising his bright face to hers, —

"Would you like to hear a boy's story, Gran?"

"Of all things," replied my esteemed friend.

"Would you, godfather?"

"Of all things," I too replied.

"Well, then," said Jemmy, "I'll tell you one."

Here our indisputably remarkable boy gave himself a hug, and laughed again, musically, at the idea of his coming out in that new line. Then he once more took the fire into the same sort of confidence as before, and began: —

"Once upon a time, When pigs drank wine, And monkeys chewed tobacker, 'Twas neither in your time nor mine, But that's no macker" —

"Bless the child!" cried my esteemed friend, "what's amiss with his brain?"

"It's poetry, Gran," returned Jemmy, shouting with laughter. "We always begin stories that way, at school."

"Gave me quite a turn, Major," said my esteemed friend, fanning herself with a plate. "Thought he was light-headed!"

"In those remarkable times, Gran and godfather, there once was a boy — not me, you know."

"No, no," says my respected friend, "not you. Not him, Major, you understand?"

"No, no," says I.

"And he went to school in Rutlandshire" —

"Why not Lincolnshire?" says my respected friend.

"Why not, you dear old Gran? Because *I* go to school in Lincolnshire, don't I?"

"Ah! to be sure!" says my respected friend. "And it's not Jemmy, you understand, Major?"

"No, no," says I.

"Well!" our boy proceeded, hugging himself comfortably, and laughing merrily (again in confidence with the fire), before he again looked up in Mrs. Lirriper's face, "and so he was tremendously in love with his schoolmaster's daughter, and she was the most beautiful creature that ever was seen, and she had brown eyes, and she had brown hair all curling beautifully, and she had a delicious voice, and she was delicious altogether, and her name was Seraphina."

"What's the name of *your* schoolmaster's daughter, Jemmy?" asked my respected friend.

"Polly!" replied Jemmy, pointing his forefinger at her. "There now! Caught you! Ha, ha, ha!"

When he and my respected friend had had a laugh and a hug together, our admittedly remarkable boy resumed with a great relish, —

"Well! And so he loved her. And so he thought about her, and dreamed about her, and made her presents of oranges and nuts, and would have made her presents of pearls and diamonds if he could have afforded it out of his pocket-money, but he couldn't. And so her father — Oh, he WAS a Tartar! Keeping the boys up to the mark, holding examinations once a month, lecturing upon all sorts of subjects at all sorts of times, and knowing everything in the world out of book. And so this boy" —

"Had he any name?" asks my respected friend.

"No he hadn't, Gran. Ha, ha! There now! Caught you again!"

After this they had another laugh and another hug, and then our boy went on.

"Well! And so this boy he had a friend about as old as himself, at the same school, and his name (for he *had* a name, as it happened) was — let me remember — was Bobbo."

"Not Bob," says my respected friend.

"Of course not," says Jemmy. "What made you think it was, Gran? Well! And so this friend was the cleverest and bravest and best looking and most generous of all the friends that ever were, and so he was in love with Seraphina's sister, and so Seraphina's sister was in love with him, and so they all grew up."

"Bless us!" says my respected friend. "They were very sudden about it."

"So they all grew up," our boy repeated, laughing heartily, "and Bobbo and this boy went away together on horseback to seek their fortunes, and they partly got their horses by favor, and partly in a bargain; that is to

say, they had saved up between them seven-and-four pence, and the two horses, being Arabs, were worth more, only the man said he would take that, to favor them. Well! And so they made their fortunes, and came prancing back to the school, with their pockets full of gold enough to last forever. And so they rang at the parents' and visitors' bell (not the back gate), and when the bell was answered they proclaimed, 'The same as if it was scarlet fever! Every boy goes home for an indefinite period!' And then there was great hurrahing, and then they kissed Seraphina and her sister — each his own love and not the other's on any account — and then they ordered the Tartar into instant confinement."

"Poor man!" said my respected friend.

"Into instant confinement, Gran," repeated Jemmy, trying to look severe and roaring with laughter, "and he was to have nothing to eat but the boys' dinners, and was to drink half a cask of their beer, every day. And so then the preparations was made for the two weddings, and there were hampers, and potted things, and sweet things, and nuts, and postage-stamps, and all manner of things. And so they were so jolly, that they let the Tartar out, and he was jolly too."

"I am glad they let him out," says my respected friend, "because he had only done his duty."

"Oh, but hadn't he overdone it, though!" cried Jemmy. "Well! And so then this boy mounted his horse, with his bride in his arms, and cantered away, and cantered on and on till he came to a certain place where he had a certain Gran and a certain godfather — not you two, you know."

"No, no," we both said.

"And there he was received with great rejoicings, and he filled the cupboard and the book-case with gold, and he showered it out on his Gran and godfather, be-

cause they were the two kindest and dearest people that ever lived in this world. And so while they were sitting up to their knees in gold, a knocking was heard at the street door, and who should it be but Bobbo, also on horseback with his bride in his arms, and what had he come to say but that he would take (at double rent) all the Lodgings forever, that were not wanted by this boy and this Gran and this godfather, and that they would all live together, and all be happy! And so they were, and so it never ended!"

"And was there no quarreling?" asked my respected friend, as Jemmy sat upon her lap, and hugged her.

"No! Nobody ever quarreled."

"And did the money never melt away?"

"No! Nobody could ever spend it all."

"And did none of them ever grow older?"

"No! Nobody ever grew older after that."

"And did none of them ever die?"

"Oh, no, no, no, Gran!" exclaimed our dear boy, laying his cheek upon her breast, and drawing her closer to him. "Nobody ever died."

"Ah, Major, Major," says my respected friend, smiling benignly upon me. "This beats our stories. Let us end with the Boy's story, Major, for the Boy's story is the best that is ever told!"

In submission to which request on the part of the best of women, I have here noted it down as faithfully as my best abilities, coupled with my best intentions, would admit, subscribing it with my name,

J. JACKMAN

THE PARLORS, MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGINGS.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY

MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES HOW SHE WENT ON AND WENT OVER.

Ah! It's pleasant to drop into my own easy-chair, my dear, though a little palpitating what with trotting upstairs and what with trotting down; and why kitchen-stairs should all be corner-stairs is for the builders to justify, though I do not think they fully understand their trade and never did, else why the sameness, and why not more conveniences and fewer draughts and likewise making a practice of laying the plaster on too thick, I am well convinced, which holds the damp, and as to chimney-pots, putting them on by guess-work like hats at a party, and no more knowing what their effect will be upon the smoke, bless you, than I do, if so much, except that it will mostly be either to send it down your throat in a straight form, or give it a twist before it goes there. And what I says, speaking as I find those new metal chimneys all manner of shapes (there's a row of 'em at Miss Wozenham's lodging-house lower down on the other side of the way) is that they only work your smoke into artificial patterns for you before you swallow it, and that I'd quite as soon swallow mine plain, the flavor being the same, not to mention the conceit of putting up signs on the top of your house to show the forms in which you take your smoke into your inside.

Being here before your eyes, my dear, in my own easy-chair in my own quiet room in my own Lodging House Number Eighty-one Norfolk Street, Strand, London, situated midway between the City and St. James's — if anything is where it used to be with these hotels calling themselves limited, but called unlimited by Major Jackman, rising up everywhere and rising up into flagstaffs where they can't go any higher, but my mind of those monsters is give me a landlord's or landlady's wholesome face when I come off a journey, and not a brass plate with an electrified number clicking out of it, which it's not in nature can be glad to see me, and to which I don't want to be hoisted like molasses at the Docks and left there telegraphing for help with the most ingenious instruments, but quite in vain — being here, my dear, I have no call to mention that I am still in the Lodgings as a business, hoping to die in the same, and if agreeable to the clergy, partly read over at Saint Clement's Danes and concluded in Hatfield church-yard when lying once again by my poor Lirriper, ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

Neither should I tell you any news, my dear, in telling you that the Major is still a fixture in the parlors, quite as much so as the roof of the house, and that Jemmy is of boys the best and brightest, and has ever had kept from him the cruel story of his poor pretty young mother Mrs. Edson being deserted in the second floor and dying in my arms, fully believing that I am his born Gran and he an orphan; though what with engineering since he took a taste for it, and him and the Major making locomotives out of parasols, broken iron pots, and cotton-reels, and them absolutely getting off the line and falling over the table and injuring the passengers almost equal to the originals, it really is quite wonderful. And when I says to the Major, "Major,

can't you by *any* means give us a communication with the guard?" the Major says quite huffy, "No, Madame. it's not to be done," and when I says, "Why not?" the Major says, "That is between us who are in the Railway Interest, Madame, and our friend the Right Honorable Vice-President of the Board of Trade," and if you'll believe me, my dear, the Major wrote to Jemmy at school to consult him on the answer I should have before I could get even that amount of unsatisfactoriness out of the man, the reason being that when we first began with the little model and the working signals beautiful and perfect (being in general as wrong as the real), and when I says, laughing, "What appointment am I to hold in this undertaking, gentlemen?" Jemmy hugs me round the neck and tells me, dancing, "You shall be the public, Gran," and consequently they put upon me just as much as ever they like and I sit a-growling in my easy-chair.

My dear, whether it is that a grown man as clever as the Major cannot give half his heart and mind to anything — even a plaything — but must get into right down earnest with it, whether it is so or whether it is not so I do not undertake to say, but Jemmy is far outdone by the serious and believing ways of the Major in the management of the United Grand Junction Lirriper and Jackman Great Norfolk Parlor Line. "For," says my Jemmy with the sparkling eyes, when it was christened, "we must have a whole mouthful of name, Gran, or our dear old public," and there the young rogue kissed me, "won't stump up." So the public took the shares — ten at nine-pence, and immediately when that was spent, twelve preference at one-and-six-pence — and they were all signed by Jemmy and countersigned by the Major, and between ourselves much better worth the money than some shares I have paid for in my time. In

the same holidays the line was made and worked and opened and ran excursion trains and had collisions and burst its boilers and all sorts of accidents and offenses, all most regular correct and pretty. The sense of responsibility entertained by the Major as a military style of station-master, my dear, starting the down train behind time, and ringing one of those little bells that you buy with the little coal-scuttles off the tray round the man's neck in the street, did him honor; but noticing the Major of a night when he is writing out his monthly report to Jemmy at school of the state of the rolling stock and permanent way and all the rest of it (the whole kept upon the Major's sideboard, and dusted with his own hands every morning before varnishing his boots), I notice him as full of thought and care as full can be and frowning in a fearful manner, but indeed the Major does nothing by halves as witness his great delight in going out surveying with Jemmy when he has Jemmy to go with, carrying a chain and a measuring tape and driving I don't know what improvements right through Westminster Abbey and fully believed in the streets to be knocking everything upside down by act of Parliament — as please Heaven will come to pass when Jemmy takes to that as a profession!

Mentioning my poor Lirriper brings into my head his own youngest brother the Doctor, though doctor of what I am sure it would be hard to say unless liquor, for neither physic nor music nor yet law does Joshua Lirriper know a morsel of except continually being summoned to the county court and having orders made upon him which he runs away from, and once was taken in the passage of this very house with an umbrella up and the Major's hat on, giving his name with the doormat round him as Sir Johnson Jones, K. C. B., in spectacles residing at the Horse Guards. On which occasion

he had got into the house not a minute before, through the girl letting him on to the mat, when he sent in a piece of paper twisted more like one of those spills for lighting candles than a note, offering me the choice between thirty shillings in hand and his brains on the premises marked immediate and waiting for an answer. My dear, it gave me such a dreadful turn to think of the brains of my poor dear Lirriper's own flesh and blood flying about the new oilcloth, however unworthy to be so assisted, that I went out of my room here to ask him what he would take once for all not to do it for life, when I found him in the custody of two gentlemen that I should have judged to be in the feather-bed trade if they had not announced the law, so fluffy were their personal appearance. "Bring your chains, sir," says Joshua to the littlest of the two in the biggest hat, "rivet on my fetters!" Imagine my feelings when I pictered him clanking up Norfolk Street in irons, and Miss Wozenham looking out of window! "Gentlemen," I says all of a tremble and ready to drop, "please to bring him into Major Jackman's apartments." So they brought him into the parlors, and when the Major spies his own curly-brimmed hat on him, which Joshua Lirriper had whipped off its peg in the passage for a military disguise, he goes into such a tearing passion that he tips it off his head with his hand and kicks it up to the ceiling with his foot, where it grazed long afterwards. "Major," I says, "be cool and advise me what to do with Joshua my dead and gone Lirriper's own youngest brother." "Madame," says the Major, "my advice is that you board and lodge him in a powder-mill, with a handsome gratuity to the proprietor when exploded." "Major," I says, "as a Christian, you cannot mean your words." "Madame," says the Major, "by the Lord I do!" and indeed the Major, besides being with all his merits a very passionate man

for his size, had a bad opinion of Joshua on account of former troubles even unattended by liberties taken with his apparel. When Joshua Lirriper hears this conversation betwixt us, he turns upon the littlest one with the biggest hat, and says, "Come, sir! Remove me to my vile dungeon. Where is my mouldy straw!" My dear, at the picter of him rising in my mind, dressed almost entirely in padlocks like Baron Trenck in Jemmy's book, I was so overcome that I burst into tears and I says to the Major, "Major take my keys and settle with these gentlemen, or I shall never know a happy minute more," which was done several times both before and since; but still I must remember that Joshua Lirriper has his good feelings, and shows them in being always so troubled in his mind when he cannot wear mourning for his brother. Many a long year have I left off my widow's mourning, not being wishful to intrude; but the tender point in Joshua that I cannot help a little yielding to is when he writes, "One single sovereign would enable me to wear a decent suit of mourning for my much-loved brother. I vowed at the time of his lamented death that I would ever wear sables in memory of him but alas how short-sighted is man! How keep that vow when penniless!" It says a good deal for the strength of his feelings that he couldn't have been seven year old when my poor Lirriper died, and to have kept to it ever since is highly creditable. But we know there's good in all of us — if we only knew where it was in some of us — and though it was far from delicate in Joshua to work upon the dear child's feelings when first sent to school and write down into Lincolnshire for his pocket-money by return of post and got it, still he is my poor Lirriper's own youngest brother and mightn't have meant not paying his bill at the Salisbury Arms when his affection took him down to stay a fortnight at Hatfield church-yard

and might have meant to keep sober but for bad company. Consequently if the Major *had* played on him with the garden-engine, which he got privately into his room without my knowing of it, I think that much as I should have regretted it, there would have been words betwixt the Major and me. Therefore, my dear, though he played on Mr. Buffle by mistake, being hot in his head, and though it might have been misrepresented down at Wozenham's into not being ready for Mr. Buffle in other respects, he being the Assessed Taxes, still I do not so much regret it as perhaps I ought. And whether Joshua Lirriper will yet do well in life I cannot say, but I did hear of his coming out at a private theatre in the character of a bandit without receiving any offers afterwards from the regular managers.

Mentioning Mr. Buffle gives an instance of there being good in persons where good is not expected, for it cannot be denied that Mr. Buffle's manners when engaged in his business were not agreeable. To collect is one thing, and to look about as if suspicious of the goods being gradually removing in the dead of the night by a back door is another; over taxing you have no control, but suspecting is voluntary. Allowances too must ever be made for a gentleman of the Major's warmth not relishing being spoke to with a pen in the mouth, and while I do not know that it is more irritable to my own feelings to have a low-crowned hat with a broad brim kept on in-doors than any other hat, still I can appreciate the Major's, besides which, without bearing malice or vengeance, the Major is a man that scores up arrears as his habit always was with Joshua Lirriper. So at last, my dear, the Major lay in wait for Mr. Buffle, and it worrited me a good deal. Mr. Buffle gives his rap of two sharp knocks one day, and the Major bounces to the door. "Collector has called for two quarters' Assessed

Taxes," says Mr. Buffle. "They are ready for him," says the Major, and brings him in here. But on the way Mr. Buffle looks about him in his usual suspicious manner, and the Major fires and asks him, "Do you see a ghost, sir?" "No, sir," says Mr. Buffle. "Because I have before noticed you," says the Major, "apparently looking for a spectre very hard beneath the roof of my respected friend. When you find that supernatural agent, be so good as point him out, sir." Mr. Buffle stares at the Major, and then nods at me. "Mrs. Lirriper, sir," says the Major, going off into a perfect steam, and introducing me with his hand. "Pleasure of knowing her," says Mr. Buffle. "A — hum! — Jemmy Jackman, sir!" says the Major, introducing himself. "Honor of knowing you by sight," says Mr. Buffle. "Jemmy Jackman, sir," says the Major, wagging his head sideways in a sort of an obstinate fury, "presents to you his esteemed friend, that lady, Mrs. Emma Lirriper of Eighty-one Norfolk Street, Strand, London, in the County of Middlesex, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Upon which occasion, sir," says the Major, "Jemmy Jackman takes your hat off." Mr. Buffle looks at his hat where the Major drops it on the floor, and he picks it up and puts it on again. "Sir," says the Major, very red, and looking him full in the face, "there are two quarters of the gallantry taxes due, and the collector has called." Upon which, if you can believe my words, my dear, the Major drops Mr. Buffle's hat off again. "This" — Mr. Buffle begins, very angry, with his pen in his mouth, when the Major, steaming more and more, says, "Take your bit out, sir! Or by the whole infernal system of taxation of this country and every individual figure in the national debt, I'll get upon your back and ride you like a horse!" which is my belief he would have done, and even actually jerking his neat little legs

ready for a spring as it was. "This," says Mr. Buffle without his pen, "is an assault, and I'll have the law of you." "Sir," replies the Major, "if you are a man of honor, your collector of whatever may be due on the honorable assessment, by applying to Major Jackman at The Parlors, Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings, may obtain what he wants in full at any moment."

When the Major glared at Mr. Buffle with those meaning words, my dear, I literally gasped for a tea-spoonful of sal-volatile in a wine-glass of water, and I says, "Pray let it go no further, gentlemen, I beg and beseech of you!" But the Major could be got to do nothing else but snort long after Mr. Buffle was gone, and the effect it had upon my whole mass of blood when, on the next day of Mr. Buffle's rounds, the Major spruced himself up and went humming a tune up and down the street with one eye almost obliterated by his hat, there are not expressions in Johnson's dictionary to state. But I safely put the street door on the jar, and got behind the Major's blinds, with my shawl on and my mind made up the moment I saw danger to rush out screeching till my voice failed me, and catch the Major round the neck till my strength went, and have all parties bound. I had not been behind the blinds a quarter of an hour when I saw Mr. Buffle approaching with his collecting-books in his hand. The Major likewise saw him approaching, and hummed louder, and himself approached. They met before the Airy railings. The Major takes off his hat at arm's length and says, "Mr. Buffle, I believe?" Mr. Buffle takes off *his* hat at arm's length, and says, "That is my name, sir." Says the Major, "Have you any commands for me, Mr. Buffle?" Says Mr. Buffle, "Not any, sir." Then, my dear, both of 'em bowed very low and haughty and parted, and whenever Mr. Buffle made his rounds in

future, him and the Major always met and bowed before the Airy railings, putting me much in mind of Hamlet and the other gentleman in mourning before killing one another, though I could have wished the other gentleman had done it fairer, and even, if less polite, no poison.

Mr. Buffle's family were not liked in this neighborhood, for when you are a householder, my dear, you'll find it does not come by nature to like the Assessed, and it was considered, besides, that a one-horse pheayton ought not to have elevated Mrs. Buffle to that height especially when purloined from the taxes, which I myself did consider uncharitable. But they were *not* liked, and there was that domestic unhappiness in the family in consequence of their both being very hard with Miss Buffle and one another on account of Miss Buffle's favoring Mr. Buffle's articled young gentleman, that it *was* whispered that Miss Buffle would go either into a consumption or a convent, she being so very thin and off her appetite, and two close-shaved gentlemen with white bands round their necks peeping round the corner whenever she went out in waistcoats resembling black pinafores. So things stood towards Mr. Buffle when one night I was woke by a frightful noise and a smell of burning, and going to my bedroom window, saw the whole street in a glow. Fortunately we had two sets empty just then, and before I could hurry on some clothes I heard the Major hammering at the attics' doors and calling out, "Dress yourselves — Fire! Don't be frightened! — Fire! Collect your presence of mind! — Fire! All right! — Fire!" most tremenjously. As I opened my bedroom door the Major came tumbling in over himself and me and caught me in his arms. "Major," I says breathless, "where is it?" "I don't know dearest Madame," says the Major — "Fire! Jemmy Jackman will defend you to the last drop of his

blood — Fire! If the dear boy was at home what a treat this would be for him — Fire!" and altogether very collected and bold except that he couldn't say a single sentence without shaking me to the very centre with roaring Fire. We ran down to the drawing-room and put our heads out of window, and the Major calls to an unfeeling young monkey scampering by be joyful and ready to split "Where is it? — Fire!" The monkey answers without stopping, "Oh here's a lark! Old Buffle's been setting his house a-light to prevent its being found out that he boned the taxes. Hurrah! Fire!" And then the sparks came flying up and the smoke came pouring down and the crackling of flames and spatting of water and banging of engines and hacking of axes and breaking of glass and knocking at doors and the shouting and crying and hurrying and the heat and all together gave me a dreadful palpitation. "Don't be frightened dearest Madame," says the Major — "Fire! There's nothing to be alarmed at — Fire! Don't open the street door till I come back — Fire! I'll go and see if I can be of any service — Fire! You're quite composed and comfortable an't you? — Fire, Fire, Fire!" It was in vain for me to hold the man and tell him he'd be galloped to death by the engines — pumped to death by his over-exertions — wet-feeted to death by the slop and mess — flattened to death when the roofs fell in — his spirit was up and he went scampering off after the young monkey with all the breath he had and none to spare, and me and the girls huddled together at the parlor windows looking at the dreadful flames above the houses over the way, Mr. Buffle's being round the corner. Presently what should we see but some people running down the street straight to our door, and then the Major directing operations in the busiest way, and then some more people, and then — carried in a chair similar to Guy Fawkes — Mr. Buffle in a blanket!

My dear, the Major had Mr. Buffle brought up our steps and whisked into the parlor and carted out on the sofy, and then he and all the rest of them without so much as a word burst away again full speed, leaving the impression of a vision except for Mr. Buffle awful in his blanket with his eyes a-rolling. In a twinkling they all burst back again with Mrs. Buffle in another blanket, which whisked in and carted out on the sofy, they all burst off again and all burst back again with Miss Buffle in another blanket, which again whisked in and carted out, they all burst off again and all burst back again with Mr. Buffle's articled young gentleman in another blanket — him a-holding round the necks of two men carrying him by the legs, similar to the picter of the disgraceful creetur who has lost the fight (but where the chair I do not know), and his hair having the appearance of newly played upon. When all four of a row, the Major rubs his hands and whispers me with what little hoarseness he can get together, "If our dear remarkable boy was only at home what a delightful treat this would be for him!"

My dear, we made them some hot tea and toast and some hot brandy-and-water with a little comfortable nutmeg in it, and at first they were scared and low in their spirits but being fully insured got sociable. And the first use Mr. Buffle made of his tongue was to call the Major his preserver and his best of friends and to say, "My for ever dearest sir let me make you known to Mrs. Buffle," which also addressed him as her preserver and her best of friends, and was fully as cordial as the blanket would admit of. Also Miss Buffle. The articled young gentleman's head was a little light and he sat a-moaning, "Robina is reduced to cinders, Robina is reduced to cinders!" Which went more to the heart on account of his having got wrapped in his

blanket as if he was looking out of a violinceller-case, until Mr. Buffle says, "Robina speak to him!" Miss Buffle says, "Dear George!" and but for the Major's pouring down brandy-and-water on the instant which caused a catching in his throat owing to the nutmeg and a violent fit of coughing it might have proved too much for his strength. When the articled young gentleman got the better of it Mr. Buffle leaned up against Mrs. Buffle being two bundles, a little while in confidence, and then says with tears in his eyes which the Major noticing wiped, "We have not been an united family, let us after this danger become so: take her George." The young gentleman could not put his arm out far to do it, but his spoken expressions were very beautiful though of a wandering class. And I do not know that I ever had a much pleasanter meal than the breakfast we took together after we had all dozed, when Miss Buffle made tea very sweetly in quite the Roman style as depicted formerly at Covent Garden Theatre and when the whole family was most agreeable, as they have ever proved since that night when the Major stood at the foot of the fire-escape and claimed them as they came down — the young gentleman headforemost, which accounts. And though I do not say that we should be less liable to think ill of one another if strictly limited to blankets, still I do say that we might most of us come to a better understanding if we kept one another less at a distance.

Why there's Wozenham's lower down on the other side of the street. I had a feeling of much soreness several years respecting what I must still ever call Miss Wozenham's systematic underbidding and the likeness of the house in Bradshaw having far too many windows and a most umbrageous and outrageous oak which never yet was seen in Norfolk Street nor yet a carriage and four at Wozenham's door, which it would have been far

more to Bradshaw's credit to have drawn a cab. This frame of mind continued bitter down to the very afternoon in January last when one of my girls, Sally Rairyganoo, which I still suspect of Irish extraction though family represented Cambridge, else why abscond with a bricklayer of the Limerick persuasion and be married in pattens not waiting till his black eye was decently got round with all the company, fourteen in number, and one horse fighting outside on the roof of the vehicle — I repeat, my dear, my ill-regulated state of mind towards Miss Wozenham continued down to the very afternoon of January last past when Sally Rairyganoo came banging (I can use no milder expression) into my room with a jump which may be Cambridge and may not, and said, "Hurroo Missis! Miss Wozenham's sold up!" My dear, when I had it thrown in my face and conscience that the girl Sally had reason to think I could be glad of the ruin of a fellow-creetur, I burst into tears and dropped back in my chair and I says "I am ashamed of myself!"

Well! I tried to settle to my tea but I could not do it what with thinking of Miss Wozenham and her distresses. It was a wretched night and I went up to a front window and looked over at Wozenham's and as well as I could make it out down the street in the fog it was the dismalest of the dismal and not a light to be seen. So at last I says to myself, "This will not do," and I puts on my oldest bonnet and shawl not wishing Miss Wozenham to be reminded of my best at such a time, and lo and behold you I goes over to Wozenham's and knocks. "Miss Wozenham at home?" I says turning my head when I heard the door go. And then I saw it was Miss Wozenham herself who had opened it and sadly worn she was poor thing and her eyes all swelled and swelled with crying. "Miss Wozenham," I

says, "it is several years since there was a little unpleasantness betwixt us on the subject of my grandson's cap being down your Airy. I have overlooked it and I hope you have done the same." "Yes Mrs. Lirriper," she says in a surprise, "I have." "Then my dear," I says, "I should be glad to come in and speak a word to you." Upon my calling her my dear Miss Wozenham breaks out a-crying most pitiful, and a not unfeeling elderly person that might have been better shaved in a nightcap with a hat over it offering a polite apology for the mumps having worked themselves into his constitution, and also for sending home to his wife on the bellows which was in his hand as a writing-desk, looks out of the back parlor and says, "The lady wants a word of comfort," and goes in again. So I was able to say quite natural, "Wants a word of comfort does she sir? Then please the pigs she shall have it!" And Miss Wozenham and me we go into the front room with a wretched light that seemed to have been crying too and was sputtering out, and I says, "Now my dear, tell me all," and she wrings her hands and says, "O Mrs. Lirriper that man is in possession here, and I have not a friend in the world who is able to help me with a shilling."

It doesn't signify a bit what a talkative old body like me said to Miss Wozenham when she said that, and so I'll tell you instead my dear that I'd have given thirty shillings to have taken her over to tea, only I dursn't on account of the Major. Not you see but what I knew I could draw the Major out like thread and wind him round my finger on most subjects and perhaps even on that if I was to set myself to it, but him and me had so often belied Miss Wozenham to one another that I was shamefaced, and I knew she had offended his pride and never mine, and likewise I felt timid that that

Rairyganoo girl might make things awkward. So I says, "My dear if you would give me a cup of tea to clear my muddle of a head I should better understand your affairs." And we had the tea and the affairs too and after all it was but forty pound, and — There! she's as industrious and straight a creetur as ever lived and has paid back half of it already, and where's the use of saying more, particularly when it an't the point? For the point is that when she was a-kissing my hands, and holding them in hers, and kissing them again, and blessing blessing blessing, I cheered up at last and I says, "Why what a waddling old goose I have been my dear to take you for something so very different!" "Ah, but I too," says she, "how have *I* mistaken *you!*" "Come for goodness' sake tell me," I says, "what you thought of me?" "Oh," says she, "I thought you had no feeling for such a hard hand-to-mouth life as mine, and were rolling in affluence." I says, shaking my sides (and very glad to do it for I had been a-choking quite long enough), "Only look at my figure my dear and give me your opinion whether if I was in affluence I should be likely to roll in it!" That did it! We got as merry as grigs (whatever *they* are, if you happen to know my dear — *I* don't), and I went home to my blessed home as happy and as thankful as could be. But before I make an end of it, think even of my having misunderstood the Major! Yes! For next forenoon the Major came into my little room with his brushed hat in his hand and he begins, "My dearest Madame" — and then put his face in his hat as if he had just come into church. As I sat all in a maze he came out of his hat and began again. "My esteemed and beloved friend" — and then went into his hat again. "Major," I cries out frightened, "has anything happened to our darling boy?" "No, no, no," says the

Major, "but Miss Wozenham has been here this morning to make her excuses to me, and by the Lord I can't get over what she told me." "Hoity toity, Major," I says, "you don't know yet that I was afraid of you last night and didn't think half as well of you as I ought! So come out of church, Major, and forgive me like a dear old friend and I'll never do so any more." And I leave you to judge my dear whether I ever did or will. And how affecting to think of Miss Wozenham out of her small income and her losses doing so much for her poor old father, and keeping a brother that had had the misfortune to soften his brain against the hard mathematics as neat as a new pin in the three back represented to lodgers as a lumber-room and consuming a whole shoulder of mutton whenever provided!

And now my dear I really am a-going to tell you about my Legacy if you're inclined to favor me with your attention, and I did fully intend to have come straight to it only one thing does so bring up another. It was the month of June and the day before Midsummer Day when my girl Winifred Madgers — she was what is termed a Plymouth Sister, and the Plymouth Brother that made away with her was quite right, for a tidier young woman for a wife never came into a house and afterwards called with the beautifulest Plymouth Twins — it was the day before Midsummer Day when Winifred Madgers comes and says to me "A gentleman from the Consul's wishes particular to speak to Mrs. Lirriper." If you'll believe me my dear the consols at the bank where I have a little matter for Jemmy got into my head, and I says, "Good gracious I hope he an't had any dreadful fall!" Says Winifred, "He don't look as if he had ma'am." And I says "Show him in."

The gentleman came in dark and with his hair

cropped what I should consider too close, and he says very polite "Madame Lirrwiper!" I says, "Yes, sir. Take a chair." "I come," says he, "frrwom the Frrwench Consul's." So I saw at once that it wasn't the Bank of England. "We have rrweceived," says the gentleman, turning his r's very curious and skillful, "frrwom the Mairrwie at Sens, a communication which I will have the honor to rrwead. Madame Lirrwiper understands Frrwench?" "Oh dear, no sir!" says I. "Madame Lirriper don't understand anything of the sort." "It matters not," says the gentleman, "I will trrwanslate."

With that, my dear, the gentleman after reading something about a Department and a Mairie (which Lord forgive me I supposed till the Major came home was Mary, and never was I more puzzled than to think how that young woman came to have so much to do with it) translated a lot with the most obliging pains, and it came to this: That in the town of Sens in France, an unknown Englishman lay a-dying. That he was speechless and without motion. That in his lodging there was a gold watch and a purse containing such and such money, and a trunk containing such and such clothes, but no passport and no papers, except that on his table was a pack of cards, and that he had written in pencil on the back of the ace of hearts: "To the authorities. When I am dead, pray send what is left, as a last legacy, to Mrs. Lirriper, Eighty-one Norfolk Street, Strand, London." When the gentleman had explained all this, which seemed to be drawn up much more methodical than I should have given the French credit for, not at that time knowing the nation, he put the document into my hand. And much the wiser I was for that you may be sure, except that it had the look of being made out upon grocery-paper, and was stamped all over with eagles.

"Does Madame Lirrwiper," says the gentleman, "believe she rrwecognizes her unfortunate compatrrwiot?"

You may imagine the flurry it put me into, my dear to be talked to about my compatriots.

I says, "Excuse me. Would you have the kindness, sir, to make your language as simple as you can?"

"This Englishman unhappy, at the point of death. This compatrrwiot afflicted," says the gentleman.

"Thank you sir," I says, "I understand you now. No sir, I have not the least idea who this can be."

"Has Madame Lirrwiper no son, no nephew, no godson, no frrwiend, no acquaintance of any kind in Frrwance?"

"To my certain knowledge," says I, "no relation or friend, and to the best of my belief, no acquaintance."

"Pardon me. You take Locataires?" says the gentleman.

My dear, fully believing he was offering me something with his obliging foreign manners — snuff for anything I knew — I gave a little bend of my head, and says, if you'll credit it, "No I thank you. I have not contracted the habit."

The gentleman looks perplexed and says "Lodgers?"

"Oh!" says I, laughing. "Bless the man! Why yes to be sure!"

"May it not be a former lodger?" says the gentleman. "Some lodger that you pardoned some rrwent? You have pardoned lodgers some rrwent?"

"Hem! It has happened sir," says I, "but I assure you I can call to mind no gentleman of that description that this is at all likely to be."

In short my dear we could make nothing of it, and the gentleman noted down what I said and went away. But he left me the paper of which he had two with

him, and when the Major came in I says to the Major as I put it in his hand, "Major here's old Moore's Almanack, with the hieroglyphic complete, for your opinion."

It took the Major a little longer to read than I should have thought, judging from the copious flow with which he seemed to be gifted when attacking the organ-men, but at last he got through it and stood a-gazing at me in amazement.

"Major," I says, "you're paralyzed."

"Madame," says the Major, "Jemmy Jackman is doubled up."

Now it did so happen that the Major had been out to get a little information about railroads and steamboats, as our boy was coming home for his midsummer holidays next day and we were going to take him somewhere for a treat and a change. So while the Major stood a-gazing it came into my head to say to him "Major I wish you'd go and look at some of your books and maps, and see whereabouts this same town of Sens is in France."

The Major he roused himself and he went into the parlors and he poked about a little, and he came back to me and he says: "Sens my dearest Madame is seventy odd miles south of Paris."

With what I may truly call a desperate effort "Major" I says "we'll go there with our blessed boy!"

If ever the Major was beside himself it was at the thoughts of that journey. All day long he was like the wild man of the woods after meeting with an advertisement in the papers telling him something to his advantage, and early next morning hours before Jemmy could possibly come home he was outside in the street ready to call out to him that we was all a-going to France. Young Rosy-cheeks you may believe was as wild as the Major, and they did carry on to that degree that I says

"If you two children an't more orderly I'll pack you both off to bed." And then they fell to cleaning up the Major's telescope to see France with, and went out and bought a leather bag with a snap to hang round Jemmy and him to carry the money like a little Fortunatus with his purse.

If I hadn't passed my word and raised their hopes, I doubt if I could have gone through with the undertaking, but it was too late to go back now. So on the second day after Midsummer Day we went off by the morning mail. And when we came to the sea which I had never seen but once in my life and that when my poor Lirriper was courting me, the freshness of it and the deepness and the airiness and to think that it had been rolling ever since and that it was alway a-rolling and so few of us minding, made me feel quite serious. But I felt happy too and so did Jemmy and the Major and not much motion on the whole, though me with a swimming in the head and a sinking but able to take notice that the foreign insides appear to be constructed hollower than the English, leading to much more tremenjous noises when bad sailors.

But my dear the blueness and the lightness and the colored look of everything and the very sentry-boxes striped and the shining rattling drums and the little soldiers with their waists and tidy gaiters, when we got across to the Continent — it made me feel as if I don't know what — as if the atmosphere had been lifted off me. And as to lunch why bless you if I kept a man-cook and two kitchen-maids I couldn't get it done for twice the money, and no injured young woman a-glaring at you and grudging you and acknowledging your patronage by wishing that your food might choke you, and so civil and so hot and attentive and every way comfortable except Jemmy pouring wine down his throat by

tumblers-full and me expecting to see him drop under the table.

And the way in which Jemmy spoke his French was a real charm. It was often wanted of him, for whenever anybody spoke a syllable to me I says, "Noncomprenny, you're very kind but it's no use — Now Jemmy!" and then Jemmy he fires away at 'em lovely, the only thing wanting in Jemmy's French being as it appeared to me that he hardly ever understood a word of what they said to him which made it scarcely of the use it might have been though in other respects a perfect native, and regarding the Major's fluency I should have been of the opinion judging French by English that there might have been a greater choice of words in the language, though still I must admit that if I hadn't known him when he asked a military gentleman in a gray cloak what o'clock it was I should have took him for a Frenchman born.

Before going on to look after my Legacy we were to make one regular day in Paris, and I leave you to judge, my dear, what a day *that* was with Jemmy and the Major and the telescope and me and the prowling young man at the inn door (but very civil too) that went along with us to show the sights. All along the railway to Paris, Jemmy and the Major had been frightening me to death by stooping down on the platforms at stations to inspect the engines underneath their mechanical stomachs, and by creeping in and out I don't know where all, to find improvements for the United Grand Junction Parlor, but when we got out into the brilliant streets on a bright morning they gave up all their London improvements as a bad job and gave their minds to Paris. Says the prowling young man to me, "Will I speak Inglis No?" So I says, "If you can, young man, I shall take it as a favor," but after half an hour of it when I

fully believed the man had gone mad and me too I says, "Be so good as fall back on your French sir," knowing that then I shouldn't have the agonies of trying to understand him which was a happy release. Not that I lost much more than the rest either, for I generally noticed that when he had described something very long indeed and I says to Jemmy, "What does he say, Jemmy?" Jemmy says looking at him with vengeance in his eye, "He is so jolly indistinct!" and that when he had described it longer all over again and I says to Jemmy, "Well, Jemmy, what's it all about?" Jemmy says, "He says the building was repaired in seventeen hundred and four, Gran."

Wherever that prowling young man formed his prowling habits I cannot be expected to know, but the way in which he went round the corner while we had our breakfasts and was there again when we swallowed the last crumb was most marvelous, and just the same at dinner, and at night, prowling equally at the theatre and the inn gateway and the shop-doors when we bought a trifle or two and everywhere else but troubled with a tendency to spit. And of Paris I can tell you no more, my dear, than that it's town and country both in one, and carved stone and long streets of high houses and gardens and fountains and statues and trees and gold, and immensely big soldiers and immensely little soldiers and the pleasantest nurses with the whitest caps a-playing at skipping-rope with the bunchiest babies in the flattest caps, and clean table-cloths spread everywhere for dinner and people sitting out of doors smoking and sipping all day long and little plays being acted in the open air for little people and every shop a complete and elegant room, and everybody seeming to play at everything in this world. And as to the sparkling lights, my dear, after dark, glittering high up and low down and on before and on be-

hind and all round, and the crowd of theatres and the crowd of people and the crowd of all sorts, it's pure enchantment. And pretty well the only thing that grated on me was that whether you pay your fare at the railway or whether you change your money at a money-dealer's or whether you take your ticket at the theatre, the lady or gentleman is caged up (I suppose by Government) behind the strongest iron bars having more of a Zoölogical appearance than a free country.

Well to be sure when I did after all get my precious bones to bed that night, and my Young Rogue came in to kiss me and asks, "What do you think of this lovely, lovely Paris, Gran?" I says, "Jemmy I feel as if it was beautiful fireworks being let off in my head." And very cool and refreshing the pleasant country was next day when we went on to look after my Legacy, and rested me much and did me a deal of good.

So at length and at last, my dear, we come to Sens, a pretty little town with a great two-towered cathedral and the rooks flying in and out of the loop-holes and another tower a-top of one of the towers like a sort of a stone pulpit. In which pulpit with the birds skimming below him if you'll believe me, I saw a speck while I was resting at the inn before dinner which they made signs to me was Jemmy and which really was. I had been a-fancying as I sat in the balcony of the hotel that an angel might light there and call down to the people to be good, but I little thought what Jemmy all unknown to himself was a-calling down from that high place to some one in the town.

The pleasantest-situated inn, my dear! Right under the two towers, with their shadows a-changing upon it all day like a kind of a sun-dial, and country-people driving in and out of the court-yard in carts and hooded cabriolets and such like, and a market outside in front

of the cathedral, and all so quaint and like a picter. The Major and me agreed that whatever came of my Legacy this was the place to stay in for our holiday, and we also agreed that our dear boy had best not be checked in his joy that night by the sight of the Englishman if he was still alive, but that we would go together and alone. For you are to understand that the Major not feeling himself quite equal in his wind to the height to which Jemmy had climbed, had come back to me and left him with the guide.

So after dinner when Jemmy had set off to see the river, the Major went down to the Mairie, and presently came back with a military character in a sword and spurs and a cocked-hat and a yellow shoulder-belt and long tags about him that he must have found inconvenient. And the Major says "The Englishman still lies in the same state dearest Madame. This gentleman will conduct us to his lodging." Upon which the military character pulled off his cocked-hat to me, and I took notice that he had shaved his forehead in imitation of Napoleon Bonaparte but not like.

We went out at the court-yard gate and past the great doors of the cathedral and down a narrow High Street where the people were sitting chatting at their shop-doors and the children were at play. The military character went in front and he stopped at a pork-shop with a little statue of a pig sitting up in the window, and a private door that a donkey was looking out of.

When the donkey saw the military character he came slipping out on the pavement to turn round and then clattered along the passage into a back-yard. So the coast being clear, the Major and me were conducted up the common stair and into the front room on the second, a bare room with a red tiled floor and the outside lattice

blinds pulled close to darken it. As the military character opened the blinds I saw the tower where I had seen Jemmy, darkening as the sun got low, and I turned to the bed by the wall and saw the Englishman.

It was some kind of brain fever he had had, and his hair was all gone, and some wetted folded linen lay upon his head. I looked at him very attentive as he lay there all wasted away with his eyes closed, and I says to the Major, —

"I never saw this face before."

The Major looked at him very attentive too, and he says, —

"*I* never saw this face before."

When the Major explained our words to the military character that gentleman shrugged his shoulders and showed the Major the card on which it was written about the Legacy for me. It had been written with a weak and trembling hand in bed, and I knew no more of the writing than of the face. Neither did the Major.

Though lying there alone, the poor creetur was as well taken care of as could be hoped, and would have been quite unconscious of any one's sitting by him then. I got the Major to say that we were not going away at present, and that I would come back to-morrow and watch a bit by the bedside. But I got him to add — and I shook my head hard to make it stronger — "We agree that we never saw this face before."

Our boy was greatly surprised when we told him sitting out in the balcony in the starlight, and he ran over some of those stories of former lodgers, of the Major's putting down, and asked wasn't it possible that it might be this lodger or that lodger. It was not possible and we went to bed.

In the morning just at breakfast-time the military character came jingling round, and said that the doctor

thought from the signs he saw there might be some rally before the end. So I says to the Major and Jemmy, "You two boys go and enjoy yourselves, and I'll take my Prayer-Book and go sit by the bed." So I went, and I sat there some hours, reading a prayer for him poor soul now and then, and it was quite on in the day when he moved his hand.

He had been so still, that the moment he moved I knew of it, and I pulled off my spectacles and laid down my book and rose and looked at him. From moving one hand he began to move both, and then his action was the action of a person groping in the dark. Long after his eyes had opened, there was a film over them and he still felt for his way out into light. But by slow degrees his sight cleared and his hands stopped. He saw the ceiling, he saw the wall, he saw me. As his sight cleared, mine cleared too, and when at last we looked in one another's faces, I started back and I cries passionately: —

"O you wicked, wicked man! Your sin has found you out!"

For I knew him, the moment life looked out of his eyes, to be Mr. Edson, Jemmy's father, who had so cruelly deserted Jemmy's young unmarried mother who had died in my arms, poor tender creetur, and left Jemmy to me.

"You cruel wicked man! You bad black traitor!"

With the little strength he had, he made an attempt to turn over on his wretched face to hide it. His arm dropped out of the bed and his head with it, and there he lay before me crushed in body and in mind. Surely the miserablest sight under the summer sun!

"O blessed Heaven" I says a-crying, "teach me what to say to this broken mortal! I am a poor sinful creetur, and the judgment is not mine."

As I lifted my eyes up to the clear bright sky, I saw the high tower where Jemmy had stood above the birds, seeing that very window; and the last look of that poor pretty young mother when her soul brightened and got free, seemed to shine down from it.

"O man, man, man!" I says, and I went on my knees beside the bed; "if your heart is rent asunder and you are truly penitent for what you did, our Saviour will have mercy on you yet!"

As I leaned my face against the bed, his feeble hand could just move itself enough to touch me. I hope the touch was penitent. It tried to hold my dress and keep hold, but the fingers were too weak to close.

I lifted him back upon the pillows, and I says to him, —

"Can you hear me?"

He looked yes.

"Do you know me?"

He looked yes, even yet more plainly.

"I am not here alone. The Major is with me. You recollect the Major?"

Yes. That is to say he made out yes, in the same way as before.

"And even the Major and I are not alone. My grandson — his godson — is with us. Do you hear? My grandson."

The fingers made another trial to catch at my sleeve, but could only creep near it and fall.

"Do you know who my grandson is?"

Yes.

"I pitied and loved his lonely mother. When his mother lay a-dying I said to her, 'My dear, this baby is sent to a childless old woman.' He has been my pride and joy ever since. I love him as dearly as if he had drunk from my breast. Do you ask to see my grandson before you die?"

Yes.

"Show me when I leave off speaking if you correctly understand what I say. He has been kept unacquainted with the story of his birth. He has no knowledge of it. No suspicion of it. If I bring him here to the side of this bed, he will suppose you to be a perfect stranger. It is more than I can do, to keep from him the knowledge that there is such wrong and misery in the world; but that it was ever so near him in his innocent cradle, I have kept from him, and I do keep from him, and I ever will keep from him. For his mother's sake, and for his own."

He showed me that he distinctly understood, and the tears fell from his eyes.

"Now rest and you shall see him."

So I got him a little wine and some brandy and I put things straight about his bed. But I began to be troubled in my mind lest Jemmy and the Major might be too long of coming back. What with this occupation for my thoughts and hands, I didn't hear a foot upon the stairs, and was startled when I saw the Major stopped short in the middle of the room by the eyes of the man upon the bed, and knowing him then, as I had known him a little while ago.

There was anger in the Major's face, and there was horror and repugnance and I don't know what. So I went up to him and I led him to the bedside and when I clasped my hands and lifted of them up, the Major did the like.

"O Lord," I says, "Thou knowest what we two saw together of the sufferings and sorrows of that young creetur now with Thee. If this dying man is truly penitent, we two together humbly pray Thee to have mercy on him!"

The Major says "Amen!" and then after a little stop

I whispers him, "Dear old friend fetch our beloved boy." And the Major, so clever as to have got to understand it all without being told a word, went away and brought him.

Never never never, shall I forget the fair bright face of our boy when he stood at the foot of the bed, looking at his unknown father. And oh so like his dear young mother then!

"Jemmy" I says, "I have found out all about this poor gentleman who is so ill, and he did lodge in the old house once. And as he wants to see all belonging to it, now that he is passing away, I sent for you."

"Ah poor man!" says Jemmy stepping forward and touching one of his hands with great gentleness. "My heart melts for him. Poor, poor man!"

The eyes that were so soon to close forever, turned to me, and I was not that strong in the pride of my strength that I could resist them.

"My darling boy, there is a reason in the secret history of this fellow-creetur, lying as the best and worst of us must all lie one day, which I think would ease his spirit in his last hour if you would lay your cheek against his forehead and say 'May God forgive you!'"

"O Gran," says Jemmy with a full heart "I am not worthy!" But he leaned down and did it. Then the faltering fingers made out to catch hold of my sleeve at last, and I believe he was a-trying to kiss me when he died.

. . . . . .

There my dear! There you have the story of my Legacy in full, and it's worth ten times the trouble I have spent upon it if you are pleased to like it.

You might suppose that it set us against the little French town of Sens, but no we didn't find that. I found myself that I never looked up at the high tower

a-top of the other tower, but the days came back again when that fair young creetur with her pretty bright hair trusted in me like a mother, and the recollection made the place so peaceful to me as I can't express. And every soul about the hotel down to the pigeons in the court-yard made friends with Jemmy and the Major, and went lumbering away with them on all sorts of expeditions in all sorts of vehicles drawn by rampagious cart-horses — with heads and without — mud for paint and ropes for harness — and every new friend dressed in blue like a butcher, and every new horse standing on his hind legs wanting to devour and consume every other horse, and every man that had a whip to crack-crack-crack-crack-crack-cracking it as if it was a schoolboy with his first. As to the Major, my dear, that man lived the greater part of his time with a little tumbler in one hand and a bottle of small wine in the other, and whenever he saw anybody else with a little tumbler, no matter who it was — the military character with the tags, or the inn servants at their supper in the court-yard, or towns-people a-chatting on a bench, or country-people a-starting home after market — down rushes the Major to clink his glass against their glasses and cry — Hola! Vive Somebody! or Vive Something! as if he was beside himself. And though I could not quite approve of the Major's doing it, still the ways of the world are the ways of the world varying according to different parts of it, and dancing at all in the open square with a lady that kept a barber's shop my opinion is that the Major was right to dance his best and to lead off with a power that I did not think was in him, though I was a little uneasy at the barricading sound of the cries that were set up by the other dancers and the rest of the company, until when I says "What are they ever calling out Jemmy?" Jemmy says "They're calling out, Gran,

Bravo the Military English! Bravo the Military English!" which was very gratifying to my feelings as a Briton and became the name the Major was known by.

But every evening at a regular time we all three sat out in the balcony of the hotel at the end of the court-yard, looking up at the golden and rosy light as it changed on the great towers, and looking at the shadows of the towers as they changed on all about us ourselves included, and what do you think we did there? My dear if Jemmy hadn't brought some other of those stories of the Major's taking down from the telling of former lodgers at Eighty-one Norfolk Street, and if he didn't bring 'em out with this speech: —

"Here you are Gran! Here you are godfather! More of 'em! *I'll* read. And though you wrote 'em for me, godfather, I know you won't disapprove of my making 'em over to Gran; will you?"

"No my dear boy," says the Major. "Everything we have is hers, and we are hers."

"Hers ever affectionately and devotedly J. Jackman, and J. Jackman Lirriper," cries the Young Rogue giving me a close hug. "Very well then godfather. Look here. As Gran is in the Legacy way just now, I shall make these stories a part of Gran's Legacy. I'll leave 'em to her. What do you say godfather?"

"Hip hip hurrah!" says the Major.

"Very well then" cries Jemmy all in a bustle. "Vive the Military English! Vive the Lady Lirriper! Vive the Jemmy Jackman Ditto! Vive the Legacy! Now, you look out, Gran. And you look out, godfather. *I'll* read! And I'll tell you what I'll do besides. On the last night of our holiday here when we are all packed and going away, I'll top up with something of my own."

"Mind you do sir," says I.

MRS. LIRRIPER RELATES HOW JEMMY TOPPED UP.

Well my dear, and so the evening reading of these iottings of the Major's brought us round at last to the evening when we were all packed and going away next day, and I do assure you that by that time though it was deliciously comfortable to look forward to the dear old house in Norfolk Street again, I had formed quite a high opinion of the French nation and had noticed them to be much more homely and domestic in their families and far more simple and amiable in their lives than I had ever been led to expect, and it did strike me between ourselves that in one particular they might be imitated to advantage by another nation which I will not mention, and that is in the courage with which they take their little enjoyments on little means and with little things and don't let solemn big-wigs stare them out of countenance or speechify them dull, of which said solemn big-wigs I have ever had the one opinion that I wish they were all made comfortable separately in coppers with the lids on and never let out any more.

"Now young man," I says to Jemmy when we brought our chairs into the balcony that last evening, "you please to remember who was to 'top up.'"

"All right Gran" says Jemmy. "I am the illustrious personage."

But he looked so serious after he had made me that light answer, that the Major raised his eyebrows at me and I raised mine at the Major.

"Gran and godfather," says Jemmy, "you can hardly think how much my mind has run on Mr. Edson's death."

It gave me a little check. "Ah! It was a sad scene my love" I says, "and sad remembrances come back stronger than merry. But this" I says after a little

silence, to rouse myself and the Major and Jemmy altogether, "is not topping up. Tell us your story my dear."

"I will" says Jemmy.

"What is the date sir?" says I. "Once upon a time when pigs drank wine?"

"No Gran," says Jemmy, still serious; "Once upon a time when the French drank wine."

Again I glanced at the Major, and the Major glanced at me.

"In short, Gran and godfather," says Jemmy, looking up, "the date is this time, and I'm going to tell you Mr. Edson's story."

The flutter that it threw me into! The change of color on the part of the Major!

"That is to say, you understand," our bright-eyed boy says, "I am going to give you my version of it. I shall not ask whether it's right or not, firstly because you said you knew very little about it, Gran, and secondly because what little you did know was a secret."

I folded my hands in my lap and I never took my eyes off Jemmy as he went running on.

"The unfortunate gentleman," Jemmy commences, "who is the subject of our present narrative, was the son of Somebody, and was born Somewhere, and chose a profession Somehow. It is not with those parts of his career that we have to deal; but with his early attachment to a young and beautiful lady."

I thought I should have dropped. I durstn't look at the Major; but I knew what his state was, without looking at him.

"The father of our ill-starred hero" says Jemmy, copying as it seemed to me the style of some of his story-books, "was a worldly man who entertained ambitious views for his only son and who firmly set his face against

the contemplated alliance with a virtuous but penniless orphan. Indeed he went so far as roundly to assure our hero that unless he weaned his thoughts from the object of his devoted affection, he would disinherit him. At the same time, he proposed as a suitable match, the daughter of a neighboring gentleman of a good estate, who was neither ill-favored nor unamiable, and whose eligibility in a pecuniary point of view could not be disputed. But young Mr. Edson, true to the first and only love that had inflamed his breast, rejected all considerations of self-advancement, and, deprecating his father's anger in a respectful letter, ran away with her."

My dear, I had begun to take a turn for the better, but when it come to running away I began to take another turn for the worse.

"The lovers" says Jemmy, "fled to London and were united at the altar of Saint Clement's Danes. And it is at this period of their simple but touching story, that we find them inmates of the dwelling of a highly respected and beloved lady of the name of Gran, residing within a hundred miles of Norfolk Street."

I felt that we were almost safe now, I felt that the dear boy had no suspicion of the bitter truth, and I looked at the Major for the first time and drew a long breath. The Major gave me a nod.

"Our hero's father" Jemmy goes on "proving implacable and carrying his threat into unrelenting execution, the struggles of the young couple in London were severe, and would have been far more so, but for their good angel's having conducted them to the abode of Mrs. Gran: who, divining their poverty (in spite of their endeavors to conceal it from her), by a thousand delicate arts smoothed their rough way, and alleviated the sharpness of their first distress."

Here Jemmy took one of my hands in one of his,

and began a-marking the turns of his story by making me give a beat from time to time upon his other hand.

"After a while they left the house of Mrs. Gran, and pursued their fortunes through a variety of successes and failures elsewhere. But in all reverses, whether for good or evil, the words of Mr. Edson to the fair young partner of his life, were: 'Unchanging Love and Truth will carry us through all!'"

My hand trembled in the dear boy's, those words were so wofully unlike the fact.

"Unchanging Love and Truth" says Jemmy over again, as if he had a proud kind of a noble pleasure in it, "will carry us through all! Those were his words. And so they fought their way, poor, but gallant and happy, until Mrs. Edson gave birth to a child."

"A daughter," I says.

"No," says Jemmy, "a son. And the father was so proud of it that he could hardly bear it out of his sight. But a dark cloud overspread the scene. Mrs. Edson sickened, drooped, and died."

"Ah! Sickened, drooped, and died!" I says.

"And so Mr. Edson's only comfort, only hope on earth, and only stimulus to action, was his darling boy. As the child grew older, he grew so like his mother that he was her living picture. It used to make him wonder why his father cried when he kissed him. But unhappily he was like his mother in constitution as well as in face, and he died too before he had grown out of childhood. Then Mr. Edson, who had good abilities, in his forlornness and despair threw them all to the winds. He became apathetic, reckless, lost. Little by little he sank down, down, down, down, until at last he almost lived (I think) by gaming. And so sickness overtook him in the town of Sens in France, and he lay down to die. But now that he laid him down when all

was done, and looked back upon the green Past beyond the time when he had covered it with ashes, he thought gratefully of the good Mrs. Gran long lost sight of, who had been so kind to him and his young wife in the early days of their marriage, and he left the little that he had as a last legacy to her. And she, being brought to see him, at first no more knew him than she would know from seeing the ruin of a Greek or Roman temple, what it used to be before it fell; but at length she remembered him. And then he told her with tears, of his regret for the misspent part of his life, and besought her to think as mildly of it as she could, because it was the poor fallen Angel of his Unchanging Love and Constancy after all. And because she had her grandson with her, and he fancied that his own boy, if he had lived, might have grown to be something like him, he asked her to let him touch his forehead with his cheek, and say certain parting words."

Jemmy's voice sank low when it got to that, and tears filled my eyes, and filled the Major's.

"You little conjurer" I says, "how did you ever make it all out? Go in and write it every word down, for it's a wonder."

Which Jemmy did, and I have repeated it to you, my dear from his writing.

Then the Major took my hand and kissed it, and said "Dearest Madame, all has prospered with us."

"Ah Major" I says drying my eyes, "we needn't have been afraid. We might have known it. Treachery don't come natural to beaming youth; but trust and pity, love and constancy — they do, thank God!"

DR. MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS.

TO BE TAKEN IMMEDIATELY.

I AM a Cheap Jack, and my father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his life-time supposed by some that his name was William, but my own father always consistently said, No, it was Willum. On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery? As to looking at the argument through the medium of the Register, William Marigold come into the world before Registers come up much — and went out of it too. They wouldn't have been greatly in his line neither, if they had chanced to come up before him.

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. A doctor was fetched to my own mother by my own father, when it took place on a common; and in consequence of his being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

I am at present a middle-aged man of a broadish build, in cords, leggings, and a sleeved waistcoat the strings of which is always gone behind. Repair them how you will, they go like fiddle-strings. You have been to the theatre, and you have seen one of the

wiolin-players screw up his wiolin, after listening to it as if it had been whispering the secret to him that it feared it was out of order, and then you have heard it snap. That's as exactly similar to my waistcoat, as a waistcoat and a wiolin can be like one another.

I am partial to a white hat, and I like a shawl round my neck, wore loose and easy. Sitting down is my favorite posture. If I have a taste in point of personal jewellery, it is mother-of-pearl buttons. There you have me again, as large as life.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. It was a pretty tray. It represented a large lady going along a serpentining up-hill gravel-walk, to attend a little church. Two swans had likewise come astray with the same intentions. When I call her a large lady, I don't mean in point of breadth, for there she fell below my views, but she more than made it up in height; her height and slimness was — in short THE height of both.

I often saw that tray, after I was the innocently smiling cause (or more likely screeching one) of the doctor's standing it up on a table against the wall in his consulting-room. Whenever my own father and mother were in that part of the country, I used to put my head (I have heard my own mother say it was flaxen curls at that time, though you wouldn't know an old hearth-broom from it now, till you come to the handle and found it wasn't me) in at the doctor's door, and the doctor was always glad to see me, and said, "Aha, my brother practitioner! Come in, little M. D. How are your inclinations as to sixpence?"

You can't go on forever, you'll find, nor yet could my father, nor yet my mother. If you don't go off as a whole when you are about due, you are liable to go

off in part and two to one your head's the part. Gradually my father went off his, and my mother went off hers. It was in a harmless way, but it put out the family where I boarded them. The old couple, though retired, got to be wholly and solely devoted to the Cheap Jack business, and were always selling the family off. Whenever the cloth was laid for dinner, my father began rattling the plates and dishes, as we do in our line when we put up crockery for a bid, only he had lost the trick of it, and mostly let 'em drop and broke 'em. As the old lady had been used to sit in the cart, and hand the articles out one by one to the old gentleman on the footboard to sell, just in the same way she handed him every item of the family's property, and they disposed of it in their own imaginations from morning to night. At last the old gentleman, lying bedridden in the same room with the old lady, cries out in the old patter, fluent, after having been silent for two days and nights: "Now here, my jolly companions every one — Which the Nightingale club in a village was held, At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears, Where the singers no doubt would have greatly excelled, But for want of taste voices and ears — now here, my jolly companions every one, is a working model of a used-up old Cheap Jack, without a tooth in his head, and with a pain in every bone; so like life that it would be just as good if it wasn't better, just as bad if it wasn't worse, and just as new if it wasn't worn out. Bid for the working model of the old Cheap Jack, who has drunk more gunpowder-tea with the ladies in his time than would blow the lid off a washerwoman's copper, and carry it as many thousands of miles higher than the moon as nought nix nought, divided by the national debt, carry nothing to the poor-rates, three under, and two over. Now my hearts of oak and ten of straw, what

lo you say for the lot? Two shillings, a shilling, tenpence, eightpence, sixpence, fourpence. Twopence? Who said twopence? The gentleman in the scarecrow's hat? I am ashamed of the gentleman in the scarecrow's hat. I really am ashamed of him for his want of public spirit. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! I'll throw you in a working model of a old woman that was married to the old Cheap Jack so long ago, that upon my word and honor it took place in Noah's Ark, before the Unicorn could get in to forbid the banns by blowing a tune upon his horn. There now! Come! What do you say for both? I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I don't bear you malice for being so backward. Here! If you make me a bid that'll only reflect a little credit on your town, I'll throw you in a warming-pan for nothing, and lend you a toasting-fork for life. Now come; what do you say after that splendid offer? Say two pound, say thirty shillings, say a pound, say ten shillings, say five, say two and six. You don't say even two and six? You say two and three? No. You shan't have the lot for two and three. I'd sooner give it you, if you was good looking enough. Here! Missis! Chuck the old man and woman into the cart, put the horse to, and drive 'em away and bury 'em!" Such were the last words of Willum Marigold, my own father, and they were carried out, by him and by his wife my own mother on one and the same day, as I ought to know, having followed as mourner.

My father had been a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work, as his dying observations went to prove. But I top him. I don't say it because it's myself, but because it has been universally acknowledged by all that has had the means of comparison. I have worked at it. I have measured myself against other

public speakers, Members of Parliament, Platforms, Pulpits, Counsel learned in the law — and where I have found 'em good, I have took a bit of imitation from 'em, and where I have found 'em bad, I have let 'em alone. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that of all the callings ill used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why an't we a profession? Why an't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers? Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks, *I* don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

For look here! Say it's election-time. I am on the footboard of my cart in the market-place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here my free and independent woters, I'm a-going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I'll show you what I am a-going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians, here's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold, here's a frying-pan artificially flavored with essence of beefsteaks to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it and there you are replete with animal food, here's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting and rouse your wife and family and save up your knocker for the postman, and here's half a dozen dinner-plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it's fractious. Stop! I'll throw you in another article and I'll give you that, and it's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming and

rub the gums once with it, they'll come through double, in a fit of laughter equal to being tickled. Stop again! I'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you haven't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I'd rather lose than not take money to-night, and that's a looking-glass in which you may see how ugly you look when you don't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you haven't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tallyman. Well then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll heap 'em all on the footboard of the cart — there they are! razors, flat-iron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass — take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me, the Cheap Jack. But on the Monday morning, in the same market-place, comes the Dear Jack on the hustings — *his* cart — and what does *he* say? "Now my free and independent woters, I am a-going to give you such a chance" (he begins just like me) "as you never had in all your born days, and that's the chance of sending myself to Parliament. Now I'll tell you what I am a-going to do for you. Here's the interests of this magnificent town promoted above all the rest of the civilized and uncivilized earth. Here's your railways carried, and your neighbors' railways jockeyed. Here's all your sons in the Post-office. Here's Britannia smiling on you. Here's the eyes of Europe on you. Here's universal prosperity for you, repletion of animal food, golden corn-fields, gladsome homesteads, and rounds of applause from your own hearts, all in one lot and that's myself. Will you take me as I stand? You won't? Well then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come now! I'll throw you in anything you ask

for. There! Church-rates, abolition of church-rates, more malt tax, no malt tax, uniwersal education to the highest mark, or uniwersal ignorance to the lowest, total abolition of flogging in the army or a dozen for every private once a month all round, Wrongs of Men or Rights of Women, — only say which it shall be, take 'em or leave 'em, and I'm of your opinion altogether, and the lot's your own on your own terms. There! You won't take it yet? Well then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! You *are* such free and independent woters, and I *am* so proud of you — you *are* such a noble and enlightened constituency, and I *am* so ambitious of the honor and dignity of being your member, which is by far the highest level to which the wings of the human mind can soar — that I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll throw you in all the public-houses in your magnificent town for nothing. Will that content you? It won't? You won't take the lot yet? Well then, before I put the horse in and drive away, and make the offer to the next most magnificent town that can be discovered, I'll tell you what I'll do. Take the lot, and I'll drop two thousand pounds in the streets of your magnificent town for them to pick up that can. Not enough? Now look here. This is the very furthest that I'm a-going to. I'll make it two thousand five hundred. And still you won't? Here, missis! Put the horse — no, stop half a moment, I shouldn't like to turn my back upon you neither for a trifle, I'll make it two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound. There! Take the lot on your own terms, and I'll count out two thousand seven hundred and fifty pound on the footboard of the cart, to be dropped in the streets of your magnificent town for them to pick up that can. What do you say? Come now! You won't do better, and you may do worse. You take it? Hooray! Sold again, and got the seat!"

These Dear Jacks soap the people shameful, but we Cheap Jacks don't. We tell 'em the truth about themselves to their faces, and scorn to court 'em. As to venturesomeness in the way of puffing up the lots, the Dear Jacks beat us hollow. It is considered in the Cheap Jack calling that better patter can be made out of a gun than any article we put up from the cart, except a pair of spectacles. I often hold forth about a gun for a quarter of an hour, and feel as if I never need leave off. But when I tell 'em what the gun can do, and what the gun has brought down, I never go half so far as the Dear Jacks do when they make speeches in praise of *their* guns — their great guns that set 'em on to do it. Besides, I'm in business for myself, I an't sent down into the market-place to order, as they are. Besides again, my guns don't know what I say in their laudation, and their guns do, and the whole concern of 'em have reason to be sick and ashamed all round. These are some of my arguments for declaring that the Cheap Jack calling is treated ill in Great Britain, and for turning warm when I think of the other Jacks in question setting themselves up to pretend to look down upon it.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was) "Now here my blooming English maiden is an article

the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound for, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve table-cloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve table-spoons, and twelve tea-spoons, but my set of fingers was two short of a dozen and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come, I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever beautiful old lady in Threadneedle Street, London city. I wouldn't tell you so if I hadn't the paper to show, or you mightn't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding-ring. Now I'll tell you what I am a-going to do with it. I'm not a-going to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." *She* laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "Oh dear! It's never you and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I am ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times — which, by the bye, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs perwade society

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she

could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide, but in a cart it does come home to you, and stick to you. Wiolence in a cart is *so* wiolent, and aggrawation in a cart is *so* aggrawating.

We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fire-place for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging shelf and a cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you wouldn't call the Emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you, and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it was a mystery to me, but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies, she beat the child. This got to be so shocking as the child got to be four or five years old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did. For how could I prevent it? Such a thing is not to be tried with such a temper — in a cart — without coming to a fight. It's in the natural size and formation of a cart to bring it to a fight. And then the poor child got worse terrified than before, as well as worse hurt generally, and her mother made complaints to the next people we lighted on, and the word went round, "Here's a wretch of a Cheap Jack been a-beating his wife."

Little Sophy was such a brave child! She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now, that I didn't go tearing mad when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by this hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

Such a brave child I said she was. Ah! with reason.

"Don't you mind next time, father dear," she would whisper to me, with her little face still flushed, and her bright eyes still wet; "if I don't cry out, you may know I am not much hurt. And even if I do cry out, it will only be to get mother to let go and leave off." What I have seen the little spirit bear — for me — without crying out!

Yet in other respects her mother took great care of her. Her clothes were always clean and neat, and her mother was never tired of working at 'em. Such is the inconsistency in things. Our being down in the marsh

country in unhealthy weather, I consider the cause of Sophy's taking bad low fever; but however she took it, once she got it she turned away from her mother for evermore, and nothing would persuade her to be touched by her mother's hand. She would shiver and say, "No, no, no," when it was offered at, and would hide her face on my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, what with one thing and what with another (and not least what with railroads, which will cut it all to pieces, I expect at last), and I was run dry of money. For which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a dead-lock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart as I did.

I couldn't get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me, and indeed I hadn't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the footboard with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us, and one chuckle-headed Joskin (that I hated for it) made the bidding, "Tuppence for her!"

"Now, you country boobies," says I, feeling as if my heart was a heavy weight at the end of a broken sash-line, "I give you notice that I am a-going to charm the money out of your pockets, and to give you so much more than your money's worth that you'll only persuade yourselves to draw your Saturday night's wages ever again arterwards, by the hopes of meeting me to lay 'em out with, which you never will, and why not? Because I've made my fortune by selling my goods on a large scale for seventy-five per cent. less than I give for 'em, and I am consequently to be elevated to the House of Peers next week, by the title of the Duke of Cheap and Markis Jackaloorul. Now let's know what you want to-night, and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I

tell you why I have got this little girl round my neck You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the Fairies. She's a fortune-teller. She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether you're a-going to buy a lot or leave it. Now do you want a saw? No, she says you don't, because you're too clumsy to use one. Else here's a saw which would be a life-long blessing to a handy man, at four shillings, at three and six, at three, at two and six, at two, at eighteenpence. But none of you shall have it at any price, on account of your well-known awkwardness, which would make it manslaughter. The same objection applies to this set of three planes which I won't let you have neither, so don't bid for 'em. Now I'm a-going to ask her what you do want. (Then I whispered, 'Your head burns so, that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet,' and she answered, without opening her heavy eyes, 'Just a little, father.') Oh! This little fortune-teller says it's a memorandum-book you want. Then why didn't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine hot-pressed wire-wove pages — if you don't believe me, count 'em — ready ruled for your expenses, an everlastingly pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double-bladed penknife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a camp-stool to sit down upon while you give your mind to it! Stop! And an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch dark night. Now I won't ask you how much for the lot, but how little? How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it, because my fortune-teller knows already. (Then making believe to whisper, I kissed her, and she kissed me.) Why, she says you're thinking of as little as three and threepence! I couldn't have believed it, even of you, unless she told me. Three and threepence! And

a set of printed tables in the lot that'll calculate your income up to forty thousand a year! With an income of forty thousand a year, you grudge three and sixpence. Well then, I'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the threepence, that I'd sooner take three shillings. There. For three shillings, three shillings, three shillings! Gone! Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

As there had been no bid at all, everybody looked about and grinned at everybody, while I touched little Sophy's face and asked her if she felt faint or giddy. "Not very, father. It will soon be over." Then turning from the pretty patient eyes, which were opened now; and seeing nothing but grins across my lighted grease-pot, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style. "Where's the butcher?" (My sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the crowd.) "She says the good luck is the butcher's. Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt himself obliged to put his hand in his pocket and take the lot. The party so picked out, in general does feel obliged to take the lot — good four times out of six. Then we had another lot the counterpart of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which is always very much enjoyed. Then we had the spectacles. It an't a special profitable lot, but I put 'em on, and I see what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to take off the taxes, and I see what the sweetheart of the young woman in the shawl is doing at home, and I see what the Bishops has got for dinner, and a deal more that seldom fails to fetch 'em up in their spirits; and the better their spirits, the better their bids. Then we had the ladies' lot — the tea-pot, tea-caddy, glass sugar-basin, half a dozen spoons, and caudle-cup — and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look or

two and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchained that I felt her lift herself a little on my shoulder to look across the dark street. "What troubles you, darling?" "Nothing troubles me, father. I am not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty church-yard over there?" "Yes, my dear." "Kiss me twice, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that church-yard grass so soft and green." I staggered back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I says to her mother "Quick. Shut the door! Don't let those laughing people see!" "What's the matter?" she cries. "O woman, woman," I tells her, "you'll never catch my little Sophy by her hair again, for she has flown away from you!"

Maybe those were harder words than I meant 'em, but from that time forth my wife took to brooding, and would sit in the cart or walk beside it, hours at a stretch, with her arms crossed and her eyes looking on the ground. When her furies took her (which was rather seldomer than before) they took her in a new way, and she banged herself about to that extent that I was forced to hold her. She got none the better for a little drink now and then, and through some years I used to wonder as I plodded along at the old horse's head whether there was many carts upon the road that held so much dreariness as mine, for all my being looked up to as the King of the Cheap Jacks. So sad our lives went on till one summer evening, when as we were coming into Exeter out of the further West of England, we saw a woman beating a child in a cruel manner, who screamed, "Don't beat me! O mother, mother, mother!" Then my wife stopped her ears and ran away like a wild thing, and next day she was found in the river.

Me and my dog were all the company left in the cart now, and the dog learned to give a short bark when they wouldn't bid, and to give another and a nod of his head when I asked him: "Who said half-a-crown? Are you the gentleman, sir, that offered half-a-crown?" He attained to an immense height of popularity, and I shall always believe taught himself entirely out of his own head to growl at any person in the crowd that bid as low as sixpence. But he got to be well on in years, and one night when I was convulsing York with the spectacles, he took a convulsion on his own account upon the very footboard by me, and it finished him.

Being naturally of a tender turn, I had dreadful lonely feelings on me arter this. I conquered 'em at selling times, having a reputation to keep (not to mention keeping myself), but they got me down in private and rolled upon me. That's often the way with us public characters. See us on the footboard, and you'd give pretty well anything you possess to be us. See us off the footboard, and you'd add a trifle to be off your bargain. It was under those circumstances that I come acquainted with a giant. I might have been too high to fall into conversation with him, had it not been for my lonely feelings. For the general rule is, going round the country, to draw the line at dressing up. When a man can't trust his getting a living to his undisguised abilities, you consider him below your sort. And this giant when on view figured as a Roman.

He was a languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities. He had a little head and less in it, he had weak eyes and weak knees, and altogether you couldn't look at him without feeling that there was greatly too much of him both for his joints and his mind. But he was an amiable though timid young man (his mother let him out, and spent the

money), and we come acquainted when he was walking to ease the horse betwixt two fairs. He was called Rinaldo di Velasco, his name being Pickleson.

This giant otherwise Pickleson mentioned to me under the seal of confidence, that beyond his being a burden to himself, his life was made a burden to him, by the cruelty of his master toward a step-daughter who was deaf and dumb. Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard. She travelled with his master's caravan only because there was nowhere to leave her, and this giant otherwise Pickleson did go so far as to believe that his master often tried to lose her. He was such a very languid young man, that I don't know how long it didn't take him to get this story out, but it passed through his defective circulation to his top extremity in course of time.

When I heard this account from the giant otherwise Pickleson, and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long dark hair, and was often pulled down by it and beaten, I couldn't see the giant through what stood in my eyes. Having wiped 'em I gave him sixpence (for he was kept as short as he was long), and he laid it out in two threepennorths of gin and water, which so brisked him up, that he sang the favorite comic of "Shivery Shakey, an't it cold." A popular effect which his master had tried every other means to get out of him as a Roman, wholly in vain.

His master's name was Mim, a wery hoarse man and I knew him to speak to. I went to that fair as a mere civilian, leaving the cart outside the town, and I looked about the back of the vans while the performing was going on, and at last sitting dozing against a muddy cart-wheel, I come upon the poor girl who was deaf and dumb. At the first look I might almost have judged

that she had escaped from the Wild Beast Show, but at the second I thought better of her, and thought that if she was more cared for and more kindly used she would be like my child. She was just the same age that my own daughter would have been, if her pretty head had not fell down upon my shoulder that unfortunate night.

To cut it short, I spoke confidential to Mim while he was beating the gong outside betwixt two lots of Pickleson's publics, and I put it to him, "She lies heavy on your own hands; what'll you take for her?" Mim was a most ferocious swearer. Suppressing that part of his reply, which was much the longest part, his reply was, "A pair of braces." "Now I'll tell you," says I, "what I'm a-going to do with you. I'm a-going to fetch you half a dozen pair of the primest braces in the cart, and then to take her away with me." Says Mim (again ferocious), "I'll believe it when I've got the goods, and no sooner." I made all the haste I could, lest he should think twice of it, and the bargain was completed, which Pickleson he was thereby so relieved in his mind that he come out at his little backdoor, longways like a serpent, and give us "Shivery Shakey" in a whisper among the wheels at parting.

It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart. I at once give her the name of Sophy, to put her ever towards me in the attitude of my own daughter. We soon made out to begin to understand one another through the goodness of the Heavens, when she knowed that I meant true and kind by her. In a very little time she was wonderful fond of me. You have no idea what it is to have anybody wonderful fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by the lonely feelings that I have mentioned as having once got the better of me.

You'd have laughed — or the rewerse — it's accord

ing to your disposition — if you could have seen me trying to teach Sophy. At first I was helped — you'd never guess by what — mile-stones. I got some large alphabets in a box, all the letters separate on bits of bone, and say we was going to WINDSOR, I give her those letters in that order, and then at every mile-stone I showed her those same letters in that same order again, and pointed towards the abode of royalty. Another time I give her C A R T, and then chalked the same upon the cart. Another time I give her D O C T O R M A R I G O L D, and hung a corresponding inscription outside my waistcoat. People that met us might stare a bit and laugh, but what did *I* care if she caught the idea? She caught it after long patience and trouble, and then we did begin to get on swimmingly, I believe you! At first she was a little given to consider me the cart, and the cart the abode of royalty, but that soon wore off.

We had our signs, too, and they was hundreds in number. Sometimes she would sit looking at me and considering hard how to communicate with me about something fresh — how to ask me what she wanted explained — and then she was (or I thought she was; what does it signify?) so like my child with those years added to her, that I half believed it was herself, trying to tell me where she had been to up in the skies, and what she had seen since that unhappy night since she flied away. She had a pretty face, and now that there was no one to drag at her bright dark hair and it was all in order, there was a something touching in her looks that made the cart most peaceful and most quiet, though not at all melancolly. [N. B. — In the Cheap Jack patter, we generally sound it lemonjolly, and it gets a laugh.]

The way she learnt to understand any look of mine

was truly surprising. When I sold of a night, she would sit in the cart unseen by them outside, and would give a eager look into my eyes when I looked in, and would hand me straight the precise article or articles I wanted. And then she would clap her hands and laugh for joy. And as for me, seeing her so bright, and remembering what she was when I first lighted on her, starved and beaten and ragged, leaning asleep against the muddy cart-wheel, it give me such heart that I gained a greater height of reputation than ever, and I put Pickleson down (by the name of Mim's Travelling Giant otherwise Pickleson) for a fypunnote in my will.

This happiness went on in the cart till she was sixteen years old. By which time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give her. It drew a many tears on both sides when I commenced explaining my views to her, but what's right is right, and you can't neither by tears nor laughter do away with its character.

So I took her hand in mine, and I went with her one day to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment in London, and when the gentleman come to speak to us, I says to him: "Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you, sir. I am nothing but a Cheap Jack, but of late years I have laid by for a rainy day notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted), and you can't produce a deafer nor a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her, in the shortest separation that can be named — state the figure for it — and I am game to put the money down. I won't bate you a single farthing, sir, but I'll put down the money here and now, and I'll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it. There!" The gentleman smiled, and then, "Well, well," says he, "I must first know what she has learnt already. How do you communicate with her?" Then I showed him.

and she wrote in printed writing many names of things and so forth, and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her and which she was able to read. "This is most extraordinary," says the gentleman; "is it possible that you have been her only teacher?" "I have been her only teacher, sir," I says, "besides herself." "Then," says the gentleman, and more acceptable words was never spoke to me, "you're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, claps her own, and laughs and cries upon it.

We saw the gentleman four times in all, and when he took down my name and asked how in the world it ever chanced to be Doctor, it come out that he was own nephew by the sister's side, if you'll believe me, to the very Doctor that I was called after. This made our footing still easier, and he says to me:—

"Now Marigold, tell me what more do you want your adopted daughter to know?"

"I want her, sir, to be cut off from the world as little as can be, considering her deprivations, and therefore to be able to read whatever is wrote, with perfect ease and pleasure."

"My good fellow," urges the gentleman, opening his eyes wide, "why, *I* can't do that myself!"

I took his joke and give him a laugh (knowing by experience how flat you fall without it), and I mended my words accordingly.

"What do you mean to do with her afterwards?" asked the gentleman, with a sort of a doubtful eye. "To take her about the country?"

"In the cart, sir, but only in the cart. She will live a private life, you understand, in the cart. I should never think of bringing her infirmities before the public. I wouldn't make a show of her for any money."

The gentleman nodded and seemed to approve.

"Well," says he, "can you part with her for two years?"

"To do her that good — yes, sir."

"There's another question," says the gentleman, looking towards her; "can she part with you for two years?"

I don't know that it was a harder matter of itself (for the other was hard enough to me), but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation betwixt us was settled. How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her at the door in the dark of an evening, I don't tell. But I know this: remembering that night, I shall never pass that same establishment without a heart-ache and a swelling in the throat, and I couldn't put you up the best of lots in sight of it with my usual spirit — no, not even the gun, nor the pair of spectacles — for five hundred pound reward from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and throw in the honor of putting my legs under his mahogany arterwards.

Still, the loneliness that followed in the cart was not the old loneliness, because there was a term put to it, however long to look forward to, and because I could think, when I was anyways down, that she belonged to me and I belonged to her. Always planning for her coming back, I bought in a few months' time another cart, and what do you think I planned to do with it? I'll tell you. I planned to fit it up with shelves, and books for her reading, and to have a seat in it where I could sit and see her read, and think that I had been her first teacher. Not hurrying over the job, I had the fittings knocked together in contriving ways under my own inspection, and here was her bed in a berth with curtains, and there was her reading-table, and here was

her writing-desk, and elsewhere was her books in rows upon rows, picters and no picters, bindings and no bindings, gilt edged and plain, just as I could pick 'em up for her in lots up and down the country, North and South, and West and East, Winds liked best and winds liked least, Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away. And when I had got together pretty well as many books as the cart would neatly hold, a new scheme come into my head which, as it turned out, kept my time and attention a good deal employed, and helped me over the two years' stile.

Without being of an awaricious temper, I like to be the owner of things. I shouldn't wish, for instance, to go partners with yourself in the Cheap Jack cart. It's not that I mistrust you, but that I'd rather know it was mine. Similarly, very likely you'd rather know it was yours. Well! A kind of jealousy began to creep into my mind when I reflected that all those books would have been read by other people long before they was read by her. It seemed to take away from her being the owner of 'em like. In this way, the question got into my head: Couldn't I have a book new-made express for her, which she should be the first to read?

It pleased me, that thought did, and as I never was a man to let a thought sleep (you must wake up all the whole family of thoughts you've got and burn their night-caps, or you won't do in the Cheap Jack line), I set to work at it. Considering that I was in the habit of changing so much about the country, and that I should have to find out a literary character here to make a deal with, and another literary character there to make a deal with, as opportunities presented, I hit on the plan that this same book should be a general miscellaneous lot, — like the razors, flat-iron, chronometer-watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass,

— and shouldn't be offered as a single indiwidual article like the spectacles or the gun. When I had come to that conclusion, I come to another, which shall likewise be yours.

Often had I regretted that she never had heard me on the footboard, and that she never could hear me. It ain't that *I* am vain, but that *you* don't like to put your own light under a bushel. What's the worth of your reputation, if you can't convey the reason for it to the person you most wish to value it? Now I'll put it to you. Is it worth sixpence, fippence, fourpence, threepence, twopence, a penny, a halfpenny, a farthing? No, it an't. Not worth a farthing. Very well, then. My conclusion was, that I would begin her book with some account of myself. So that, through reading a specimen or two of me on the footboard, she might form an idea of my merits there. I was aware that I couldn't do myself justice. A man can't write his eye (at least *I* don't know how to), nor yet can a man write his voice, nor the rate of his talk, nor the quickness of his action, nor his general spicy way. But he can write his turns of speech, when he is a public speaker — and indeed I have heard that he very often does, before he speaks 'em.

Well! Having formed that resolution, then come the question of a name. How did I hammer that hot iron into shape? This way. The most difficult explanation I had ever had with her was, how I come to be called Doctor, and yet was no Doctor. After all, I felt that I had failed of getting it correctly into her mind, with my utmost pains. But trusting to her improvement in the two years, I thought that I might trust to her understanding it when she should come to read it as put down by my own hand. Then I thought I would try a joke with her and watch how it took, by which of itself I

might fully judge of her understanding it. We had first discovered the mistake we had dropped into, through her having asked me to prescribe for her when she had supposed me to be a Doctor in a medical point of view, so thinks I, "Now, if I give this book the name of my Prescriptions, and if she catches the idea that my only Prescriptions are for her amusement and interest, — to make her laugh in a pleasant way, or to make her cry in a pleasant way, — it will be a delightful proof to both of us that we have got over our difficulty." It fell out to absolute perfection. For when she saw the book, as I had it got up — the printed and pressed book — lying on her desk in her cart, and saw the title, DOCTOR MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS, she looked at me for a moment with astonishment, then fluttered the leaves, then broke out a-laughing in the charmingest way, then felt her pulse and shook her head, then turning the pages, pretending to read them most attentive, then kissed the book to me, and put it to her bosom with both her hands. I never was better pleased in all my life!

But let me not anticipate. (I take that expression out of a lot of romances I bought for her. I never opened a single one of 'em — and I have opened many — but I found the romancer saying, "Let me not anticipate." Which being so, I wonder why he did anticipate, or who asked him to it.) Let me not, I say, anticipate. This same book took up all my spare time. It was no play to get the other articles together in the general miscellaneous lot, but when it come to my own article! There I couldn't have believed the blotting, nor yet the buckling to at it, nor the patience over it. Which again is like the footboard. The public have no idea.

At last it was done, and the two years' time was gone

after all the other time before it, and where it's all gone to, Who knows? The new cart was finished — yellow outside, relieved with wermillion and brass fittings — the old horse was put in, a new 'un and a boy being laid on for the Cheap Jack cart — and I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her. Bright cold weather it was, cart-chimneys smoking, carts pitched private on a piece of waste ground over at Wandsworth where you may see 'em from the Sou' Western Railway when not upon the road. (Look out of the right hand window going down.)

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand hearty, "I am glad to see you."

"Yet I have my doubts, sir," says I, "if you can be half as glad to see me, as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long; has it, Marigold?"

"I won't say that, sir, considering its real length; but" —

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! Grown such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she must be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman, in a kindly manner.

"I feel, sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"*I* feel," said the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone together, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she is such a graceful woman, and she stands so quiet at the door!"

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together o' purpose to please me! For when I give her the old sign, she rushed to my feet, and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouring tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her, she clasped me round the neck and lay there; and I don't know what a fool I didn't make of myself, until we all three settled down into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

Now I'll tell you what I am a-going to do with you. I am a-going to offer you the general miscellaneous lot, her own book, never read by anybody else but me, added to and completed by me after her first reading of it, eight-and-forty printed pages, six-and-ninety columns. Whiting's own work, Beaufort House to wit, thrown off by the steam-ingine, best of paper, beautiful green wrapper, folded like clean linen come home from the clear-starcher's, and so exquisitely stitched that, regarded as a piece of needlework alone, it's better than the sampler of a seamstress undergoing a Competitive Examination for Starvation before the Civil Service Commissioners — and I offer the lot for what? For eight pound? Not so much. For six pound? Less. For four pound? Why I hardly expect you to believe me, but that's the sum. Four pound! The stitching alone cost half as much again. Here's forty-eight original pages, ninety-six original columns, for four pound. You want more for the money? Take it. Three whole pages of advertisements of thrilling interest thrown in for nothing. Read 'em and believe 'em. More? My best of wishes for your merry Christmases and your happy New Years, your long lives and your true prosperities. Worth

twenty pound good if they are delivered as I send them. Remember! Here's a final prescription added, "To be taken for life," which will tell you how the cart broke down, and where the journey ended. You think four pound too much? And still you think so? Come! I'll tell you what then. Sav four pence, and keep the secret.

TO BE TAKEN FOR LIFE.

Sophy read through the whole of the foregoing several times over, and I sat in my seat in the Library Cart (that's the name we give it) seeing her read, and I was as pleased and as proud as a Pug-Dog with his muzzle black-leaded for an evening party and his tail extra curled by machinery. Every item of my plan was crowned with success. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to. Content and joy went with us as the wheels of the two carts went round, and the same stopped with us when the two carts stopped.

But I had left something out of my calculations. Now, what had I left out? To help you to a guess, I'll say, a figure. Come. Make a guess, and guess right. Nought? No. Nine? No. Eight? No. Seven? No. Six? No. Five? No. Four? No. Three? No. Two? No. One? No. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll say it's another sort of figure altogether. There. Why then, says you; it's a mortal figure. No, nor yet a mortal figure. By such means you get yourself penned into a corner, and you can't help guessing a *im*mortal figure. That's about it. Why didn't you say so sooner?

Yes. It was a immortal figure that I had altogether left out of my calculations. Neither man's nor a woman's, but a child's. Girl's, or boy's? Boy's. "I

says the sparrow, with my bow and arrow." Now you have got it.

We were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights' more than fair average business (though I cannot in honor recommend them as a quick audience) in the open square there, near the end of the street where Mr. Sly's King's Arms and Royal Hotel stands. Mim's travelling giant otherwise Pickleson happened at the self-same time to be a-trying it on in the town. The genteel lay was adopted with him. No hint of a van. Green baize alcove leading up to Pickleson in a auction room. Printed poster, "Free list suspended, with the exception of that proud boast of an enlightened country, a free press. Schools admitted by private arrangement. Nothing to raise a blush in the cheek of youth or shock the most fastidious." Mim swearing most horrible and terrific in a pink calico pay-place, at the slackness of the public. Serious hand-bill in the shops, importing that it was all but impossible to come to a right understanding of the history of David, without seeing Pickleson.

I went to the auction room in question, and I found it entirely empty of everything but echoes and mouldiness, with the single exception of Pickleson on a piece of red drugget. This suited my purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was: "Pickleson. Owing much happiness to you, I put you in my will for a fypunnote; but, to save trouble, here's fourpunten down, which may equally suit your views, and let us so conclude the transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the dejected appearance of a long Roman rushlight that couldn't anyhow get lighted, brightened up at his top extremity and made his acknowledgments in a way which (for him) was parliamentary eloquence. He likewise did add, that, having ceased to draw as a Roman, Mim had made proposals for

his going in as a conwerted Indian Giant worked upon by The Dairyman's Daughter. This, Pickleson, having no acquaintance with the tract named after that young woman, and not being willing to couple gag with his serious views, had declined to do, thereby leading to words and the total stoppage of the unfortunate young man's beer. All of which, during the whole of the interview, was confirmed by the ferocious growling of Mim down below in the pay-place, which shook the giant like a leaf.

But what was to the present point in the remarks of the travelling giant otherwise Pickleson, was this. "Doctor Marigold," — I give his words without a hope of conweying their feebleness, — "who is the strange young man that hangs about your carts?" — "The strange young *man?*" I gives him back, thinking that he meant her, and his languid circulation had dropped a syllable. "Doctor," he returns, with a pathos calculated to draw a tear from even a manly eye, "I am weak, but not so weak yet as that I don't know my words. I repeat them, Doctor. The strange young man." It then appeared that Pickleson being forced to stretch his legs (not that they wanted it) only at times when he couldn't be seen for nothing, to wit in the dead of the night and towards daybreak, had twice seen hanging about my carts, in that same town of Lancaster where I had been only two nights, this same unknown young man.

It put me rather out of sorts. What it meant as to particulars I no more foreboded then than you forebode now, but it put me rather out of sorts. Howsoever, I made light of it to Pickleson, and I took leave of Pickleson advising him to spend his legacy in getting up his stamina, and to continue to stand by his religion. Towards morning I kept a lookout for the strange young

man, and what was more — I saw the strange young man. He was well-dressed and well-looking. He loitered very nigh my carts, watching them like as if he was taking care of them, and soon after daybreak turned and went away. I sent a hail after him, but he never started or looked round, or took the smallest notice.

We left Lancaster within an hour or two, on our way towards Carlisle. Next morning at daybreak I looked out again for the strange young man. I did not see him. But next morning I looked out again, and there he was once more. I sent another hail after him, but as before he gave not the slightest sign of being anyways disturbed. This put a thought into my head. Acting on it, I watched him in different manners and at different times not necessary to enter into, till I found that this strange young man was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I knew that a part of the establishment where she had been was allotted to young men (some of them well off), and I thought to myself, "If she favors him, where am I, and where is all that I have worked and planned for?" Hoping — I must confess to the selfishness — that she might *not* favor him, I set myself to find out. At last I was by accident present at a meeting between them in the open air, looking on leaning behind a fir-tree without their knowing of it. It was a moving meeting for all the three parties concerned. I knew every syllable that passed between them as well as they did. I listened with my eyes, which had come to be as quick and true with deaf and dumb conversation as my ears with the talk of people that can speak. He was a-going out to China as clerk in a merchant's house, which his father had been before him. He was in circumstances to keep a wife, and he wanted her to marry him and go along with him. She persisted, no. He asked if she didn't

love him? Yes, she loved him dearly, dearly, but she could never disappoint her beloved good noble generous and I don't-know-what-all father (meaning me, the Cheap Jack in the sleeved waistcoat), and she would stay with him, Heaven bless him, though it was to break her heart! Then she cried most bitterly, and that made up my mind.

While my mind had been in an unsettled state about her favoring this young man, I had felt that unreasonable towards Pickleson, that it was well for him he had got his legacy down. For I often thought, "If it hadn't been for this same weak-minded giant, I might never have come to trouble my head and wex my soul about the young man." But, once that I knew she loved him — once that I had seen her weep for him — it was a different thing. I made it right in my mind with Pickleson on the spot, and I shook myself together to do what was right by all.

She had left the young man by that time (for it took a few minutes to get me thoroughly well shook together), and the young man was leaning against another of the fir-trees — of which there was a clutter — with his face upon his arm. I touched him on the back. Looking up and seeing me, he says, in our deaf and dumb talk, "Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, good boy. I am your friend. Come with me."

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Library Cart, and I went up alone. She was drying her eyes.

"You have been crying, my dear."

"Yes, father."

"Why?"

"A headache."

"Not a heart-ache?"

"I said a headache, father."

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that headache."

She took up the book of my Prescriptions, and held it up with a forced smile; but seeing me keep still and look earnest, she softly laid it down again, and her eyes were very attentive.

"The Prescription is not there, Sophy."

"Where is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and my only further words to both of them were these: "Doctor Marigold's last prescription. To be taken for life." After which I bolted.

When the wedding come off, I mounted a coat (blue, and bright buttons), for the first and last time in all my days, and I give Sophy away with my own hand. There were only us three and the gentleman who had had charge of her for those two years. I give the wedding dinner of four in the Library Cart. Pigeon pie, a leg of pickled pork, a pair of fowls, and suitable garden-stuff. The best of drinks. I give them a speech, and the gentleman give us a speech, and all our jokes told, and the whole went off like a sky-rocket. In the course of the entertainment I explained to Sophy that I should keep the Library Cart as my living-cart when not upon the road, and that I should keep all her books for her just as they stood, till she come back to claim them. So she went to China with her young husband, and it was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got the boy I had another service, and so as of old when my child and wife were gone, I went plodding along alone, with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote her many letters. About the end of the first year she sent me one in an unsteady hand: "Dearest father, not a week ago I had a darling little daughter, but I am so well that they

let me write these words to you. Dearest and best father, I hope my child may not be deaf and dumb, but I do not yet know." When I wrote back, I hinted the question; but as Sophy never answered that question, I felt it to be a sad one, and I never repeated it. For a long time our letters were regular, but then they got irregular, through Sophy's husband being moved to another station, and through my being always on the move. But we were in one another's thoughts, I was equally sure, letters or no letters.

Five years, odd months, had gone since Sophy went away. I was still the King of the Cheap Jacks, and at a greater height of popularity than ever. I had had a first-rate autumn of it, and on the twenty-third of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, I found myself at Uxbridge, Middlesex, clean sold out. So I jogged up to London with the old horse, light and easy, to have my Christmas Eve and Christmas Day alone by the fire in the Library Cart, and then to buy a regular new stock of goods all round, to sell 'em again and get the money.

I am a neat hand at cookery, and I'll tell you what I knocked up for my Christmas Eve dinner in the Library Cart. I knocked up a beef-steak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good humor with everything except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. Having relished that pudding and cleared away, I turned the lamp low, and sat down by the light of the fire, watching it as it shone upon the backs of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought up Sophy's self, that I saw her touching face quite plainly, before I dropped off dozing by the fire. This may be a reason why Sophy, with her deaf and dumb child in her arms, seemed to

stand silent by me all through my nap. I was on the road, off the road, in all sorts of places, North and South and West and East, Winds liked best and winds liked least, Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away, and still she stood silent by me, with her silent child in her arms. Even when I woke with a start, she seemed to vanish, as if she had stood by me in that very place only a single instant before.

I had started at a real sound, and the sound was on the steps of the cart. It was the light hurried tread of a child, coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me, that for half a moment I believed I was a-going to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in — a bright little comely girl with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said in a pretty voice: —

"Grandfather!"

"Ah my God!" I cries out, "she can speak!"

"Yes, dear grandfather. And I am to ask you whether there was ever any one that I remind you of?"

In a moment Sophy was round my neck as well as the child, and her husband was a-wringing my hand with his face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a-talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

MUGBY JUNCTION

BARBOX BROTHERS

I.

"GUARD! What place is this?"

"Mugby Junction, sir."

"A windy place!"

"Yes, it mostly is, sir."

"And looks comfortless indeed!"

"Yes, it generally does, sir."

"Is it a rainy night still?"

"Pours, sir."

"Open the door. I'll get out."

"You'll have, sir," said the guard, glistening with drops of wet, and looking at the tearful face of his watch by the light of his lantern as the traveller descended, "three minutes here."

"More, I think. For I am not going on."

"Thought you had a through ticket, sir?"

"So I have, but I shall sacrifice the rest of it. I want my luggage."

"Please to come to the van and point it out, sir. Be good enough to look very sharp, sir. Not a moment to spare."

The guard hurried to the luggage van, and the traveller hurried after him. The guard got into it, and the traveller looked into it.

"Those two large black portmanteaus in the corner where your light shines. Those are mine."

"Name upon 'em, sir?"

"Barbox Brothers."

"Stand clear, sir, if you please. One. Two. Right!"

Lamp waved. Signal lights ahead already changing. Shriek from engine. Train gone.

"Mugby Junction!" said the traveller, pulling up the woolen muffler round his throat with both hands. "At past three o'clock of a tempestuous morning! So!"

He spoke to himself. There was no one else to speak to. Perhaps, though there had been any one else to speak to, he would have preferred to speak to himself. Speaking to himself, he spoke to a man within five years of fifty either way, who had turned gray too soon, like a neglected fire; a man of pondering habit, brooding carriage of the head, and suppressed, internal voice; a man with many indications on him of having been much alone.

He stood unnoticed on the dreary platform, except by the rain and by the wind. Those two vigilant assailants made a rush at him. "Very well," said he, yielding. "It signifies nothing to me, to what quarter I turn my face."

Thus, at Mugby Junction, at past three o'clock of a tempestuous morning, the traveller went where the weather drove him.

Not but what he could make a stand when he was so minded, for, coming to the end of the roofed shelter (it is of considerable extent at Mugby Junction), and looking out upon the dark night, with a yet darker spirit-wing of storm beating its wild way through it, he faced about, and held his own as ruggedly in the difficult direction, as he had held it in the easier one. Thus,

with a steady step, the traveller went up and down, up and down, up and down, seeking nothing, and finding it.

A place replete with shadowy shapes, this Mugby Junction in the black hours of the four-and-twenty. Mysterious goods trains, covered with palls and gliding on like vast weird funerals, conveying themselves guiltily away from the presence of the few lighted lamps, as if their freight had come to a secret and unlawful end. Half miles of coal pursuing in a Detective manner, following when they lead, stopping when they stop, backing when they back. Red-hot embers showering out upon the ground, down this dark avenue, and down the other, as if torturing fires were being raked clear; concurrently, shrieks and groans and grinds invading the car, as if the tortured were at the height of their suffering. Iron-barred cages full of cattle jangling by midway, the drooping beasts with horns entangled, eyes frozen with terror, and mouths too: at least they have long icicles (or what seem so) hanging from their lips. Unknown languages in the air, conspiring in red, green, and white characters. An earthquake accompanied with thunder and lightning, going up express to London. Now, all quiet, all rusty, wind and rain in possession, lamps extinguished, Mugby Junction dead and indistinct, with its robe drawn over its head, like Cæsar.

Now, too, as the belated traveller plodded up and down, a shadowy train went by him in the gloom which was no other than the train of a life. From whatsoever intangible deep cutting or dark tunnel it emerged, here it came, unsummoned and unannounced, stealing upon him and passing away into obscurity. Here mournfully went by a child who had never had a childhood or known a parent, inseparable from a youth with a bitter sense of his namelessness, coupled to a man the enforced business of whose best years had been distateful and op

pressive, linked to an ungrateful friend, dragging after him a woman once beloved. Attendant, with many a clank and wrench, were lumbering cares, dark meditations, huge dim disappointments, monotonous years, a long jarring line of the discords of a solitary and unhappy existence.

"Yours, sir?"

The traveller recalled his eyes from the waste into which they had been staring, and fell back a step or so under the abruptness, and perhaps the chance appropriateness of the question.

"Oh! My thoughts were not here for the moment. Yes. Yes. Those two portmanteaus are mine. Are you a Porter?"

"On Porter's wages, sir. But I am Lamps."

The traveller looked a little confused.

"Who did you say you are?"

"Lamps, sir," showing an oily cloth in his hand, as further explanation.

"Surely, surely. Is there any hotel or tavern here?"

"Not exactly here, sir. There is a Refreshment Room here, but" — Lamps, with a mighty serious look, gave his head a warning roll that plainly added — "but it's a blessed circumstance for you that it's not open."

"You couldn't recommend it, I see, if it was available?"

"Ask your pardon, sir. If it was" —

"Open?"

"It an't my place, as a paid servant of the company, to give my opinion on any of the company's toepics" — he pronounced it more like toothpicks — "beyond lampile and cottons," returned Lamps, in a confidential tone; "but speaking as a man, I wouldn't recommend my father (if he was to come to life again) to go and try how he'd be treated at the Refreshment Room. Not speaking as a man, no I would *not*."

The traveller nodded conviction. "I suppose I can put up in the town? There is a town here?" For the traveller (though a stay-at-home compared with most travellers) had been, like many others, carried on the steam winds and the iron tides through that Junction before, without having ever, as one might say, gone ashore there.

"Oh yes, there's a town, sir. Anyways there's town enough to put up in. But," following the glance of the other at his luggage, "this is a very dead time of the night with us, sir. The deadest time. I might a'most call it our deadest and buriedest time."

"No porters about?"

"Well, sir, you see," returned Lamps, confidential again, "they in general goes off with the gas. That's how it is. And they seem to have overlooked you, through your walking to the furder end of the platform. But in about twelve minutes or so, she may be up."

"Who may be up?"

"The three forty-two, sir. She goes off in a sidin' till the Up X passes, and then she" — here an air of hopeful vagueness pervaded Lamps — "doos all as lays in her power."

"I doubt if I comprehend the arrangement."

"I doubt if anybody do, sir. She's a Parliamentary, sir. And, you see, a Parliamentary, or a Skirmishun" —

"Do you mean an Excursion?"

"That's it, sir. A Parliamentary or a Skirmishun, she mostly *doos* go off into a sidin'. But when she *can* get a chance, she's whistled out of it, and she's whistled up into doin' all as" — Lamps again wore the air of a highly sanguine man who hoped for the best — "all as lays in her power."

He then explained that porters on duty being required

to be in attendance on the Parliamentary matron in question, would doubtless turn up with the gas. In the mean time, if the gentleman would not very much object to the smell of lamp-oil, and would accept the warmth of his little room — The gentleman being by this time very cold, instantly closed with the proposal.

A greasy little cabin it was, suggestive to the sense of smell, of a cabin in a whaler. But there was a bright fire burning in its rusty grate, and on the floor there stood a wooden stand of newly trimmed and lighted lamps, ready for carriage service. They made a bright show, and their light, and the warmth, accounted for the popularity of the room, as borne witness to by many impressions of velveteen trousers on a form by the fire, and many rounded smears and smudges of stooping velveteen shoulders on the adjacent wall. Various untidy shelves accommodated a quantity of lamps and oil-cans, and also a fragrant collection of what looked like the pocket-handkerchiefs of the whole lamp family.

As Barbox Brothers (so to call the traveller on the warranty of his luggage) took his seat upon the form, and warmed his now ungloved hands at the fire, he glanced aside at a little desk, much blotched with ink, which his elbow touched. Upon it, were some scraps of coarse paper, and a superannuated steel pen in very reduced and gritty circumstances.

From glancing at the scraps of paper, he turned involuntarily to his host, and said, with some roughness, —

"Why, you are never a poet, man!"

Lamps had certainly not the conventional appearance of one, as he stood modestly rubbing his squab nose with a handkerchief so exceedingly oily, that he might have been in the act of mistaking himself for one of his charges. He was a spare man of about the Barbox Brothers' time

of life, with his features whimsically drawn upward as if they were attracted by the roots of his hair. He had a peculiarly shining, transparent complexion, probably occasioned by constant oleaginous application; and his attractive hair, being cut short, and being grizzled, and standing straight up on end as if it in its turn were attracted by some invisible magnet above it, the top of his head was not very unlike a lamp-wick.

"But to be sure it's no business of mine," said Barbox Brothers. "That was an impertinent observation on my part. Be what you like."

"Some people, sir," remarked Lamps, in a tone of apology, "are sometimes what they don't like."

"Nobody knows that better than I do," sighed the other. "I have been what I don't like, all my life."

"When I first took, sir," resumed Lamps, "to composing little Comic-Songs-like" —

Barbox Brothers eyed him with great disfavor.

— "To composing little Comic-Songs-like — and what was more hard — to singing 'em afterwards," said Lamps, "it went against the grain at that time, it did indeed."

Something that was not all oil here shining in Lamps's eye, Barbox Brothers withdrew his own a little disconcerted, looked at the fire, and put a foot on the top bar "Why did you do it, then?" he asked, after a short pause; abruptly enough, but in a softer tone. "If you didn't want to do it, why did you do it? Where did you sing them? Public-house?"

To which Mr. Lamps returned the curious reply, "Bedside."

At this moment, while the traveller looked at him for elucidation, Mugby Junction started suddenly, trembled violently, and opened its gas eyes. "She's got up!" Lamps announced, excited. "What lays in her power is sometimes more, and sometimes less; but it's laid in her power to get up to-night, by George!"

The legend "Barbox Brothers," in large white letters on two black surfaces, was very soon afterwards trundling on a truck through a silent street, and, when the owner of the legend had shivered on the pavement half an hour, what time the porter's knocks at the inn door knocked up the whole town first, and the inn last, he groped his way into the close air of a shut-up house, and so groped between the sheets of a shut-up bed that seemed to have been expressly refrigerated for him when last made.

II.

"You remember me, Young Jackson?"

"What do I remember if not you? You are my first remembrance. It was you who told me that was my name. It was you who told me that on every twentieth of December my life had a penitential life anniversary in it called a birthday. I suppose the last communication was truer than the first!"

"What am I like, Young Jackson?"

"You are like a blight all through the year, to me. You hard-lined, thin-lipped, repressive, changeless woman with a wax mask on. You are like the Devil to me most of all when you teach me religious things, for you make me abhor them."

"You remember me, Mr. Young Jackson?" In another voice from another quarter.

"Most gratefully, sir. You were the ray of hope and prospering ambition in my life. When I attended your course, I believed that I should come to be a great healer, and I felt almost happy — even though I was still the one boarder in the house with that horrible mask, and ate and drank in silence and constraint with the mask before me, every day. As I had done every, every, every day, through my school-time and from my earliest recollection."

"What am I like, Mr. Young Jackson?"

"You are like a Superior Being to me. You are like Nature beginning to reveal herself to me. I hear you again, as one of the hushed crowd of young men kindling under the power of your presence and knowledge, and you bring into my eyes the only exultant tears that ever stood in them."

"You remember Me, Mr. Young Jackson?" In a grating voice from quite another.

"Too well. You made your ghostly appearance in my life one day, and announced that its course was to be suddenly and wholly changed. You showed me which was my wearisome seat in the Galley of Barbox Brothers. (When *they* were, if they ever were, is unknown to me; there was nothing of them but the name when I bent to the oar.) You told me what I was to do, and what to be paid; you told me afterwards, at intervals of years, when I was to sign for the Firm, when I became a partner, when I became the Firm. I know no more of it, or of myself."

"What am I like, Mr. Young Jackson?"

"You are like my father, I sometimes think. You are hard enough and cold enough so to have brought up an unacknowledged son. I see your scanty figure, your close brown suit, and your tight brown wig; but you, too, wear a wax mask to your death. You never by a chance remove it — it never by a chance falls off — and I know no more of you."

Throughout this dialogue, the traveller spoke to himself at his window in the morning, as he had spoken to himself at the Junction overnight. And as he had then looked, in the darkness, a man who had turned gray too soon, like a neglected fire: so he now looked, in the sunlight, an ashier gray, like a fire which the brightness of the sun put out.

The firm of Barbox Brothers had been some offshoot or irregular branch of the Public Notary and bill-broking tree. It had gained for itself a griping reputation before the days of Young Jackson, and the reputation had stuck to it and to him. As he had imperceptibly come into possession of the dim den up in the corner of a court off Lombard Street, on whose grimy windows the inscription Barbox Brothers had for many long years daily interposed itself between him and the sky, so he had insensibly found himself a personage held in chronic distrust, whom it was essential to screw tight to every transaction in which he engaged, whose word was never to be taken without his attested bond, whom all dealers with openly set up guards and wards against. This character had come upon him through no act of his own. It was as if the original Barbox had stretched himself down upon the office floor, and had thither caused to be conveyed Young Jackson in his sleep, and had there effected a metempsychosis and exchange of persons with him. The discovery — aided in its turn by the deceit of the only woman he had ever loved, and the deceit of the only friend he had ever made: who eloped from him to be married together — the discovery so followed up, completed what his earliest rearing had begun. He shrank, abashed, within the form of Barbox, and lifted up his head and heart no more.

But he did at last effect one great release in his condition. He broke the oar he had plied so long, and he scuttled and sank the galley. He prevented the gradual retirement of an old conventional business from him, by taking the initiative and retiring from it. With enough to live on (though after all with not too much), he obliterated the firm of Barbox Brothers from the pages of the Post-office Directory and the face of the earth, leaving nothing of it but its name on two portmanteaus.

"For one must have some name in going about, for people to pick up," he explained to Mugby High Street, through the inn-window, "and that name at least was real once. Whereas, Young Jackson! Not to mention its being a sadly satirical misnomer for Old Jackson."

He took up his hat and walked out, just in time to see, passing along on the opposite side of the way, a velveteen man, carrying his day's dinner in a small bundle that might have been larger without suspicion of gluttony, and pelting away towards the Junction at a great pace.

"There's Lamps!" said Barbox Brothers. "And by the bye"—

Ridiculous, surely, that a man so serious, so self-contained, and not yet three days emancipated from a routine of drudgery, should stand rubbing his chin in the street, in a brown study about comic songs.

"Bedside?" said Barbox Brothers, testily. "Sings them at the bedside? Why at the bedside, unless he goes to bed drunk? Does, I shouldn't wonder. But it's no business of mine. Let me see. Mugby Junction, Mugby Junction. Where shall I go next? As it came into my head last night when I woke from an uneasy sleep in the carriage and found myself here, I can go anywhere from here. Where shall I go? I'll go and look at the Junction by daylight. There's no hurry, and I may like the look of one Line better than another."

But there were so many Lines. Gazing down upon them from a bridge at the Junction, it was as if the concentrating Companies formed a great Industrial Exhibition of the works of extraordinary ground-spiders that spun iron. And then so many of the lines went such wonderful ways, so crossing and curving among one another, that the eye lost them. And then some of

them appeared to start with the fixed intention of going five hundred miles, and all of a sudden gave it up at an insignificant barrier, or turned off into a workshop. And then others, like intoxicated men, went a little way very straight, and surprisingly slued round and came back again. And then others were so chock-full of trucks of coal, others were so blocked with trucks of casks, others were so gorged with trucks of ballast, others were so set apart for wheeled objects like immense iron cotton-reels: while others were so bright and clear, and others were so delivered over to rust and ashes and idle wheelbarrows out of work, with their legs in the air (looking much like their masters on strike), that there was no beginning, middle, or end, to the bewilderment.

Barbox Brothers stood puzzled on the bridge, passing his right hand across the lines on his forehead, which multiplied while he looked down, as if the railway Lines were getting themselves photographed on that sensitive plate. Then was heard a distant ringing of bells and blowing of whistles. Then, puppet-looking heads of men popped out of boxes in perspective, and popped in again. Then, prodigious wooden razors set up on end, began shaving the atmosphere. Then, several locomotive engines in several directions began to scream and be agitated. Then, along one avenue a train came in. Then, along another two trains appeared that didn't come in, but stopped without. Then, bits of trains broke off. Then, a struggling horse became involved with them. Then, the locomotives shared the bits of trains, and ran away with the whole.

"I have not made my next move much clearer by this. No hurry. No need to make up my mind to-day, or to-morrow, nor yet the day after. I'll take a walk."

It fell out somehow (perhaps he meant it should) that

the walk tended to the platform at which he had alighted, and to Lamps's room. But Lamps was not in his room. A pair of velveteen shoulders were adapting themselves to one of the impressions on the wall by Lamps's fire-place, but otherwise the room was void. In passing back to get out of the station again, he learnt the cause of this vacancy, by catching sight of Lamps on the opposite line of railway, skipping along the top of a train, from carriage to carriage, and catching lighted namesakes thrown up to him by a coadjutor.

"He is busy. He has not much time for composing or singing comic songs this morning, I take it."

The direction he pursued now was into the country, keeping very near to the side of one great Line of railway, and within easy view of others. "I have half a mind," he said, glancing around, "to settle the question from this point, by saying, 'I'll take this set of rails, or that, or t'other, and stick to it.' They separate themselves from the confusion, out here, and go their ways."

Ascending a gentle hill of some extent, he came to a few cottages. There, looking about him as a very reserved man might who had never looked about him in his life before, he saw some six or eight young children come merrily trooping and whooping from one of the cottages, and disperse. But not until they had all turned at the little garden gate, and kissed their hands to a face at the upper window: a low window enough, although the upper, for the cottage had but a story of one room above the ground.

Now, that the children should do this was nothing; but that they should do this to a face lying on the sill of the open window, turned towards them in a horizontal position, and apparently only a face, was something noticeable. He looked up at the window again. Could only see a very fragile though a very bright face, lying

on one cheek on the window-sill. The delicate smiling face of a girl or woman. Framed in long bright brown hair, round which was tied a light blue band or fillet, passing under the chin.

He walked on, turned back, passed the window again, shyly glanced up again. No change. He struck off by a winding branch-road at the top of the hill — which he must otherwise have descended — kept the cottages in view, worked his way round at a distance so as to come out once more into the main road and be obliged to pass the cottages again. The face still lay on the window-sill, but not so much inclined towards him. And now there were a pair of delicate hands too. They had the action of performing on some musical instrument, and yet it produced no sound that reached his ears.

"Mugby Junction must be the maddest place in England," said Barbox Brothers, pursuing his way down the hill. "The first thing I find here is a Railway Porter who composes comic songs to sing at his bedside. The second thing I find here is a face, and a pair of hands playing a musical instrument that *don't* play!"

The day was a fine bright day in the early beginning of November, the air was clear and inspiriting, and the landscape was rich in beautiful colors. The prevailing colors in the court off Lombard Street, London city, had been few and sombre. Sometimes, when the weather elsewhere was very bright indeed, the dwellers in those tents enjoyed a pepper-and-salt-colored day or two, but their atmosphere's usual wear was slate, or snuff color.

He relished his walk so well, that he repeated it next day. He was a little earlier at the cottage than on the day before, and he could hear the children up-stairs singing to a regular measure and clapping out the time with their hands.

"Still, there is no sound of any musical instrument,"

he said, listening at the corner, "and yet I saw the performing hands again, as I came by. What are the children singing? Why, good Lord, they can never be singing the multiplication-table!"

They were though, and with infinite enjoyment. The mysterious face had a voice attached to it which occasionally led or set the children right. Its musical cheerfulness was delightful. The measure at length stopped, and was succeeded by a murmuring of young voices, and then by a short song which he made out to be about the current month of the year, and about what work it yielded to the laborers in the fields and farm-yards. Then, there was a stir of little feet, and the children came trooping and whooping out, as on the previous day, and again, as on the previous day, they all turned at the garden gate, and kissed their hands, evidently to the face on the window-sill, though Barbox Brothers from his retired post of disadvantage at the corner could not see it.

But as the children dispersed, he cut off one small straggler — a brown-faced boy with flaxen hair — and said to him: —

"Come here, little one. Tell me whose house is that?"

The child, with one swarthy arm held up across his eyes, half in shyness, and half ready for defense, said from behind the inside of his elbow, —

"Phœbe's."

"And who," said Barbox Brothers, quite as much embarrassed by his part in the dialogue as the child could possibly be by his, "is Phœbe?"

To which the child made answer: "Why, Phœbe, of course."

The small but sharp observer had eyed his questioner closely, and had taken his moral measure. He lowered

his guard, and rather assumed a tone with him: as having discovered him to be an unaccustomed person in the art of polite conversation.

"Phœbe," said the child, "can't be anybobby else but Phœbe. Can she?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well," returned the child, "then why did you ask me?"

Deeming it prudent to shift his ground, Barbox Brothers took up a new position.

"What do you do there? Up there in that room where the open window is. What do you do there?"

"Cool," said the child.

"Eh?"

"Co-o-ol," the child repeated in a louder voice, lengthening out the word with a fixed look and great emphasis, as much as to say: "What's the use of your having grown up, if you're such a donkey as not to understand me?"

"Ah! School, school," said Barbox Brothers. "Yes, yes, yes. And Phœbe teaches you?"

The child nodded.

"Good boy."

"Tound it out, have you?" said the child.

"Yes, I have found it out. What would you do with twopence, if I gave it you?"

"'Pend it."

The knock-down promptitude of this reply leaving him not a leg to stand upon, Barbox Brothers produced the twopence with great lameness, and withdrew in a state of humiliation.

But, seeing the face on the window-sill as he passed the cottage, he acknowledged its presence there with a gesture, which was not a nod, not a bow, not a removal of his hat from his head, but was a diffident compromise

between or struggle with all three. The eyes in the face seemed amused, or cheered, or both, and the lips modestly said: "Good day to you, sir."

"I find I must stick for a time to Mugby Junction," said Barbox Brothers, with much gravity, after once more stopping on his return road to look at the Lines where they went their several ways so quietly. "I can't make up my mind yet, which iron road to take. In fact, I must get a little accustomed to the Junction before I can decide."

So he announced at the inn that he was "going to stay on, for the present," and improved his acquaintance with the Junction that night, and again next morning, and again next night and morning: going down to the station, mingling with the people there, looking about him down all the avenues of railway, and beginning to take an interest in the incomings and outgoings of the trains. At first, he often put his head into Lamps's little room, but he never found Lamps there. A pair or two of velveteen shoulders he usually found there, stooping over the fire, sometimes in connection with a clasped knife and a piece of bread and meat; but the answer to his inquiry, "Where's Lamps?" was, either that he was "t'other side the line," or, that it was his off-time, or (in the latter case) his own personal introduction to another Lamps who was not his Lamps. However, he was not so desperately set upon seeing Lamps now, but he bore the disappointment. Nor did he so wholly devote himself to his severe application to the study of Mugby Junction, as to neglect exercise. On the contrary, he took a walk every day, and always the same walk. But the weather turned cold and wet again, and the window was never open.

III.

At length, after a lapse of some days, there came another streak of fine bright hardy autumn weather. It was a Saturday. The window was open, and the children were gone. Not surprising, this, for he had patiently watched and waited at the corner, until they *were* gone.

"Good day," he said to the face; absolutely getting his hat clear off his head this time.

"Good day to you, sir."

"I am glad you have a fine sky again, to look at."

"Thank you, sir. It is kind of you."

"You are an invalid, I fear?"

"No, sir. I have very good health."

"But are you not always lying down?"

"Oh yes, I am always lying down, because I cannot sit up. But I am not an invalid."

The laughing eyes seemed highly to enjoy his great mistake.

"Would you mind taking the trouble to come in, sir? There is a beautiful view from this window. And you would see that I am not at all ill — being so good as to care."

It was said to help him, as he stood irresolute, but evidently desiring to enter, with his diffident hand on the latch of the garden gate. It did help him, and he went in.

The room up-stairs was a very clean white room with a low roof. Its only inmate lay on a couch that brought her face to a level with the window. The couch was white too; and her simple dress or wrapper being light blue, like the band around her hair, she had an ethereal look, and a fanciful appearance of lying among clouds. He felt that she instinctively perceived him to be by

habit a downcast, taciturn man; it was another help to him to have established that understanding so easily, and got it over.

There was an awkward constraint upon him, nevertheless, as he touched her hand, and took a chair at the side of her couch.

"I see now," he began, not at all fluently, "how you occupy your hands. Only seeing you from the path outside, I thought you were playing upon something."

She was engaged in very nimbly and dexterously making lace. A lace-pillow lay upon her breast, and the quick movements and changes of her hands upon it as she worked, had given them the action he had misinterpreted.

"That is curious," she answered, with a bright smile. "For I often fancy, myself, that I play tunes while I am at work."

"Have you any musical knowledge?"

She shook her head.

"I think I could pick out tunes, if I had any instrument, which could be made as handy to me as my lace-pillow. But I dare say I deceive myself. At all events, I shall never know."

"You have a musical voice. Excuse me; I have heard you sing."

"With the children?" she answered, slightly coloring. "Oh yes. I sing with the dear children, if it can be called singing."

Barbox Brothers glanced at the two small forms in the room, and hazarded the speculation that she was fond of children, and that she was learned in new systems of teaching them? "Very fond of them," she said, shaking her head again: "but I know nothing of teaching, beyond the interest I have in it, and the pleasure it gives me when they learn. Perhaps your overhearing

my little scholars sing some of their lessons has led you so far astray as to think me a grand teacher? Ah! I thought so! No, I have only read and been told about that system. It seemed so pretty and pleasant, and to treat them so like the merry robins they are, that I took up with it in my little way. You don't need to be told what a very little way mine is, sir," she added, with a glance at the small forms and round the room.

All this time her hands were busy at her lace-pillow. As they still continued so, and as there was a kind of substitute for conversation in the click and play of its pegs, Barbox Brothers took the oportunity of observing her. He guessed her to be thirty. The charm of her transparent face and large, bright, brown eyes, was, not that they were passively resigned, but that they were actively and thoroughly cheerful. Even her busy hands, which of their own thinness alone might have besought compassion, plied their task with a gay courage that made mere compassion an unjustifiable assumption of superiority, and an impertinence.

He saw her eyes in the act of rising towards his, and he directed his towards the prospect, saying: "Beautiful indeed!"

"Most beautiful, sir. I have sometimes had a fancy that I would like to sit up, for once, only to try how it looks to an erect head. But what a foolish fancy that would be to encourage! It cannot look more lovely to any one than it does to me."

Her eyes were turned to it as she spoke, with most delighted admiration and enjoyment. There was not a trace in it of any sense of deprivation.

"And those threads of railway, with their puffs of smoke and steam changing places so fast, make it so lively for me," she went on. "I think of the number of people who *can* go where they wish, on their business,

or their pleasure; I remember that the puffs make signs to me that they are actually going while I look; and that enlivens the prospect with abundance of company, if I want company. There is the great Junction, too. I don't see it under the foot of the hill, but I can very often hear it, and I always know it is there. It seems to join me, in a way, to I don't know how many places and things that *I* shall never see."

With an abashed kind of idea that it might have already joined himself to something he had never seen, he said, constrainedly, "Just so."

"And so you see, sir," pursued Phœbe, "I am not the invalid you thought me, and I am very well off indeed."

"You have a happy disposition," said Barbox Brothers: perhaps with a slight excusatory touch for his own disposition.

"Ah! But you should know my father," she replied. "His is the happy disposition! Don't mind, sir!" For his reserve took the alarm at a step upon the stairs, and he distrusted that he would be set down for a troublesome intruder. "This is my father coming."

The door opened, and the father paused there.

"Why, Lamps!" exclaimed Barbox Brothers, starting from his chair. "How do you do, Lamps?"

To which Lamps responded: "The gentleman for Nowhere! How do you DO, sir?"

And they shook hands, to the greatest admiration and surprise of Lamps's daughter.

"I have looked you up half a dozen times since that night," said Barbox Brothers, "but have never found you."

"So I've heerd on, sir, so I've heerd on," returned Lamps. "It's your being noticed so often down at the Junction, without taking any train, that has begun to get you the name among us of the gentleman for No-

where. No offense in my having called you by it when took by surprise, I hope, sir?"

"None at all. It's as good a name for me as any other you could call me by. But may I ask you a question in the corner here?"

Lamps suffered himself to be led aside from his daughter's couch, by one of the buttons of his velveteen jacket.

"Is this the bedside where you sing your songs?"

Lamps nodded.

The gentleman for Nowhere clapped him on the shoulder, and they faced about again.

"Upon my word, my dear," said Lamps then to his daughter, looking from her to her visitor, "it is such an amaze to me, to find you brought acquainted with this gentleman, that I must (if this gentleman will excuse me) take a rounder."

Mr. Lamps demonstrated in action what this meant, by pulling out his oily handkerchief rolled up in the form of a ball, and giving himself an elaborate smear, from behind the right ear, up the cheek, across the forehead, and down the other cheek to behind his left ear. After this operation, he shone exceedingly.

"It's according to my custom when particularly warmed up by any agitation, sir," he offered by way of apology. "And really, I am throwed into that state of amaze by finding you brought acquainted with Phœbe, that I — that I think I will, if you'll excuse me, take another rounder." Which he did, seeming to be greatly restored by it.

They were now both standing by the side of her couch, and she was working at her lace-pillow. "Your daughter tells me," said Barbox Brothers, still in a half reluctant, shamefaced way, "that she never sits up."

"No, sir, nor never has done. You see, her mother

(who died when she was a year and two months old) was subject to very bad fits, and as she had never mentioned to me that she *was* subject to fits, they couldn't be guarded against. Consequently, she dropped the baby when took, and this happened."

"It was very wrong of her," said Barbox Brothers, with a knitted brow, "to marry you, making a secret of her infirmity."

"Well, sir," pleaded Lamps, in behalf of the long-deceased, "you see, Phœbe and me, we have talked that over, too. And Lord bless us! such a number on us has our infirmities, what with fits, and what with misfits, of one sort and another, that if we confessed to 'em all before we got married, most of us might never get married."

"Might that not be for the better?"

"Not in this case, sir," said Phœbe, giving her hand to her father.

"No, not in this case, sir," said her father, patting it between his own.

"You correct me," returned Barbox Brothers, with a blush; "and I must look so like a brute that, at all events, it would be superfluous in me to confess to *that* infirmity. I wish you would tell me a little more about yourselves. I hardly know how to ask it of you, for I am conscious that I have a bad, stiff manner, a dull, discouraging way with me, but I wish you would."

"With all our hearts, sir," returned Lamps, gayly, for both. "And, first of all, that you may know my name"—

"Stay!" interposed the visitor, with a slight flush. "What signifies your name? Lamps is name enough for me. I like it. It is bright and expressive. What do I want more!"

"Why, to be sure, sir," returned Lamps. "I have in

general no other name down at the Junction; but I thought, on account of your being here as a first-class single, in a private character, that you might" —

The visitor waved the thought away with his hand, and Lamps acknowledged the mark of confidence by taking another rounder.

"You are hard-worked, I take for granted?" said Barbox Brothers, when the subject of the rounder came out of it much dirtier than he went into it.

Lamps was beginning, "Not particular so" — when his daughter took him up.

"Oh yes, sir, he is very hard-worked. Fourteen, fifteen, eighteen hours a days. Sometimes twenty-four hours at a time."

"And you," said Barbox Brothers, "what with your school, Phœbe, and what with your lace-making" —

"But my school is a pleasure to me," she interrupted, opening her brown eyes wider, as if surprised to find him so obtuse. "I began it when I was but a child, because it brought me and other children into company, don't you see? *That* was not work. I carry it on still, because it keeps children about me. *That* is not work. I do it as love, not as work. Then my lace-pillow;" her busy hands had stopped, as if her argument required all her cheerful earnestness, but now went on again at the name; "it goes with my thoughts when I think, and it goes with my tunes when I hum any, and *that's* not work. Why, you yourself thought it was music, you know, sir. And so it is, to me."

"Everything is!" cried Lamps, radiantly. "Everything is music to her, sir."

"My father is, at any rate," said Phœbe, exultingly, pointing her thin forefinger at him. "There is more music in my father than there is in a brass brand."

"I say! My dear! It's very fillyillially done, you

know; but you are flattering your father," he protested, sparkling.

"No, I am not, sir, I assure you. No, I am not. If you could hear my father sing, you would know I am not. But you will never hear him sing, because he never sings to any one but me. However tired he is, he always sings to me when he comes home. When I lay here long ago, quite a poor little broken doll, he used to sing to me. More than that, he used to make songs, bringing in whatever little jokes we had between us. More than that, he often does so to this day. Oh! I'll tell of you, father, as the gentleman has asked about you. He is a poet, sir."

"I shouldn't wish the gentleman, my dear," observed Lamps, for the moment turning grave, "to carry away that opinion of your father, because it might look as if I was given to asking the stars in a molloncolly manner what they was up to. Which I wouldn't at once waste the time, and take the liberty, my dear."

"My father," resumed Phœbe, amending her text, "is always on the bright side, and the good side. You told me just now, I had a happy disposition. How can I help it?"

"Well; but my dear," returned Lamps, argumentatively, "how can *I* help it? Put it to yourself, sir. Look at her. Always as you see her now. Always working, — and after all, sir, for but a very few shillings a week, — always contented, always lively, always interested in others, of all sorts. I said, this moment, she was always as you see her now. So she is, with a difference that comes to much the same. For, when it's my Sunday off, and the morning bells have done ringing, I hear the prayers and thanks read in the touchingest way, and I have the hymns sung to me — so soft, sir, that you couldn't hear 'em out of this room — in notes

that seem to me, I am sure, to come from heaven, and go back to it."

It might have been merely through the association of these words with their sacredly quiet time, or it might have been through the larger association of the words with the Redeemer's presence beside the bedridden ; but here her dexterous fingers came to a stop on the lace-pillow, and clasped themselves around his neck as he bent down. There was great natural sensibility in both father and daughter, the visitor could easily see ; but each made it, for the other's sake, retiring, not demonstrative ; and perfect cheerfulness, intuitive or acquired, was either the first or second nature of both. In a very few moments, Lamps was taking another rounder with his comical features beaming, while Phœbe's laughing eyes (just a glistening speck or so upon their lashes) were again directed by turns to him, and to her work, and to Barbox Brothers.

"When my father, sir," she said, brightly, "tells you about my being interested in other people, even though they know nothing about me, — which, by the bye, I told you myself, — you ought to know how that comes about. That's my father's doing."

"No, it isn't!" he protested.

"Don't you believe him, sir ; yes, it is. He tells me of everything he sees down at his work. You would be surprised what a quantity he gets together for me, every day. He looks into the carriages, and tells me how the ladies are dressed — so that I know all the fashions ! He looks into the carriages, and tells me what pairs of lovers he sees, and what new-married couples on their wedding trip — so that I know all about that ! He collects chance newspapers and books — so that I have plenty to read. He tells me about the sick people who are travelling to try to get better — so that I

know all about them! In short, as I began by saying, he tells me everything he sees and makes out, down at his work, and you can't think what a quantity he does see and make out."

"As to collecting newspapers and books, my dear," said Lamps, "it's clear I can have no merit in that, because they're not my perquisites. You see, sir, it's this way: A guard, he'll say to me, 'Hallo, here you are, Lamps. I've saved this paper for your daughter. How is she a-going on?' A head-porter, he'll say to me, 'Here! Catch hold, Lamps. Here's a couple of wollumes for your daughter. Is she pretty much where she were?' And that's what makes it double welcome, you see. If she had a thousand pound in a box, they wouldn't trouble themselves about her; but being what she is — that is, you understand," Lamps added, somewhat hurriedly, "not having a thousand pound in a box, — they take thought for her. And as concerning the young pairs, married and unmarried, it's only natural I should bring home what little I can about *them*, seeing that there's not a couple of either sort in the neighborhood that don't come of their own accord to confide in Phœbe."

She raised her eyes triumphantly to Barbox Brothers, as she said: —

"Indeed, sir, that is true. If I could have got up and gone to church, I don't know how often I should have been a bridesmaid. But if I could have done that, some girls in love might have been jealous of me, and as it is, no girl is jealous of me And my pillow would not have been half as ready to put the piece of cake under, as I always find it," she added, turning her face on it with a light sigh, and a smile at her father.

The arrival of a little girl, the biggest of the scholars, now led to an understanding on the part of Barbox

Brothers, that she was the domestic of the cottage, and had come to take active measures in it, attended by a pail that might have extinguished her, and a broom three times her height. He therefore rose to take his leave, and took it; saying that if Phœbe had no objection, he would come again.

He had muttered that he would come "in the course of his walks." The course of his walks must have been highly favorable to his return, for he returned after an interval of a single day.

"You thought you would never see me any more, I suppose?" he said to Phœbe as he touched her hand, and sat down by her couch.

"Why should I think so?" was her surprised rejoinder.

"I took it for granted you would mistrust me."

"For granted, sir? Have you been so much mistrusted?"

"I think I am justified in answering yes. But I may have mistrusted, too, on my part. No matter just now. We were speaking of the Junction last time. I have passed hours there since the day before yesterday."

"Are you now the gentleman for Somewhere?" she asked, with a smile.

"Certainly for Somewhere; but I don't yet know Where. You would never guess what I am travelling from. Shall I tell you? I am travelling from my birthday."

Her hands stopped in her work, and she looked at him with incredulous astonishment.

"Yes," said Barbox Brothers, not quite easy in his chair, "from my birthday. I am, to myself, an unintelligible book with the earlier chapters all torn out, and thrown away. My childhood had no grace of childhood, my youth had no charm of youth, and what can be

expected from such a lost beginning?" His eyes meeting hers as they were addressed intently to him, something seemed to stir within his breast, whispering, "Was this bed a place for the graces of childhood and the charms of youth to take to, kindly? O shame, shame!"

"It is a disease with me," said Barbox Brothers, checking himself, and making as though he had a difficulty in swallowing something, "to go wrong about that. I don't know how I came to speak of that. I hope it is because of an old misplaced confidence in one of your sex, involving an old bitter treachery. I don't know. I am all wrong together."

Her hands quietly and slowly resumed their work. Glancing at her, he saw that her eyes were thoughtfully following them.

"I am travelling from my birthday," he resumed, "because it has always been a dreary day to me. My first free birthday coming round some five or six weeks hence, I am travelling to put its predecessors far behind me, and to try to crush the day — or, at all events, put it out of my sight — by heaping new objects on it."

As he paused, she looked at him; but only shook her head as being quite at a loss.

"This is unintelligible to your happy disposition," he pursued, abiding by his former phrase as if there were some lingering virtue of self-defense in it: "I knew it would be, and am glad it is. However, on this travel of mine (in which I mean to pass the rest of my days, having abandoned all thought of a fixed home), I stopped, as you heard from your father, at the Junction here. The extent of its ramifications quite confused me as to whither I should go, *from* here. I have not yet settled, being still perplexed among so many roads. What do you think I mean to do? How many of the branching roads can you see from your window?"

Looking out, full of interest, she answered, "Seven."

"Seven," said Barbox Brothers, watching her with a grave smile. "Well! I propose to myself, at once to reduce the gross number to those very seven, and gradually to fine them down to one — the most promising for me — and to take that."

"But how will you know, sir, which *is* the most promising?" she asked, with her brightened eyes roving over the view.

"Ah!" said Barbox Brothers, with another grave smile, and considerably improving in his ease of speech. "To be sure. In this way. Where your father can pick up so much every day for a good purpose, I may once and again pick up a little for an indifferent purpose. The gentleman for Nowhere must become still better known at the Junction. He shall continue to explore it, until he attaches something that he has seen, heard, or found out, at the head of each of the seven roads, to the road itself. And so his choice of a road shall be determined by his choice among his discoveries."

Her hands still busy, she again glanced at the prospect, as if it comprehended something that had not been in it before, and laughed as if it yielded her new pleasure.

"But I must not forget," said Barbox Brothers, "having got so far, to ask a favor. I want your help in this expedient of mine. I want to bring you what I pick up at the heads of the seven roads that you lie here looking out at, and to compare notes with you about it. May I? They say two heads are better than one. I should say myself that probably depends upon the heads concerned. But I am quite sure, though we are so newly acquainted, that your head and your father's have found out better things, Phœbe, than ever mine of itself discovered."

She gave him her sympathetic right hand, in perfect

rapture with his proposal, and eagerly and gratefully thanked him.

"That's well!" said Barbox Brothers. "Again I must not forget, having got so far, to ask a favor. Will you shut your eyes?"

Laughing playfully at the strange nature of the request, she did so.

"Keep them shut," said Barbox Brothers, going softly to the door, and coming back. "You are on your honor, mind, not to open your eyes until I tell you that you may?"

"Yes! On my honor."

"Good! May I take your lace-pillow from you for a minute?"

Still laughing and wondering, she removed her hands from it, and he put it aside.

"Tell me. Did you see the puffs of smoke and steam, made by the morning fast train yesterday, on road number seven from here?"

"Behind the elm-trees and the spire?"

"That's the road," said Barbox Brothers, directing his eyes towards it.

"Yes. I watched them melt away."

"Anything unusual in what they expressed?"

"No!" she answered, merrily.

"Not complimentary to me, for I was in that train. I went — don't open your eyes — to fetch you this, from the great ingenious town. It is not half so large as your lace-pillow, and lies easily and lightly in its place. These little keys are like the keys of a miniature piano, and you supply the air required with your left hand. May you pick out delightful music from it, my dear! For the present — you can open your eyes now — good-by!"

In his embarrassed way, he closed the door upon him-

self, and only saw, in doing so, that she ecstatically took the present to her bosom and caressed it. The glimpse gladdened his heart, and yet saddened it; for so might she, if her youth had flourished in its natural course, have taken to her breast that day the slumbering music of her own child's voice.

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With good will and earnest purpose, the gentleman for Nowhere began, on the very next day, his researches at the heads of the seven roads. The results of his researches, as he and Phœbe afterwards set them down in fair writing, hold their due place in this veracious chronicle, from its seventeenth page, onward. But they occupied a much longer time in the getting together than they ever will in the perusal. And this is probably the case with most reading matter, except when it is of that highly beneficial kind (for posterity) which is "thrown off in a few moments of leisure" by the superior poetic geniuses who scorn to take prose pains.

It must be admitted, however, that Barbox by nō means hurried himself. His heart being in his work of good nature, he reveled in it. There was the joy, too (it was a true joy to him), of sometimes sitting by, listening to Phœbe as she picked out more and more discourse from her musical instrument, and as her natural taste and ear refined daily upon her first discoveries. Besides being a pleasure, this was an occupation, and in the course of weeks it consumed hours. It resulted that his dreaded birthday was close upon him before he had troubled himself any more about it.

The matter was made more pressing by the unforeseen circumstance, that the councils held (at which Mr. Lamps, beaming most brilliantly, on a few rare occasions assisted), respecting the road to be selected, were,

after all, in no wise assisted by his investigations. For, he had connected this interest with this road, or that interest with the other, but could deduce no reason from it for giving any road the preference. Consequently, when the last council was holden, that part of the business stood, in the end, exactly where it had stood in the beginning.

"But, sir," remarked Phœbe, "we have only six roads after all. Is the seventh road dumb?"

"The seventh road? Oh," said Barbox Brothers, rubbing his chin. "That is the road I took, you know, when I went to get your little present. That is *its* story, Phœbe."

"Would you mind taking that road again, sir?" she asked with hesitation.

"Not in the least; it is a great high road after all."

"I should like you to take it," returned Phœbe, with a persuasive smile, "for the love of that little present which must ever be so dear to me. I should like you to take it, because that road can never be again like any other road to me. I should like you to take it, in remembrance of your having done me so much good: of your having made me so much happier! If you leave me by the road you travelled when you went to do me this great kindness," sounding a faint chord as she spoke, "I shall feel, lying here watching at my window, as if it must conduct you to a prosperous end, and bring you back some day."

"It shall be done, my dear: it shall be done."

So at last the gentleman for Nowhere took a ticket for Somewhere, and his destination was the great ingenious town.

He had loitered so long about the Junction that it was the eighteenth of December when he left it. "High time," he reflected, as he seated himself in the train,

" that I started in earnest! Only one clear day remains between me and the day I am running away from. I'll push onward for the hill-country to-morrow. I'll go to Wales."

It was with some pains that he placed before himself the undeniable advantages to be gained, in the way of novel occupation for his senses, from misty mountains, swollen streams, rain, cold, a wild sea-shore, and rugged roads. And yet he scarcely made them out as distinctly as he could have wished. Whether the poor girl, in spite of her new resource, her music, would have any feeling of loneliness upon her now — just at first — that she had not had before; whether she saw those very puffs of steam and smoke that he saw, as he sat in the train thinking of her; whether her face would have any pensive shadow on it as they died out of the distant view from her window; whether, in telling him he had done her so much good, she had not unconsciously corrected his old moody bemoaning of his station in life, by setting him thinking that a man might be a great healer, if he would, and yet not be a great doctor; these and other similar meditations got between him and his Welsh picture. There was within him, too, that dull sense of vacuity which follows separation from an object of interest, and cessation of a pleasant pursuit; and this sense, being quite new to him, made him restless. Further, in losing Mugby Junction he had found himself again; and he was not the more enamored of himself for having lately passed his time in better company.

But surely, here not far ahead, must be the great ingenious town. This crashing and clashing that the train was undergoing, and this coupling on to it of a multi-'ude of new echoes, could mean nothing less than approach to the great station. It did mean nothing less. After some stormy flashes of town lightning, in the way

of swift revelations of red-brick blocks of houses, high red-brick chimney-shafts, vistas of red-brick railway arches, tongues of fire, blots of smoke, valleys of canal, and hills of coal, there came the thundering in at the journey's end.

Having seen his portmanteaus safely housed in the hotel he chose, and having appointed his dinner-hour, Barbox Brothers went out for a walk in the busy streets. And now it began to be suspected by him that Mugby Junction was a Junction of many branches, invisible as well as visible, and had joined him to an endless number of by-ways. For, whereas he would, but a little while ago, have walked these streets blindly brooding, he now had eyes and thoughts for a new external world. How the many toiling people lived, and loved, and died; how wonderful it was to consider the various trainings of eye and hand, the nice distinctions of sight and touch, that separated them into classes of workers, and even into classes of workers at subdivisions of one complete whole, which combined their many intelligences and forces, though of itself but some cheap object of use or ornament in common life; how good it was to know that such assembling in a multitude on their part, and such contribution of their several dexterities towards a civilizing end, did not deteriorate them, as it was the fashion of the supercilious May-flies of humanity to pretend, but engendered among them a self-respect, and yet a modest desire to be much wiser than they were (the first evinced in their well-balanced bearing and manner of speech when he stopped to ask a question; the second, in the announcements of their popular studies and amusements on the public walls); these considerations, and a host of such, made his walk a memorable one. "I, too, am but a little part of a great whole," he began to think; "and to be serviceable to myself and others, or to be happy,

I must cast my interest into and draw it out of, the common stock."

Although he had arrived at his journey's end for the day by noon, he had since insensibly walked about the town, so far and so long, that the lamp-lighters were now at their work in the streets, and the shops were sparkling up brilliantly. Thus reminded to turn towards his quarters, he was in the act of doing so, when a very little hand crept into his, and a very little voice said, —

"Oh! If you please, I am lost!"

He looked down, and saw a very little fair-haired girl.

"Yes," said she, confirming her words with a serious nod. "I am, indeed. I am lost."

Greatly perplexed, he stopped, looked about him for help, descried none, and said, bending low, "Where do you live, my child?"

"I don't know where I live," she returned. "I am lost."

"What is your name?"

"Polly."

"What is your other name?"

The reply was prompt, but unintelligible.

Imitating the sound, as he caught it, he hazarded the guess, "Trivits?"

"Oh no!" said the child, shaking her head. "Nothing like that."

"Say it again, little one."

An unpromising business. For this time it had quite a different sound.

He made the venture: "Paddens?"

"Oh no!" said the child. "Nothing like that."

"Once more. Let us try it again, dear."

A most hopeless business. This time it swelled into

four syllables. "It can't be Tappitarver?" said Barbox Brothers, rubbing his head with his hat in discomfiture.

"No! It an't," the child quietly assented.

On her trying this unfortunate name once more, with extraordinary efforts at distinctness, it swelled into eight syllables at least.

"Ah! I think," said Barbox Brothers, with a desperate air of resignation, "that we had better give it up."

"But I am lost," said the child, nestling her little hand more closely in his, "and you'll take care of me, won't you?"

If ever a man were disconcerted by division between compassion on the one hand, and the very imbecility of irresolution on the other, here the man was. "Lost!" he repeated, looking down at the child. "I am sure *I* am. What is to be done!"

"Where do *you* live?" asked the child, looking up at him, wistfully.

"Over there," he answered, pointing vaguely in the direction of his hotel.

"Hadn't we better go there?" said the child.

"Really," he replied, "I don't know but what we had."

So they set off, hand in hand. He, through comparison of himself against his little companion, with a clumsy feeling on him as if he had just developed into a foolish giant. She, clearly elevated in her own tiny opinion by having got him so neatly out of his embarrassment.

"We are going to have dinner when we get there, I suppose?" said Polly.

"Well," he rejoined, "I — yes, I suppose we are."

"Do you like your dinner?" asked the child.

"Why, on the whole," said Barbox Brothers, "yes, I think I do."

"I do mine," said Polly. "Have you any brothers and sisters?"

"No. Have you?"

"Mine are dead."

"Oh!" said Barbox Brothers. With that absurd sense of unwieldiness of mind and body weighing him down, he would not have known how to pursue the conversation beyond this curt rejoinder, but that the child was always ready for him.

"What," she asked, turning her soft hand coaxingly in his, "are you going to do to amuse me, after dinner?"

"Upon my soul, Polly," exclaimed Barbox Brothers, very much at a loss, "I have not the slightest idea!"

"Then I tell you what," said Polly. "Have you got any cards at your house?"

"Plenty," said Barbox Brothers, in a boastful vein.

"Very well. Then I'll build houses, and you shall look at me. You mustn't blow, you know."

"Oh no!" said Barbox Brothers. "No, no, no. No blowing. Blowing's not fair."

He flattered himself that he had said this pretty well for an idiotic monster; but the child, instantly perceiving the awkwardness of his attempt to adapt himself to her level, utterly destroyed his hopeful opinion of himself by saying compassionately, "What a funny man you are!"

Feeling, after this melancholy failure, as if he every minute grew bigger and heavier in person, and weaker in mind, Barbox gave himself up for a bad job. No giant ever submitted more meekly to be led in triumph by all-conquering Jack, than he to be bound in slavery to Polly.

"Do you know any stories?" she asked him.

He was reduced to the humiliating confession, "No."

"What a dunce you must be, mustn't you?" said Polly.

He was reduced to the humiliating confession, "Yes."

"Would you like me to teach you a story? But you must remember it, you know, and be able to tell it right to somebody else afterwards!"

He professed that it would afford him the highest mental gratification to be taught a story, and that he would humbly endeavor to retain it in his mind. Whereupon Polly, giving her hand a new little turn in his, expressive of settling down for enjoyment, commenced a long romance, of which every relishing clause began with the words: "So this," or "And so this." As, "So this boy;" or, "So this fairy;" or, "And so this pie was four yards round, and two yards and a quarter deep." The interest of the romance was derived from the intervention of this fairy to punish this boy for having a greedy appetite. To achieve which purpose, this fairy made this pie, and this boy ate, and ate, and ate, and his cheeks swelled, and swelled, and swelled. There were many tributary circumstances, but the forcible interest culminated in the total consumption of this pie, and the bursting of this boy. Truly he was a fine sight, Barbox Brothers, with serious attentive face, and ear bent down, much jostled on the pavements of the busy town, but afraid of losing a single incident of the epic, lest he should be examined in it by and by, and found deficient.

Thus they arrived at the hotel. And there he had to say at the bar, and said awkwardly enough, "I have found a little girl!"

The whole establishment turned out to look at the little girl. Nobody knew her; nobody could make out her name, as she set it forth — except one chambermaid, who said it was Constantinople — which it wasn't.

"I will dine with my young friend in a private room,"

said Barbox Brothers to the hotel authorities, "and perhaps you will be so good as let the police know that the pretty baby is here. I suppose she is sure to be inquired for, soon, if she has not been already. Come along, Polly."

Perfectly at ease and peace, Polly came along, but, finding the stairs rather stiff work, was carried up by Barbox Brothers. The dinner was a most transcendent success, and the Barbox sheepishness, under Polly's directions how to mince her meat for her, and how to diffuse gravy over the plate with a liberal and equal hand, was another fine sight.

"And now," said Polly, "while we are at dinner, you be good, and tell me that story I taught you."

With the tremors of a civil service examination on him, and very uncertain indeed, not only as to the epoch at which the pie appeared in history, but also as to the measurements of that indispensable fact, Barbox Brothers made a shaky beginning, but under encouragement did very fairly. There was a want of breadth observable in his rendering of the cheeks, as well as the appetite, of the boy; and there was a certain tameness in his fairy, referable to an under-current of desire to account for her. Still, as the first lumbering performance of a good-humored monster, it passed muster.

"I told you to be good," said Polly, "and you are good, an't you?"

"I hope so," replied Barbox Brothers.

Such was his deference that Polly, elevated on a platform of sofa-cushions in a chair at his right hand, encouraged him with a pat or two on the face from the greasy bowl of her spoon, and even with a gracious kiss. In getting on her feet upon her chair, however, to give him this last reward, she toppled forward among the dishes, and caused him to exclaim, as he effected her

rescue: "Gracious Angels! Whew! I thought we were in the fire, Polly!"

"What a coward you are, an't you?" said Polly, when replaced.

"Yes, I am rather nervous," he replied. "Whew! Don't, Polly! Don't flourish your spoon, or you'll go over sideways. Don't tilt up your legs when you laugh, Polly, or you'll go over backwards. Whew! Polly, Polly, Polly," said Barbox Brothers, nearly succumbing to despair, "we are environed with dangers!"

Indeed, he could descry no security from the pitfalls that were yawning for Polly, but in proposing to her, after dinner, to sit upon a low stool. "I will, if you will," said Polly. So, as peace of mind should go before all, he begged the waiter to wheel aside the table, bring a pack of cards, a couple of footstools, and a screen, and close in Polly and himself before the fire, as it were in a snug room within the room. Then, finest sight of all, was Barbox Brothers on his footstool, with a pint decanter on the rug, contemplating Polly as she built successfully, and growing blue in the face with holding his breath, lest he should blow the house down.

"How you stare, don't you?" said Polly, in a houseless pause.

Detected in the ignoble fact, he felt obliged to admit, apologetically, "I am afraid I was looking rather hard at you, Polly."

"Why do you stare?" asked Polly.

"I cannot," he murmured to himself, "recall why. I don't know, Polly."

"You must be a simpleton to do things and not know why, mustn't you?" said Polly.

In spite of which reproof, he looked at the child again, intently, as she bent her head over her card-structure, her rich curls shading her face. "It is impossible," he

thought, "that I can ever have seen this pretty baby before. Can I have dreamed of her? In some sorrowful dream?"

He could make nothing of it. So he went into the building trade as a journeyman under Polly, and they built three stories high, four stories high: even five.

"I say. Who do you think is coming?" asked Polly, rubbing her eyes after tea.

He guessed: "The waiter."

"No," said Polly, "the dustman. I am getting sleepy."

A new embarrassment for Barbox Brothers!

"I don't think I am going to be fetched to-night," said Polly; "what do you think?"

He thought not, either. After another quarter of an hour, the dustman not merely impending but actually arriving, recourse was had to the Constantinopolitan chambermaid: who cheerily undertook that the child should sleep in a comfortable and wholesome room, which she herself would share.

"And I know you will be careful, won't you," said Barbox Brothers, as a new fear dawned upon him, "that she don't fall out of bed?"

Polly found this so highly entertaining that she was under the necessity of clutching him round the neck with both arms, as he sat on his footstool picking up the cards, and rocking him to and fro, with her dimpled chin on his shoulder.

"Oh what a coward you are, an't you?" said Polly. "Do *you* fall out of bed?"

"N-not generally, Polly."

"No more do I."

With that, Polly gave him a reassuring hug or two to keep him going, and then giving that confiding mite of a hand of hers to be swallowed up in the hand of the Con-

stantinopolitan chambermaid, trotted off, chattering, without a vestige of anxiety.

He looked after her, had the screen removed, and the table and chairs replaced, and still looked after her. He paced the room for half an hour. "A most engaging little creature, but it's not that. A most winning little voice, but it's not that. That has much to do with it, but there is something more. How can it be that I seem to know this child? What was it she imperfectly recalled to me when I felt her touch in the street, and, looking down at her, saw her looking up at me?"

"Mr. Jackson!"

With a start he turned towards the sound of the subdued voice, and saw his answer standing at the door.

"O Mr. Jackson, do not be severe with me. Speak a word of encouragement to me, I beseech you."

"You are Polly's mother?"

"Yes."

Yes. Polly herself might come to this, one day. As you see what the rose was, in its faded leaves; as you see what the summer growth of the woods was, in their wintry branches; so Polly might be traced, one day, in a care-worn woman like this, with her hair turned gray. Before him, were the ashes of a dead fire that had once burned bright. This was the woman he had loved. This was the woman he had lost. Such had been the constancy of his imagination to her, so had Time spared her under its withholding, that now, seeing how roughly the inexorable hand had struck her, his soul was filled with pity and amazement.

He led her to a chair, and stood leaning on a corner of the chimney-piece, with his head resting on his hand, and his face half averted.

"Did you see me in the street, and show me to your child?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Is the little creature, then, a party to deceit?"

"I hope there is no deceit. I said to her, 'We have ost our way, and I must try to find mine by myself. Go to that gentleman and tell him you are lost. You shall be fetched by and by.' Perhaps you have not thought how very young she is?"

"She is very self-reliant."

"Perhaps because she is so young."

He asked, after a short pause, "Why did you do this?"

"O Mr. Jackson, do you ask me? In the hope that you might see something in my innocent child to soften your heart towards me. Not only towards me, but towards my husband."

He suddenly turned about, and walked to the opposite end of the room. He came back with a slower step, and resumed his former attitude, saying:—

"I thought you had emigrated to America?"

"We did. But life went ill with us there, and we came back."

"Do you live in this town?"

"Yes. I am a daily teacher of music here. My husband is a book-keeper."

"Are you — forgive my asking — poor?"

"We earn enough for our wants. That is not our distress. My husband is very, very ill of a lingering disorder. He will never recover" —

"You check yourself. If it is for the want of the encouraging word you spoke of, take it from me. I cannot forget the old time, Beatrice."

"God bless you!" she replied, with a burst of tears, and gave him her trembling hand.

"Compose yourself. I cannot be composed if you are not, for to see you weep distresses me beyond expression. Speak freely to me. Trust me."

She shaded her face with her veil, and after a little while spoke calmly. Her voice had the ring of Polly's.

"It is not that my husband's mind is at all impaired by his bodily suffering, for I assure you that is not the case. But in his weakness, and in his knowledge that he is incurably ill, he cannot overcome the ascendency of one idea. It preys upon him, embitters every moment of his painful life, and will shorten it."

She stopping, he said again, "Speak freely to me. Trust me."

"We have had five children before this darling, and they all lie in their little graves. He believes that they have withered away under a curse, and that it will blight this child like the rest."

"Under what curse?"

"Both I and he have it on our conscience that we tried you very heavily, and I do not know but that, if I were as ill as he, I might suffer in my mind as he does. This is the constant burden: 'I believe, Beatrice, I was the only friend that Mr. Jackson ever cared to make, though I was so much his junior. The more influence he acquired in the business, the higher he advanced me, and I was alone in his private confidence. I came between him and you, and I took you from him. We were both secret, and the blow fell when he was wholly unprepared. The anguish it caused a man so compressed, must have been terrible; the wrath it awakened, inappeasable. So, a curse came to be invoked on our poor, pretty little flowers, and they fall.'"

"And you, Beatrice," he asked, when she had ceased to speak, and there had been a silence afterwards: "how say you?"

"Until within these few weeks I was afraid of you, and I believed that you would never, never forgive."

"Until within these few weeks," he repeated. "Have

you changed your opinion of me within these few weeks?"

"Yes."

"For what reason?"

"I was getting some pieces of music in a shop in this town, when, to my terror, you came in. As I veiled my face and stood in the dark end of the shop, I heard you explain that you wanted a musical instrument for a bed-ridden girl. Your voice and manner were so softened, you showed such interest in its selection, you took it away yourself with so much tenderness of care and pleasure, that I knew you were a man with a most gentle heart. O Mr. Jackson, Mr. Jackson, if you could have felt the refreshing rain of tears that followed for me!"

Was Phœbe playing at that moment, on her distant couch? He seemed to hear her.

"I inquired in the shop where you lived, but could get no information. As I had heard you say that you were going back by the next train (but you did not say where), I resolved to visit the station at about that time of day, as often as I could, between my lessons, on the chance of seeing you again. I have been there very often, but saw you no more until to-day. You were meditating as you walked the street, but the calm expression of your face emboldened me to send my child to you. And when I saw you bend your head to speak tenderly to her, I prayed to God to forgive me for having ever brought a sorrow on it. I now pray to you to forgive me, and to forgive my husband. I was very young, he was young too, and in the ignorant hardihood of such a time of life we don't know what we do to those who have undergone more discipline. You generous man! You good man! So to raise me up and make nothing of my crime against you!" — for he would not see her on her knees, and soothed her as a kind father might have soothed an erring daughter — "thank you, bless you, thank you!"

When he next spoke, it was after having drawn aside the window-curtain and looked out awhile. Then, he only said, —

"Is Polly asleep?"

"Yes. As I came in, I met her going away up-stairs, and put her to bed myself."

"Leave her with me for to-morrow, Beatrice, and write me your address on this leaf of my pocket-book. In the evening I will bring her home to you — and to her father."

. . . . . .

"Hallo!" cried Polly, putting her saucy, sunny face in at the door next morning when breakfast was ready. "I thought I was fetched last night!"

"So you were, Polly, but I asked leave to keep you here for the day, and to take you home in the evening."

"Upon my word!" said Polly. "You are very cool, an't you?"

However, Polly seemed to think it a good idea, and added, "I suppose I must give you a kiss though you *are* cool." The kiss given and taken, they sat down to breakfast in a highly conversational tone.

"Of course, you are going to amuse me?" said Polly.

"Oh, of course," said Barbox Brothers.

In the pleasurable height of her anticipations, Polly found it indispensable to put down her piece of toast, cross one of her little fat knees over the other, and bring her little fat right hand down into her left hand with a business-like slap. After this gathering of herself together, Polly, by that time, a mere heap of dimples, asked, in a wheedling manner, "What are we going to do, you dear old thing?"

"Why, I was thinking," said Barbox Brothers; "but are you fond of horses, Polly?"

"Ponies, I am," said Polly, "especially when their

tails are long. But horses — n — no — too big, you know."

"Well," pursued Barbox Brothers, in a spirit of grave, mysterious confidence adapted to the importance of the consultation, "I did see yesterday, Polly, on the walls, pictures of two long-tailed ponies, speckled all over" —

"No, no, NO!" cried Polly, in an ecstatic desire to linger on the charming details. "Not speckled all over!"

"Speckled all over. Which ponies jump through hoops" —

"No, no, NO!" cried Polly, as before. "They never jump through hoops!"

"Yes, they do. Oh I assure you they do. And eat pie in pinafores" —

"Ponies eating pie in pinafores!" said Polly. "What a story-teller you are, an't you?"

"Upon my honor. And fire off guns."

(Polly hardly seemed to see the force of the ponies resorting to fire-arms.)

"And I was thinking," pursued the exemplary Barbox, "that if you and I were to go to the Circus where these ponies are, it would do our constitutions good."

"Does that mean, amuse us?" inquired Polly. "What long words you do use, don't you?"

Apologetic for having wandered out of his depth, he replied, "That means amuse us. That is exactly what it means. There are many other wonders besides the ponies, and we shall see them all. Ladies and gentlemen in spangled dresses, and elephants, and lions, and tigers."

Polly became observant of the teapot, with a curled-up nose indicating some uneasiness of mind. "They never get out, of course," she remarked, as a mere truism.

"The elephants, and lions, and tigers? Oh dear, no!"

"Oh dear, no!" said Polly. "And of course nobody's afraid of the ponies shooting anybody."

"Not the least in the world."

"No, no, not the least in the world," said Polly.

"I was also thinking," proceeded Barbox, "that if we were to look in at the toy-shop, to choose a doll"—

"Not dressed!" cried Polly, with a clap of her hands. "No, no, NO, not dressed!"

"Full dressed. Together with a house, and all things necessary for housekeeping"—

Polly gave a little scream, and seemed in danger of falling into a swoon of bliss. "What a darling you are!" she languidly exclaimed, leaning back in her chair. "Come and be hugged, or I must come and hug you."

This resplendent programme was carried into execution with the utmost rigor of the law. It being essential to make the purchase of the doll its first feature, — or that lady would have lost the ponies, — the toy-shop expedition took precedence. Polly in the magic warehouse, with a doll as large as herself under each arm, and a neat assortment of some twenty more on view upon the counter, did indeed present a spectacle of indecision not quite compatible with unalloyed happiness: but the light cloud passed. The lovely specimen oftenest chosen, oftenest rejected, and finally abided by, was of Circassian descent, possessing as much boldness of beauty as was reconcilable with extreme feebleness of mouth, and combining a sky-blue silk pelisse, with rose-colored satin trousers, and a black velvet hat: which this fair stranger to our northern shores would seem to have founded on the portraits of the late Duchess of Kent. The name this distinguished foreigner brought with her from beneath the glowing skies of a sunny clime was (on Polly's authority) Miss Melluka, and the costly nature

of her outfit as a housekeeper, from the Barbox coffers, may be inferred from the two facts that her silver teaspoons were as large as her kitchen poker, and that the proportions of her watch exceeded those of her frying-pan. Miss Melluka was graciously pleased to express her entire approbation of the Circus, and so was Polly; for the ponies *were* speckled, and brought down nobody when they fired, and the savagery of the wild beasts appeared to be mere smoke — which article, in fact, they did produce in large quantities from their insides. The Barbox absorption in the general subject throughout the realization of these delights was again a sight to see; nor was it less worthy to behold at dinner, when he drank to Miss Melluka, tied stiff in a chair opposite to Polly (the fair Circassian possessing an unbendable spine), and even induced the waiter to assist in carrying out with due decorum the prevailing glorious idea. To wind up, there came the agreeable fever of getting Miss Melluka, and all her wardrobe, and rich possessions, into a fly with Polly, to be taken home. But by that time Polly had become unable to look upon such accumulated joys with waking eyes, and had withdrawn her consciousness into the wonderful Paradise of a child's sleep. "Sleep, Polly, sleep," said Barbox Brothers, as her head dropped on his shoulder; "you shall not fall out of this bed, easily, at any rate!"

What rustling piece of paper he took from his pocket, and carefully folded into the bosom of Polly's frock, shall not be mentioned. He said nothing about it, and nothing shall be said about it. They drove to a modest suburb of the great ingenious town, and stopped at the fore-court of a small house. "Do not wake the child," said Barbox Brothers, softly, to the driver; "I will carry her in as she is."

Greeting the light at the opened door, which was

held by Polly's mother, Polly's bearer passed on with mother and child into a ground-floor room. There, stretched on a sofa, lay a sick man, sorely wasted, who covered his eyes with his emaciated hands.

"Tresham," said Barbox, in a kindly voice, "I have brought you back your Polly, fast asleep. Give me your hand, and tell me you are better."

The sick man reached forth his right hand, and bowed his head over the hand into which it was taken, and kissed it. "Thank you, thank you! I may say that I am well and happy."

"That's brave," said Barbox. "Tresham, I have a fancy — can you make room for me beside you here?"

He sat down on the sofa as he said the words, cherishing the plump, peachy cheek that lay uppermost on his shoulder.

"I have a fancy, Tresham (I am getting quite an old fellow now, you know, and old fellows may take fancies into their heads sometimes), to give up Polly, having found her, to no one but you. Will you take her from me?"

As the father held out his arms for the child, each of the two men looked steadily at the other.

"She is very dear to you, Tresham?"

"Unutterably dear."

"God bless her! It is not much, Polly," he continued, turning his eyes upon her peaceful face as he apostrophized her, — "it is not much, Polly, for a blind and sinful man to invoke a blessing on something so far better than himself as a little child is; but it would be much — much upon his cruel head, and much upon his guilty soul — if he could be so wicked as to invoke a curse. He had better have a millstone round his neck, and be cast into the deepest sea. Live and thrive, my pretty baby!" Here he kissed her. "Live and prosper, and

become in time the mother of other little children, like the Angels who behold the Father's face!"

He kissed her again, gave her up gently to both her parents, and went out.

But he went not to Wales. No, he never went to Wales. He went straightway for another stroll about the town, and he looked in upon the people at their work, and at their play, here, there, everywhere, and where not. For he was Barbox Brothers and Co. now, and had taken thousands of partners into the solitary firm.

He had at length got back to his hotel room, and was standing before his fire refreshing himself with a glass of hot drink, which he had stood upon the chimney-piece, when he heard the town clocks striking, and, referring to his watch, found the evening to have so slipped away, that they were striking twelve. As he put up his watch again, his eyes met those of his reflection in the chimney-glass.

"Why it's your birthday already," he said, smiling. "You are looking very well. I wish you many happy returns of the day."

He had never before bestowed that wish upon himself. "By Jupiter!" he discovered, "it alters the whole case of running away from one's birthday! It's a thing to explain to Phœbe. Besides, here is quite a long story to tell her, that has sprung out of the road with no story. I'll go back, instead of going on. I'll go back by my friend Lamps's Up X presently."

He went back to Mugby Junction, and in point of fact he established himself at Mugby Junction. It was the convenient place to live in, for brightening Phœbe's life. It was the convenient place to live in, for having her taught music by Beatrice. It was the convenient place to live in, for occasionally borrowing Polly. It

was the convenient place to live in, for being joined at will to all sorts of agreeable places and persons. So, he became settled there, and, his house standing in an elevated situation, it is noteworthy of him in conclusion, as Polly herself might (not irreverently) have put it: —

"There was an Old Barbox who lived on a hill,
And if he an't gone he lives there still."

THE BOY AT MUGBY.

I AM the Boy at Mugby. That's about what *I* am.

You don't know what I mean? What a pity! But I think you do. I think you must. Look here. I am the Boy at what is called The Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction, and what's proudest boast is, that it never yet refreshed a mortal being.

Up in a corner of the Down Refreshment Room at Mugby Junction, in the height of twenty-seven cross draughts (I've often counted 'em while they brush the First Class hair twenty-seven ways), behind the bottles, among the glasses, bounded on the nor'west by the beer, stood pretty far to the right of a metallic object that's at times the tea-urn and at times the soup-tureen, according to the nature of the last twang imparted to its contents, which are the same groundwork, fended off from the traveller by a barrier of stale sponge-cakes erected atop of the counter, and lastly exposed sideways to the glare of Our Missis's eye, — you ask a Boy so sitiwated, next time you stop in a hurry at Mugby, for anything to drink; you take particular notice that he'll try to seem not to hear you, that he'll appear in a absent manner to survey the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body, and that he won't serve you as long as you can possibly bear it. That's Me.

What a lark it is! We are the Model Establishment, we are, at Mugby. Other refreshment rooms send their

imperfect young ladies up to be finished off by Our Missis. For some of the young ladies, when they're new to the business, come into it mild! Ah! Our Missis, she soon takes that out of 'em. Why, I originally come into the business meek myself. But Our Missis, she soon took that out of *me*.

What a delightful lark it is! I look upon us Refreshmenters as ockipying the only proudly independent footing on the Line. There's Papers, for instance, — my honorable friend if he will allow me to call him so, — him as belongs to Smith's bookstall. Why, he no more dares to be up to our Refreshmenting games than he dares to jump atop of a locomotive with her steam at full pressure, and cut away upon her alone, driving himself, at limited-mail speed. Papers, he'd get his head punched at every compartment, first, second, and third, the whole length of a train, if he was to ventur to imitate my demeanor. It's the same with the porters, the same with the guards, the same with the ticket-clerks, the same the whole way up to the secretary, traffic manager, or very chairman. There an't a one among 'em on the nobly independent footing we are. Did you ever catch one of *them*, when you wanted anything of him, making a system of surveying the Line through a transparent medium composed of your head and body? I should hope not.

You should see our Bandolining Room at Mugby Junction. It's led to, by the door behind the counter, which you'll notice usually stands ajar, and it's the room where Our Missis and our young ladies Bandolines their hair. You should see 'em at it, betwixt trains, Bandolining away, as if they was anointing themselves for the combat. When you're telegraphed, you should see their noses all a-going up with scorn, as if it was a part of the working of the same Cooke and

Wheatstone electrical machinery. You should hear Our Missis give the word, "Here comes the Beast to be Fed!" and then you should see 'em indignantly skipping across the Line, from the Up to the Down, or Wicer Warsaw, and begin to pitch the stale pastry into the plates, and chuck the sawdust sangwiches under the glass covers, and get out the — ha, ha, ha! — the Sherry — O my eye, my eye! — for your Refreshment.

It's only in the Isle of the Brave and Land of the Free (by which, of course, I mean to say Britannia) that Refreshmenting is so effective, so 'olesome, so constitutional a check upon the public. There was a foreigner, which having politely, with his hat off, beseeched our young ladies and Our Missis for "a leetel gloss hoff prarndee," and having had the Line surveyed through him by all and no other acknowledgment, was a-proceeding at last to help himself, as seems to be the custom in his own country, when Our Missis, with her hair almost a-coming un-Bandolined with rage, and her eyes omitting sparks, flew at him, cotched the decanter out of his hand, and said, "Put it down! I won't allow that!" The foreigner turned pale, stepped back with his arms stretched out in front of him, his hands clasped, and his shoulders riz, and exclaimed: "Ah! Is it possible, this! That these disdaineous females and this ferocious old woman are placed here by the administration, not only to empoison the voyagers, but to affront them! Great Heaven! How arrives it? The English people. Or is he then a slave? Or idiot?" Another time, a merry, wide-awake American gent had tried the sawdust and spit it out; and had tried the Sherry, and spit that out; and had tried in vain to sustain exhausted natur upon Butter-Scotch, and had been rather extra Bandolined and Line-surveyed through, when, as the bell was ringing and he paid Our Missis,

he says, very loud and good tempered: "I tell Yew what 'tis, ma'arm, I la'af. Theer! I la'af I Dew. I oughter ha' seen most things, for I hail from the Onlimited side of the Atlantic Ocean, and I haive travelled right slick over the Limited, head on through Jee-rusalemm and the East, and likeways France and Italy, Europe Old World, and am now upon the track to the Chief European Village; but such an Institution as Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, afore the glorious Tarnal I never did see yet! And if I hain't found the eighth wonder of monarchical Creation, in finding Yew, and Yewer young ladies, and Yewer fixin's solid and liquid, all as aforesaid, established in a country where the people air not absolute Loo-naticks, I am Extra Double Darned with a Nip and Frizzle to the innermostest grit! Wheerfur — Theer! — I la'af! I Dew, ma'arm. I la'af!" And so he went stamping and shaking his sides, along the platform all the way to his own compartment.

I think it was her standing up agin the Foreigner as giv' Our Missis the idea of going over to France, and droring a comparison betwixt Refreshmenting as followed among the frog-eaters, and Refreshmenting as triumphant in the Isle of the Brave and Land of the Free (by which, of course, I mean to say ag'in, Britannia). Our young ladies, Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and Mrs. Sniff, was unanimous opposed to her going: for as they says to Our Missis one and all, it is well beknown to the hends of the herth as no other nation except Britain has a idea of anythink, but above all of business. Why then should you tire yourself to prove what is already proved? Our Missis, however (being a teazer at all pints), stood out grim obstinate, and got a return pass by Southeastern Tidal, to go right through if such should be her dispositions, to Marseilles.

Sniff is husband to Mrs. Sniff, and is a regular insignificant cove. He looks arter the sawdust department in a back room, and is sometimes, when we are very hard put to it, let in behind the counter with a corkscrew; but never when it can be helped, his demeanor towards the public being disgusting servile. How Mrs. Sniff ever come so far to lower herself as to marry him, I don't know; but I suppose *he* does, and I should think he wished he didn't, for he leads a awful life. Mrs. Sniff couldn't be much harder with him if he was public. Similarly, Miss Whiff and Miss Piff, taking the tone of Mrs. Sniff, they shoulder Sniff about when he *is* let in with a corkscrew, and they whisk things out of his hands when in his servility he is a-going to let the public have 'em, and they snap him up when in the crawling baseness of his spirit he is going to answer a public question, and they drore more tears into his eyes than ever the mustard does which he all day long lays on to the sawdust. (But it ain't strong.) Once, when Sniff had the repulsiveness to reach across to get the milkpot to hand over for a baby, I see Our Missis in her rage catch him by both his shoulders, and spin him out into the Bandolining Room.

But Mrs. Sniff. How different! She's the one! She's the one as you'll notice to be always looking another way from you, when you look at her. She's the one with the small waist buckled in tight in front, and with the lace cuffs at her wrists, which she puts on the edge of the counter before her, and stands a-smoothing while the public foams. This smoothing the cuffs and looking another way while the public foams, is the last accomplishment taught to the young ladies as come to Mugby to be finished by Our Missis; and it's always taught by Mrs. Sniff.

When Our Missis went away upon her journey, Mrs.

Sniff was left in charge. She did hold the public in check most beautiful! In all my time, I never see half so many cups of tea given without milk to people as wanted it with, nor half so many cups of tea with milk given to people as wanted it without. When foaming ensued, Mrs. Sniff would say: "Then you'd better settle it among yourselves, and change with one another." It was a most highly delicious lark. I enjoyed the Refreshmenting business more than ever, and was so glad I had took to it when young.

Our Missis returned. It got circulated among the young ladies, and it as it might be penetrated to me through the crevices of the Bandolining Room, that she had Orrors to reveal, if revelations so contemptible could be dignified with the name. Agitation become awakened. Excitement was up in the stirrups. Expectation stood a-tiptoe. At length it was put forth that on our slackest evening in the week, and at our slackest time of that evening betwixt trains, Our Missis would give her views of foreign Refreshmenting, in the Bandolining Room.

It was arranged tasteful for the purpose. The Bandolining table and glass was hid in a corner, a arm-chair was elevated on a packing-case for Our Missis's ockypation, a table and a tumbler of water (no sherry in it, thankee) was placed beside it. Two of the pupils, the season being autumn, and hollyhocks and daliahs being in, ornamented the wall with three devices in those flowers. On one might be read, "MAY ALBION NEVER LEARN;" on another, "KEEP THE PUBLIC DOWN;" on another, "OUR REFRESHMENTING CHARTER." The whole had a beautiful appearance, with which the beauty of the sentiments corresponded.

On Our Missis's brow was wrote Severity, as she ascended the fatal platform. (Not that that was any

think new.) Miss Whiff and Miss Piff sat at her feet. Three chairs from the Waiting Room might have been perceived by a average eye, in front of her, on which the pupils was accommodated. Behind them, a very close observer might have discerned a Boy. Myself.

"Where," said Our Missis, glancing gloomily around, "is Sniff?"

"I thought it better," answered Mrs. Sniff, "that he should not be let to come in. He is such an Ass."

"No doubt," assented Our Missis, "but for that reason is it not desirable to improve his mind?"

"Oh! nothing will ever improve *him*," said Mrs. Sniff.

"However," pursued Our Missis, "call him in, Ezekiel."

I called him in. The appearance of the low-minded cove was hailed with disapprobation from all sides, on account of his having brought his corkscrew with him. He pleaded "the force of habit."

"The force!" said Mrs. Sniff. "Don't let us have you talking about force, for Gracious sake. There! Do stand still where you are, with your back against the wall."

He is a smiling piece of vacancy, and he smiled in the mean way in which he will even smile at the public if he gets a chance (language can say no meaner of him), and he stood upright near the door with the back of his head agin the wall, as if he was a-waiting for somebody to come and measure his height for the Army.

"I should not enter, ladies," says Our Missis, "on the revolting disclosures I am about to make, if it was not in the hope that they will cause you to be yet more implacable in the exercise of the power you wield in a constitutional country, and yet more devoted to the constitutional motto which I set before me," — it was

behind her, but the words sounded better so, — "'May Albion never learn!'"

Here the pupils as had made the motto admired it, and cried, "Hear! Hear! Hear!" Sniff, showing an inclination to join in chorus, got himself frowned down by every brow.

"The baseness of the French," pursued Our Missis, "as displayed in the fawning nature of their Refreshmenting, equals, if not surpasses, anythink as was ever heard of the baseness of the celebrated Bonaparte."

Miss Whiff, Miss Piff, and me, we drored a heavy breath, equal to saying, "We thought as much!" Miss Whiff and Miss Piff seeming to object to my droring mine along with theirs, I drored another to aggravate 'em.

"Shall I be believed," says Our Missis, with flashing eyes, "when I tell you that no sooner had I set my foot upon that treacherous shore" —

Here Sniff, either busting out mad, or thinking aloud, says, in a low voice: "Feet. Plural, you know."

The cowering that come upon him when he was spurned by all eyes, added to his being beneath contempt, was sufficient punishment for a cove so groveling. In the midst of a silence rendered more impressive by the turned-up female noses with which it was pervaded, Our Missis went on: —

"Shall I be believed when I tell you, that no sooner had I landed" — this word with a killing look at Sniff — "on that treacherous shore, than I was ushered into a Refreshment Room where there were — I do not exaggerate — actually eatable things to eat?"

A groan burst from the ladies. I not only did myself the honor of jining, but also of lengthening it out.

"Where there were," Our Missis added, "not only

eatable things to eat, but also drinkable things to drink?"

A murmur, swelling almost into a scream, ariz. Miss Piff, trembling with indignation, called out, "Name!"

"I *will* name," said our Missis. "There was roast fowls, hot and cold; there was smoking roast veal surrounded with browned potatoes; there was hot soup with (again I ask shall I be credited?) nothing bitter in it, and no flour to choke off the consumer; there was a variety of cold dishes set off with jelly; there was salad; there was — mark me! — *fresh* pastry, and that of a light construction; there was a luscious show of fruit. There was bottles and decanters of sound small wine, of every size, and adapted to every pocket; the same odious statement will apply to brandy; and these were set out upon the counter so that all could help themselves."

Our Missis's lips so quivered, that Mrs. Sniff, though scarcely less convulsed than she were, got up and held the tumbler to them.

"This," proceeds Our Missis, "was my first unconstitutional experience. Well would it have been if it had been my last and worst. But no. As I proceeded further into that enslaved and ignorant land, its aspect became more hideous. I need not explain to this assembly the ingredients and formation of the British Refreshment sangwich?"

Universal laughter — except from Sniff, who, as sangwich-cutter, shook his head in a state of the utmost dejection as he stood with it agin the wall.

"Well!" said Our Missis, with dilated nostrils. "Take a fresh crisp long crusty penny loaf made of the whitest and best flour. Cut it longwise through the middle. Insert a fair and nicely fitting slice of ham. Tie a smart piece of ribbon round the middle of the

whole to bind it together. Add at one end a neat wrapper of clean white paper by which to hold it. And the universal French Refreshment sangwich busts on your disgusted vision."

A cry of "Shame!" from all — except Sniff, which rubbed his stomach with a soothing hand.

"I need not," said Our Missis, "explain to this assembly the usual formation and fitting of the British Refreshment Room?"

"No, no," and laughter. Sniff ag'in shaking his head in low spirits agin the wall.

"Well," said Our Missis, "what would you say to a general decoration of everythink, to hangings (sometimes elegant), to easy velvet furniture, to abundance of little tables, to abundance of little seats, to brisk bright waiters, to great convenience, to a pervading cleanliness and tastefulness positively addressing the public, and making the Beast thinking itself worth the pains?"

Contemptuous fury on the part of all the ladies, Mrs. Sniff looking as if she wanted somebody to hold her, and everybody else looking as if they'd raythe not.

"Three times," said Our Missis, working herself into a truly terrimenjious state, — "three times did I see these shameful things, only between the coast and Paris, and not counting either: at Hazebroucke, at Arras, at Amiens. But worse remains. Tell me, what would you call a person who should propose in England that there should be kept, say at our own model Mugby Junction, pretty baskets, each holding an assorted cold lunch and dessert for one, each at a certain fixed price, and each within a passenger's power to take away, to empty in the carriage at perfect leisure, and to return at another station fifty or a hundred miles further on?"

There was disagreement what such a person should

be called. Whether revolutionist, atheist, Bright (*I* said him), or Un-English. Miss Piff screeched her shrill opinion last, in the words, "A malignant maniac!"

"I adopt," says Our Missis, "the brand set upon such a person by the righteous indignation of my friend Miss Piff. A malignant maniac. Know, then, that that malignant maniac has sprung from the congenial soil of France, and that his malignant madness was in unchecked action on this same part of my journey."

I noticed that Sniff was a-rubbing his hands, and that Mrs. Sniff had got her eye upon him. But I did not take more particular notice, owing to the excited state in which the young ladies was, and to feeling myself called upon to keep it up with a howl.

"On my experience south of Paris," said Our Missis, in a deep tone, "I will not expatiate. Too loathsome were the task! But fancy this. Fancy a guard coming round, with the train at full speed, to inquire how many for dinner. Fancy his telegraphing forward the number of diners. Fancy every one expected, and the table elegantly laid for the complete party. Fancy a charming dinner, in a charming room, and the head-cook, concerned for the honor of every dish, superintending in his clean white jacket and cap. Fancy the Beast travelling six hundred miles on end, very fast, and with great punctuality, yet being taught to expect all this to be done for it!"

A spirited chorus of "The Beast!"

I noticed that Sniff was ag'in a-rubbing his stomach with a soothing hand, and that he had drored up one leg. But ag'in I didn't take particular notice, looking on myself as called upon to stimilate public feeling. It being a lark besides.

"Putting everything together," said Our Missis, "French Refreshmenting comes to this, and Oh, it comes

to a nice total! First: eatable things to eat, and drinkable things to drink."

A groan from the young ladies, kep' up by me.

"Second: convenience, and even elegance."

Another groan from the young ladies, kep' up by me.

"Third: moderate charges."

This time a groan from me, kep' up by the young ladies.

"Fourth — and here," says Our Missis, "I claim your angriest sympathy, — attention, common civility, nay, even politeness."

Me and the young ladies regularly raging mad all together.

"And I cannot in conclusion," says Our Missis, with her spitefullest sneer, "give you a completer pictur of that despicable nation (after what I have related), than assuring you that they wouldn't bear our constitutional ways and noble independence at Mugby Junction for a single month, and that they would turn us to the right-about and put another system in our places, as soon as look at us; perhaps sooner, for I do not believe they have the good taste to care to look at us twice."

The swelling tumult was arrested in its rise. Sniff, bore away by his servile disposition, had drored up his leg with a higher and a higher relish, and was now discovered to be waving his corkscrew over his head. It was at this moment that Mrs. Sniff, who had kept her eye upon him like the fabled obelisk, descended on her victim. Our Missis followed them both out, and cries was heard in the sawdust department.

You come into the Down Refreshment Room at the Junction making believe you don't know me, and I'll pint you out with my right thumb over my shoulder which is our Missis, and which is Miss Whiff, and which

is Miss Piff, and which is Mrs. Sniff. But you won't get a chance to see Sniff, because he disappeared that night. Whether he perished, tore to pieces, I cannot say; but his corkscrew alone remains to bear witness to the servility of his disposition.

THE SIGNAL-MAN.

"Halloa! Below there!"

When he heard a voice thus calling to him, he was standing at the door of his box, with a flag in his hand, furled round its short pole. One would have thought, considering the nature of the ground, that he could not have doubted from what quarter the voice came; but, instead of looked up to where I stood on the top of the steep cutting nearly over his head, he turned himself about and looked down the Line. There was something remarkable in his manner of doing so, though I could not have said, for my life, what. But, I know it was remarkable enough to attract my notice, even though his figure was foreshortened and shadowed, down in the deep trench, and mine was high above him, so steeped in the glow of an angry sunset that I had shaded my eyes with my hand before I saw him at all.

"Halloa! Below!"

From looking down the Line, he turned himself about again, and, raising his eyes, saw my figure high above him.

"Is there any path by which I can come down and speak to you?"

He looked up at me without replying, and I looked down at him without pressing him too soon with a repetition of my idle question. Just then, there came a vague vibration in the earth and air, quickly changing into a violent pulsation, and an oncoming rush that

caused me to start back, as though it had force to draw me down. When such vapor as rose to my height from this rapid train had passed me, and was skimming away over the landscape, I looked down again, and saw him refurling the flag he had shown while the train went by.

I repeated my inquiry. After a pause, during which he seemed to regard me with fixed attention, he motioned with his rolled-up flag towards a point on my level, some two or three hundred yards distant. I called down to him, "All right!" and made for that point. There, by dint of looking closely about me, I found a rough, zigzag, descending path notched out: which I followed.

The cutting was extremely deep, and unusually precipitate. It was made through a clammy stone that became oozier and wetter as I went down. For these reasons, I found the way long enough to give me time to recall a singular air of reluctance or compulsion with which he had pointed out the path.

When I came down low enough upon the zigzag descent, to see him again, I saw that he was standing between the rails on the way by which the train had lately passed, in an attitude as if he were waiting for me to appear. He had his left hand at his chin, and that left elbow rested on his right hand crossed over his breast. His attitude was one of such expectation and watchfulness, that I stopped a moment, wondering at it.

I resumed my downward way, and, stepping out upon the level of the railroad and drawing nearer to him, saw that he was a dark, sallow man, with a dark beard and rather heavy eyebrows. His post was in as solitary and dismal a place as ever I saw. On either side, a dripping-wet wall of jagged stone, excluding all view but a strip of sky; the perspective one way, only a crooked prolongation of this great dungeon; the shorter

perspective in the other direction, terminating in a gloomy red light, and the gloomier entrance to a black tunnel, in whose massive architecture there was a barbarous, depressing, and forbidding air. So little sunlight ever found its way to this spot, that it had an earthy, deadly smell; and so much cold wind rushed through it, that it struck chill to me, as if I had left the natural world.

Before he stirred, I was near enough to him to have touched him. Not even then removing his eyes from mine, he stepped back one step, and lifted his hand.

This was a lonesome post to occupy (I said), and it had riveted my attention when I looked down from up yonder. A visitor was a rarity, I should suppose; not an unwelcome rarity, I hoped? In me he merely saw a man who had been shut up within narrow limits all his life, and who, being at last set free, had a newly awakened interest in these great works. To such purpose I spoke to him; but I am far from sure of the terms I used, for, besides that I am not happy in opening any conversation, there was something in the man that daunted me.

He directed a most curious look towards the red light near the tunnel's mouth, and looked all about it, as if something were missing from it, and then looked at me.

That light was part of his charge? Was it not?

He answered in a low voice: "Don't you know it is?"

The monstrous thought came into my mind as I perused the fixed eyes and the saturnine face, that this was a spirit, not a man. I have speculated since, whether there may have been infection in his mind.

In my turn, I stepped back. But in making the action, I detected in his eyes some latent fear of me. This put the monstrous thought to flight.

"You look at me," I said, forcing a smile, "as if you had a dread of me."

"I was doubtful," he returned, "whether I had seen you before."

"Where?"

He pointed to the red light he had looked at.

"There?" I said.

Intently watchful of me, he replied (but without sound), Yes.

"My good fellow, what should I do there? However, be that as it may, I never was there, you may swear."

"I think I may," he rejoined. "Yes. I am sure I may."

His manner cleared, like my own. He replied to my remarks with readiness, and in well-chosen words. Had he much to do there? Yes; that was to say, he had enough responsibility to bear; but exactness and watchfulness were what was required of him, and of actual work — manual labor — he had next to none. To change that signal, to trim those lights, and to turn this iron handle now and then, was all he had to do under that head. Regarding those many long and lonely hours of which I seemed to make so much, he could only say that the routine of his life had shaped itself into that form, and he had grown used to it. He had taught himself a language down here — if only to know it by sight, and to have formed his own crude ideas of its pronunciation, could be called learning it. He had also worked at fractions and decimals, and tried a little algebra; but he was, and had been as a boy, a poor hand at figures. Was it necessary for him when on duty, always to remain in that channel of damp air, and could he never rise into the sunshine from between those high stone walls? Why, that depended upon times and circumstances. Under some conditions there would be less upon the Line

than under others, and the same held good as to certain hours of the day and night. In bright weather, he did choose occasions for getting a little above these lower shadows; but being at all times liable to be called by his electric bell, and at such times listening for it with redoubled anxiety, the relief was less than I would suppose.

He took me into his box, where there was a fire, a desk for an official book in which he had to make certain entries, a telegraphic instrument with its dial face and needles, and the little bell of which he had spoken. On my trusting that he would excuse the remark that he had been well educated, and (I hoped I might say without offense), perhaps educated above that station, he observed that instances of slight incongruity in such-wise would rarely be found wanting among large bodies of men; that he had heard it was so in workhouses, in the police force, even in that last desperate resource, the army; and that he knew it was so, more or less, in any great railway staff. He had been, when young (if I could believe it, sitting in that hut; he scarcely could), a student of natural philosophy, and had attended lectures; but he had run wild, misused his opportunities, gone down, and never risen again. He had no complaint to offer about that. He had made his bed, and he lay upon it. It was far too late to make another.

All that I have here condensed, he said in a quiet manner, with his grave dark regards divided between me and the fire. He threw in the word "Sir," from time to time, and especially when he referred to his youth: as though to request me to understand that he claimed to be nothing but what I found him. He was several times interrupted by the little bell, and had to read off messages, and send replies. Once, he had to stand without the door, and display a flag as a train passed, and

make some verba communication to the driver. In the discharge of his duties I observed him to be remarkably exact and vigilant, breaking off his discourse at a syllable, and remaining silent until what he had to do was done.

In a word, I should have set this man down as one of the safest of men to be employed in that capacity, but for the circumstance that while he was speaking to me he twice broke off with a fallen color, turning his face towards the little bell when it did NOT ring, opened the door of the hut (which was kept shut to exclude the unhealthy damp), and looked out towards the red light near the mouth of the tunnel. On both of those occasions, he came back to the fire with the inexplicable air upon him which I had remarked, without being able to define, when we were so far asunder.

Said I when I rose to leave him: "You almost make me think that I have met with a contented man."

(I am afraid I must acknowledge that I said it to lead him on.)

"I believe I used to be so," he rejoined, in the low voice in which he had first spoken; "but I am troubled, sir, I am troubled."

He would have recalled the words if he could. He had said them, however, and I took them up quickly.

"With what? What is your trouble?"

"It is very difficult to impart, sir. It is very, very difficult to speak of. If ever you make me another visit, I will try to tell you."

"But I expressly intend to make you another visit. Say, when shall it be?"

"I go off early in the morning, and I shall be on again at ten to-morrow night, sir."

"I will come at eleven."

He thanked me, and went out at the door with me. "I'll show my white light, sir," he said, in his peculiar

low voice, "till you have found the way up. When you have found it, don't call out! And when you are at the top, don't call out!"

His manner seemed to make the place strike colder to me, but I said no more than "Very well."

"And when you come down to-morrow night, don't call out! Let me ask you a parting question. What made you cry 'Halloa! Below there!' to-night?"

"Heaven knows," said I. "I cried something to that effect" —

"Not to that effect, sir. Those were the very words. I know them well."

"Admit those were the very words. I said them, no doubt, because I saw you below."

"For no other reason?"

"What other reason could I possibly have?"

"You had no feeling that they were conveyed to you in any supernatural way?"

"No."

He wished me good-night, and held up his light. I walked by the side of the down Line of rails (with a very disagreeable sensation of a train coming behind me), until I found the path. It was easier to mount than to descend, and I got back to my inn without any adventure.

Punctual to my appointment, I placed my foot on the first notch of the zigzag next night, as the distant clocks were striking eleven. He was waiting for me at the bottom, with his white light on. "I have not called out," I said, when we came close together; "may I speak now?" "By all means, sir." "Good-night, then, and here's my hand." "Good-night, sir, and here's mine." With that, we walked side by side to his box, entered it, closed the door, and sat down by the fire.

"I have made up mind, sir," he began, bending for-

ward as soon as we were seated, and speaking in a tone but a little above a whisper, "that you shall not have to ask me twice what troubles me. I took you for some one else yesterday evening. That troubles me."

"That mistake?"

"No. That Some-one-else."

"Who is it?"

"I don't know."

"Like me?"

"I don't know. I never saw the face. The left arm is across the face, and the right arm is waved. Violently waved. This way."

I followed his action with my eyes, and it was the action of an arm gesticulating with the utmost passion and vehemence: "For God's sake clear the way!"

"One moonlight night," said the man, "I was sitting here, when I heard a voice cry 'Halloa! Below there!' I started up, looked from that door, and saw this Some-one-else standing by the red light near the tunnel, waving as I just now showed you. The voice seemed hoarse with shouting, and it cried, 'Look out! Look out!' And then again, 'Halloa! Below there! Look out!' I caught up my lamp, turned it on red, and ran towards the figure, calling, 'What's wrong? What has happened? Where?' It stood just outside the blackness of the tunnel. I advanced so close upon it that I wondered at its keeping the sleeve across its eyes. I ran right up to it, and had my hand stretched out to pull the sleeve away, when it was gone."

"Into the tunnel?" said I.

"No. I ran on into the tunnel, five hundred yards. I stopped and held my lamp above my head, and saw the figures of the measured distance, and saw the wet stains stealing down the walls and trickling through the arch. I ran out again, faster than I had run in (for I

had a mortal abhorrence of the place upon me), and I looked all round the red light with my own red light, and I went up the iron ladder to the gallery a-top of it, and I came down again, and ran back here. I telegraphed both ways: 'An alarm has been given. Is anything wrong?' The answer came back, both ways: 'All well.'"

Resisting the slow touch of a frozen finger tracing out my spine, I showed him how that this figure must be a deception of his sense of sight, and how that figures, originating in disease of the delicate nerves that minister to the functions of the eye, were known to have often troubled patients, some of whom had become conscious of the nature of their affliction, and had even proved it by experiments upon themselves. "As to an imaginary cry," said I, "do but listen for a moment to the wind in this unnatural valley while we speak so low, and to the wild harp it makes of the telegraph wires!"

That was all very well, he returned, after we had sat listening for awhile, and he ought to know something of the wind and the wires, he who so often passed long winter nights there, alone and watching. But he would beg to remark that he had not finished.

I asked his pardon, and he slowly added these words, touching my arm: —

"Within six hours after the Appearance, the memorable accident on this Line happened, and within ten hours the dead and wounded were brought along through the tunnel over the spot where the figure had stood."

A disagreeable shudder crept over me, but I did my best against it. It was not to be denied, I rejoined, that this was a remarkable coincidence, calculated deeply to impress his mind. But, it was unquestionable that remarkable coincidences did continually occur, and they

must be taken into account in dealing with such a subject. Though to be sure I must admit, I added (for I thought I saw that he was going to bring the objection to bear upon me), men of common sense did not not allow much for coincidences in making the ordinary calculations of life.

He again begged to remark that he had not finished.

I again begged his pardon for being betrayed into interruptions.

"This," he said, again laying his hand upon my arm, and glancing over his shoulder with hollow eyes, "was just a year ago. Six or seven months passed, and I had recovered from the surprise and shock, when one morning, as the day was breaking, I, standing at that door, looked towards the red light, and saw the spectre again." He stopped, with a fixed look at me.

"Did it cry out?"

"No. It was silent."

"Did it wave its arm?"

"No. It leaned against the shaft of the light, with both hands before the face. Like this."

Once more, I followed his action with my eyes. It was an action of mourning. I have seen such an attitude in stone figures on tombs.

"Did you go up to it?"

"I came in and sat down, partly to collect my thoughts, partly because it had turned me faint. When I went to the door again, daylight was above me, and the ghost was gone."

"But nothing followed? Nothing came of this?"

He touched me on the arm with his forefinger twice or thrice, giving a ghastly nod each time: —

"That very day, as a train came out of the tunnel, I noticed, at a carriage window on my side, what looked like a confusion of hands and heads, and something

waved. I saw it, just in time to signal the driver, Stop! He shut off, and put his brake on, but the train drifted past here a hundred and fifty yards or more. I ran after it, and, as I went along, heard terrible screams and cries. A beautiful young lady had died instantaneously in one of the compartments, and was brought in here, and laid down on this floor between us."

Involuntarily, I pushed my chair back, as I looked from the boards at which he pointed, to himself.

"True, sir. True. Precisely as it happened, so I tell it you."

I could think of nothing to say, to any purpose, and my mouth was very dry. The wind and the wires took up the story with a long lamenting wail.

He resumed. "Now, sir, mark this, and judge how my mind is troubled. The spectre came back, a week ago. Ever since, it has been there, now and again, by fits and starts."

"At the light?"

"At the danger-light."

"What does it seem to do?"

He repeated, if possible with increased passion and vehemence, that former gesticulation of "For God's sake clear the way!"

Then, he went on. "I have no peace or rest for it. It calls to me, for many minutes together, in an agonized manner, 'Below there! Look out! Look out!' It stands waving to me. It rings my little bell"—

I caught at that. "Did it ring your bell yesterday evening when I was here, and you went to the door?"

"Twice."

"Why, see," said I, "how your imagination misleads you. My eyes were on the bell, and my ears were open to the bell, and if I am a living man, it did NOT ring at those times. No, nor at any other time, except

when it was rung in the natural course of physical things by the station communicating with you."

He shook his head. "I have never made a mistake as to that, yet, sir. I have never confused the spectre's ring with the man's. The ghost's ring is a strange vibration in the bell that it derives from nothing else, and I have not asserted that the bell stirs to the eye. I don't wonder that you failed to hear it. But *I* heard it."

"And did the spectre seem to be there, when you looked out?"

"It WAS there."

"Both times?"

He repeated, firmly, "Both times."

"Will you come to the door with me, and look for it now?"

He bit his under-lip as though he were somewhat unwilling, but arose. I opened the door, and stood on the step, while he stood in the doorway. There, was the Danger-light. There, was the dismal mouth of the tunnel. There, were the high wet stone walls of the cutting. There, were the stars above them.

"Do you see it?" I asked him, taking particular note of his face. His eyes were prominent and strained; but not very much more so, perhaps, than my own had been when I had directed them earnestly towards the same spot.

"No," he answered. "It is not there."

"Agreed," said I.

We went in again, shut the door, and resumed our seats. I was thinking how best to improve this advantage, if it might be called one, when he took up the conversation in such a matter-of-course way, so assuming that there could be no serious question of fact between us, that I felt myself placed in the weakest of positions.

"By this time you will fully understand, sir," he said, "that what troubles me so dreadfully, is the question, What does the spectre mean?"

I was not sure, I told him, that I did fully understand.

"What is its warning against?" he said, ruminating, with his eyes on the fire, and only by times turning them on me. "What is the danger? Where is the danger? There is danger overhanging, somewhere on the Line. Some dreadful calamity will happen. It is not to be doubted this third time, after what has gone before. But surely this is a cruel haunting of *me*. What can *I* do?"

He pulled out his handkerchief, and wiped the drops from his heated forehead.

"If I telegraph Danger, on either side of me, or on both, I can give no reason for it," he went on, wiping the palms of his hands. "I should get into trouble, and do no good. They would think I was mad. This is the way it would work: Message: 'Danger! Take care!' Answer: 'What danger? Where?' Message: 'Don't know. But for God's sake take care!' They would displace me. What else could they do?"

His pain of mind was most pitiable to see. It was the mental torture of a conscientious man, oppressed beyond endurance by an unintelligible responsibility involving life.

"When it first stood under the Danger-light," he went on, putting his dark hair back from his head, and drawing his hands outward across and across his temples in an extremity of feverish distress, "why not tell me where that accident was to happen — if it must happen? Why not tell me how it could be averted — if it could have been averted? When on its second coming it hid its face, why not tell me instead: 'She is

going to die. Let them keep her at home?' If it came, on those two occasions, only to show me that its warnings were true, and so to prepare me for the third, why not warn me plainly now? And I, Lord help me, a mere poor signal-man on this solitary station! Why not go to somebody with credit to be believed, and power to act!"

When I saw him in this state, I saw that for the poor man's sake, as well as for the public safety, what I had to do for the time was, to compose his mind. Therefore, setting aside all question of reality or unreality between us, I represented to him that whoever thoroughly discharged his duty, must do well, and that at least it was his comfort that he understood his duty, though he did not understand these confounding Appearances. In this effort I succeeded far better than in the attempt to reason him out of his conviction. He became calm; the occupations incidental to his post, as the night advanced, began to make larger demands on his attention; and I left him at two in the morning. I had offered to stay through the night, but he would not hear of it.

That I more than once looked back at the red light, as I ascended the pathway, that I did not like the red light, and that I should have slept but poorly if my bed had been under it, I see no reason to conceal. Nor did I like the two sequences of the accident and the dead girl. I see no reason to conceal that, either.

But, what ran most in my thoughts was the consideration how ought I to act, having become the recipient of this disclosure? I had proved the man to be intelligent, vigilant, painstaking, and exact; but how long might he remain so, in his state of mind? Though in a subordinate position, still he held a most important trust, and would I (for instance) like to stake my own life on the chances of his continuing to execute it with precision?

Unable to overcome a feeling that there would be something treacherous in my communicating what he had told me to his superiors in the Company, without first being plain with himself and proposing a middle course to him, I ultimately resolved to offer to accompany him (otherwise keeping his secret for the present) to the wisest medical practitioner we could hear of in those parts, and to take his opinion. A change in his time of duty would come round next night, he had apprised me, and he would be off an hour or two after sunrise, and on again soon after sunset. I had appointed to return accordingly.

Next evening was a lovely evening, and I walked out early to enjoy it. The sun was not yet quite down when I traversed the field-path near the top of the deep cutting. I would extend my walk for an hour, I said to myself, half an hour on and half an hour back, and it would then be time to go to my signal-man's box.

Before pursuing my stroll, I stepped to the brink, and mechanically looked down, from the point from which I had first seen him. I cannot describe the thrill that seized upon me, when, close at the mouth of the tunnel, I saw the appearance of a man, with his left sleeve across his eyes, passionately waving his right arm.

The nameless horror that oppressed me, passed in a moment, for in a moment I saw that this appearance of a man was a man indeed, and that there was a little group of other men standing at a short distance, to whom he seemed to be rehearsing the gesture he made. The Danger-light was not yet lighted. Against its shaft, a little low hut, entirely new to me, had been made of some wooden supports and tarpaulin. It looked no bigger than a bed.

With an irresistible sense that something was wrong, — with a flashing self-reproachful fear that fatal mis-

chief had come of my leaving the man there, and causing no one to be sent to overlook or correct what he did — I descended the notched path with all the speed I could make.

"What is the matter?" I asked the men.

"Signal-man killed this morning, sir."

"Not the man belonging to that box?"

"Yes, sir."

"Not the man I know?"

"You will recognize him, sir, if you knew him," said the man who spoke for the others, solemnly uncovering his own head and raising an end of the tarpaulin, "for his face is quite composed."

"Oh! how did this happen, how did this happen?" I asked, turning from one to another as the hut closed in again.

"He was cut down by an engine, sir. No man in England knew his work better. But somehow he was not clear of the outer rail. It was just at broad day. He had struck the light, and had the lamp in his hand. As the engine came out of the tunnel, his back was towards her, and she cut him down. That man drove her, and was showing how it happened. Show the gentleman, Tom."

The man, who wore a rough dark dress, stepped back to his former place at the mouth of the tunnel:—

"Coming round the curve in the tunnel, sir," he said, "I saw him at the end, like as if I saw him down a perspective-glass. There was no time to check speed, and I knew him to be very careful. As he didn't seem to take heed of the whistle, I shut it off when we were running down upon him, and called to him as loud as I could call."

"What did you say?"

"I said, Below there! Look out! Look out! For God's sake clear the way!"

I started.

"Ah! it was a dreadful time, sir. I never left off calling to him. I put this arm before my eyes, not to see, and I waved this arm to the last; but it was no use."

Without prolonging the narrative to dwell on any one of its curious circumstances more than on any other, I may, in closing it, point out the coincidence that the warning of the Engine-driver included, not only the words which the unfortunate Signal-man had repeated to me as haunting him, but also the words which I myself — not he — had attached, and that only in my own mind, to the gesticulation he had imitated.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author's Preface, prefixed to these chapters, and taken with them from the three volumes called "Master Humphrey's Clock," published in 1840–41, sufficiently explains the origin of the work, and the causes which led to the abandonment of the original plan. These three volumes contain "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge," both of which being entire and requiring no introduction, have been published independently in all recent editions of Dickens's works. The reader, however, will not object to having the original setting of the stories reproduced for him in this form, especially as he is enabled thus (after the curtain has fallen at the close of the "Pickwick Papers"), to catch one more glimpse of the form of Mr. Pickwick and of the two Wellers, and even to see just coming on the stage a third Weller, combining the distinguishing characteristics of his father and grandfather.

In addition, this series of Dickens's works is com-

pletely furnished with an alphabetical index of the characters appearing in the various stories, with the place of their appearance; and also with a list of such sayings as have come to be familiar in the mouth as household words.

PREFACE.

When the author commenced this Work, he proposed to himself three objects.

First. To establish a periodical, which should enable him to present, under one general head, and not as separate and distinct publications, certain fictions which he had it in contemplation to write.

Secondly. To produce these Tales in weekly numbers; hoping that to shorten the intervals of communication between himself and his readers, would be to knit more closely the pleasant relations they had held for Forty Months.

Thirdly. In the execution of this weekly task, to have as much regard as its exigencies would permit, to each story as a whole, and to the possibility of its publication at some distant day, apart from the machinery in which it had its origin.

The characters of Master Humphrey and his three friends, and the little fancy of the clock, were the result of these considerations. When he sought to interest his readers in those who talked, and read, and listened, he revived Mr. Pickwick and his humble friends, not with any intention of reopening an exhausted and abandoned mine, but to connect them, in the thoughts of those

whose favorites they had been, with the tranquil enjoyments of Master Humphrey.

It was never the author's intention to make the Members of Master Humphrey's Clock active agents in the stories they are supposed to relate. Having brought himself, in the commencement of his undertaking, to feel an interest in these quiet creatures, and to imagine them in their old chamber of meeting, eager listeners to all he had to tell, the author hoped — as authors will — to succeed in awakening some of his own emotions in the bosoms of his readers. Imagining Master Humphrey in his chimney-corner, resuming night after night the narrative — say, of the Old Curiosity Shop — picturing to himself the various sensations of his hearers — thinking how Jack Redburn might incline to poor Kit, and perhaps lean too favorably even towards the lighter vices of Mr. Richard Swiveller — how the deaf gentleman would have his favorite, and Mr. Miles his — and how all these gentle spirits would trace some faint reflection of their past lives in the varying current of the tale — he has insensibly fallen into the belief that they are present to his readers as they are to him, and has forgotten that, like one whose vision is disordered, he may be conjuring up bright figures where there is nothing but empty space.

The short papers which are to be found at the beginning of this volume were indispensable to the form of publication and the limited extent of each number, as no story of lengthened interest could be begun until "The Clock" was wound up and fairly going.

The author would fain hope that there are not many who would disturb Master Humphrey and his friends in their seclusion; who would have them forego their present enjoyments to exchange those confidences with each other, the absence of which is the foundation of their mutual trust. For when their occupation is gone, when their tales are ended, and but their personal histories remain, the chimney-corner will be growing cold, and the clock will be about to stop forever.

One other word in his own person, and he returns to the more grateful task of speaking for those imaginary people whose little world lies within these pages.

It may be some consolation to the well-disposed ladies or gentlemen who, in the interval between the conclusion of his last work and the commencement of this, originated a report that he had gone raving mad, to know that it spread as rapidly as could be desired, and was made the subject of considerable dispute; not as regarded the fact, for that was as thoroughly established as the duel between Sir Peter Teazle and Charles Surface in the "School for Scandal;" but with reference to the unfortunate lunatic's place of confinement — one party insisting positively on Bedlam, another inclining favorably towards St. Luke's, and a third swearing strongly by the asylum at Hanwell; while each backed its case by circumstantial evidence of the same excellent nature as that brought to bear by Sir Benjamin Backbite on the pistol shot which struck against the little bronze bust of Shakespeare over the fire-place, grazed out of the window at a right angle, and wounded

the postman, who was coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

It will be a great affliction to these ladies and gentlemen to learn — and he is so unwilling to give pain, that he would not whisper the circumstance on any account, did he not feel in a manner bound to do so, in gratitude to those among his friends who were at the trouble of being angry with the absurdity — that their invention made the author's home unusually merry, and gave rise to an extraordinary number of jests, of which he will only add, in the words of the good Vicar of Wakefield, "I cannot say whether we had more wit among us than usual; but I am sure we had more laughing."

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

MASTER HUMPHREY, FROM HIS CLOCK-SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

THE reader must not expect to know where I live. At present, it is true, my abode may be a question of little or no import to anybody, but if I should carry my readers with me, as I hope to do, and there should spring up, between them and me, feelings of homely affection and regard, attaching something of interest to matters ever so slightly connected with my fortunes or my speculations, even my place of residence might one day have a kind of charm for them. Bearing this possible contingency in mind, I wish them to understand in the outset, that they must never expect to know it.

I am not a churlish old man. Friendless I can never be, for all mankind are my kindred, and I am on ill terms with no one member of my great family. But for many years I have led a lonely, solitary life: what wound I sought to heal, what sorrow to forget, originally, matters not now; it is sufficient that retirement has become a habit with me, and that I am unwilling to break the spell which for so long a time has shed its quiet influence upon my home and heart.

I live in a venerable suburb of London, in an old house, which in bygone days was a famous resort for merry roysterers and peerless ladies, long since departed.

It is a silent, shady place, with a paved court-yard so full of echoes, that sometimes I am tempted to believe that faint responses to the noises of old times linger there yet, and that these ghosts of sound haunt my footsteps as I pace it up and down. I am the more confirmed in this belief, because, of late years, the echoes that attend my walks have been less loud and marked than they were wont to be; and it is pleasanter to imagine in them the rustling of silk brocade, and the light step of some lovely girl, than to recognize in their altered note the failing tread of an old man.

Those who like to read of brilliant rooms and gorgeous furniture, would derive but little pleasure from a minute description of my simple dwelling. It is dear to me for the same reason that they would hold it in slight regard. Its worm-eaten doors, and low ceilings crossed by clumsy beams; its walls of wainscot, dark stairs, and gaping closets; its small chambers, communicating with each other by winding passages or narrow steps; its many nooks, scarce larger than its corner-cupboards; its very dust and dullness, all are dear to me. The moth and spider are my constant tenants, for in my house the one basks in his long sleep, and the other plies his busy loom, secure and undisturbed. I have a pleasure in thinking on a summer's day, how many butterflies have sprung for the first time into light and sunshine from some dark corner of these old walls.

When I first came to live here, which was many years ago, the neighbors were curious to know who I was, and whence I came, and why I lived so much alone. As time went on, and they still remained unsatisfied on these points, I became the centre of a popular ferment, extending for half a mile round, and in one direction for a full mile. Various rumors were circulated to my prejudice. I was a spy, an infidel, a con

jurer, a kidnapper of children, a refugee, a priest, a monster. Mothers caught up their infants and ran into their houses as I passed; men eyed me spitefully, and muttered threats and curses. I was the object of suspicion and distrust; aye, of downright hatred, too.

But when in course of time they found I did no harm, but, on the contrary, inclined towards them despite their unjust usage, they began to relent. I found my footsteps no longer dogged, as they had often been before, and observed that the women and children no longer retreated, but would stand and gaze at me as I passed their doors. I took this for a good omen, and waited patiently for better times. By degrees I began to make friends among these humble folks, and though they were yet shy of speaking, would give them "good day," and so pass on. In a little time, those whom I had thus accosted, would make a point of coming to their doors and windows at the usual hour, and nod or courtesy to me: children, too, came timidly within my reach, and ran away quite scared when I patted their heads and bade them be good at school. These little people soon grew more familiar. From exchanging mere words of course with my older neighbors, I gradually became their friend and adviser, the depositary of their cares and sorrows, and sometimes, it may be, the reliever, in my small way, of their distresses. And now I never walk abroad, but pleasant recognitions and smiling faces wait on Master Humphrey.

It was a whim of mine, perhaps as a whet to the curiosity of my neighbors, and a kind of retaliation upon them for their suspicions — it was, I say, a whim of mine, when I first took up my abode in this place, to acknowledge no other name than Humphrey. With my detractors, I was Ugly Humphrey. When I began to convert them into friends, I was Mr. Humphrey, and

Old Mr. Humphrey. At length I settled down into plain Master Humphrey, which was understood to be the title most pleasant to my ear; and so completely a matter of course has it become, that sometimes when I am taking my morning walk in my little court-yard, I overhear my barber — who has a profound respect for me, and would not, I am sure, abridge my honors for the world — holding forth on the other side of the wall, touching the state of "Master Humphrey's" health, and communicating to some friend the substance of the conversation that he and Master Humphrey have had together in the course of the shaving which he has just concluded.

That I may not make acquaintance with my readers under false pretenses, or give them cause to complain hereafter that I have withheld any matter which it was essential for them to have learnt at first, I wish them to know — and I smile sorrowfully to think that the time has been when the confession would have given me pain — that I am a misshapen, deformed old man.

I have never been made a misanthrope by this cause. I have never been stung by any insult, nor wounded by any jest upon my crooked figure. As a child I was melancholy and timid, but that was because the gentle consideration paid to my misfortune sunk deep into my spirit and made me sad, even in those early days. I was but a very young creature when my poor mother died, and yet I remember that often when I hung around her neck, and oftener still when I played about the room before her, she would catch me to her bosom, and bursting into tears, would soothe me with every term of fondness and affection. God knows I was a happy child at those times — happy to nestle in her breast — happy to weep when she did — happy in not knowing why.

These occasions are so strongly impressed upon my memory that they seem to have occupied whole years. I had numbered very, very few when they ceased forever, but before then their meaning had been revealed to me.

I do not know whether all children are imbued with a quick perception of childish grace and beauty, and a strong love for it, but I was. I had no thought, that I remember, either that I possessed it myself or that I lacked it, but I admired it with an intensity that I cannot describe. A little knot of playmates — they must have been beautiful, for I see them now — were clustered one day round my mother's knee in eager admiration of some picture representing a group of infant angels, which she held in her hand. Whose the picture was, whether it was familiar to me or otherwise, or how all the children came to be there, I forget; I have some dim thought it was my birthday, but the beginning of my recollection is that we were all together in a garden, and it was summer weather — I am sure of that, for one of the little girls had roses in her sash. There were many lovely angels in this picture, and I remember the fancy coming upon me to point out which of them represented each child there, and that when I had gone through my companions, I stopped and hesitated, wondering which was most like me. I remember the children looking at each other, and my turning red and hot, and their crowding round to kiss me, saying that they loved me all the same; and then, and when the old sorrow came into my dear mother's mild and tender look, the truth broke upon me for the first time, and I knew while watching my awkward and ungainly sports, how keenly she had felt for her poor crippled boy.

I used frequently to dream of it afterwards, and now

my heart aches for that child as if I had never been he, when I think how often he awoke from some fairy change to his own old form, and sobbed himself to sleep again.

Well, well — all these sorrows are past. My glancing at them may not be without its use, for it may help in some measure to explain why I have all my life been attached to the inanimate objects that people my chamber, and how I have come to look upon them rather in the light of old and constant friends, than as mere chairs and tables which a little money could replace at will.

Chief and first among all these is my Clock — my old, cheerful, companionable Clock. How can I ever convey to others an idea of the comfort and consolation that this old clock has been for years to me!

It is associated with my earliest recollections. It stood upon the staircase at home (I call it home still mechanically), nigh sixty years ago. I like it for that, but it is not on that account, nor because it is a quaint old thing in a huge oaken case, curiously and richly carved, that I prize it as I do. I incline to it as if it were alive, and could understand and give me back the love I bear it.

And what other thing that has not life could cheer me as it does; what other thing that has not life (I will not say how few things that have) could have proved the same patient, true, untiring friend! How often have I sat in the long winter evenings feeling such society in its cricket-voice, that, raising my eyes from my book and looking gratefully towards it, the face reddened by the glow of the shining fire has seemed to relax from its staid expression and to regard me kindly; how often in the summer twilight, when my thoughts have wandered back to a melancholy past, have its reg-

ular whisperings recalled them to the calm and peaceful present; how often in the dead tranquillity of night has its bell broken the oppressive silence, and seemed to give me assurance that the old clock was still a faithful watcher at my chamber door! My easy-chair, my desk, my ancient furniture, my very books, I can scarcely bring myself to love even these last, like my old clock!

It stands in a snug corner, midway between the fireside and a low arched door leading to my bedroom. Its fame is diffused so extensively throughout the neighborhood, that I have often the satisfaction of hearing the publican, or the baker, and sometimes even the parish-clerk, petitioning my housekeeper (of whom I shall have much to say by and by) to inform him the exact time by Master Humphrey's Clock. My barber, to whom I have referred, would sooner believe it than the sun. Nor are these its only distinctions. It has acquired, I am happy to say, another, inseparably connecting it not only with my enjoyments and reflections, but with those of other men; as I shall now relate.

I lived alone here for a long time, without any friend or acquaintance. In the course of my wanderings by night and day, at all hours and seasons, in city streets and quiet country parts, I came to be familiar with certain faces, and to take it to heart as quite a heavy disappointment if they failed to present themselves each at its accustomed spot. But these were the only friends I knew, and beyond them I had none.

It happened, however, when I had gone on thus for a long time, that I formed an acquaintance with a deaf gentleman, which ripened into intimacy and close companionship. To this hour, I am ignorant of his name. It is his humor to conceal it, or he has a reason and purpose for so doing. In either case I feel that he has

a right to require a return of the trust he has reposed, and as he has never sought to discover my secret, I have never sought to penetrate his. There may have been something in this tacit confidence in each other, flattering and pleasant to us both, and it may have imparted in the beginning an additional zest, perhaps, to our friendship. Be this as it may, we have grown to be like brothers, and still I only know him as the deaf gentleman.

I have said that retirement has become a habit with me. When I add that the deaf gentleman and I have two friends, I communicate nothing which is inconsistent with that declaration. I spend many hours of every day in solitude and study, have no friends or change of friends, but these, only see them at stated periods, and am supposed to be of a retired spirit by the very nature and object of our association.

We are men of secluded habits, with something of a cloud upon our early fortunes, whose enthusiasm, nevertheless, has not cooled with age, whose spirit of romance is not yet quenched, who are content to ramble through the world in a pleasant dream, rather than ever waken again to its harsh realities. We are alchemists who would extract the essence of perpetual youth from dust and ashes, tempt coy Truth in many light and airy forms from the bottom of her well, and discover one crumb of comfort or one grain of good in the commonest and least regarded matter that passes through our crucible. Spirits of past times, creatures of imagination, and people of to-day, are alike the objects of our seeking, and, unlike the objects of search with most philosophers, we can insure their coming at our command.

The deaf gentleman and I first began to beguile our days with these fancies, and our nights in communicat-

ing them to each other. We are now four. But in my room there are six old chairs, and we have decided that the two empty seats shall always be placed at our table when we meet, to remind us that we may yet increase our company by that number, if we should find two men to our mind. When one among us dies, his chair will always be set in its usual place, but never occupied again; and I have caused my will to be so drawn out, that when we are all dead the house shall be shut up, and the vacant chairs still left in their accustomed places. It is pleasant to think that even then our shades may, perhaps, assemble together as of yore we did, and join in ghostly converse.

One night in every week, as the clock strikes ten, we meet. At the second stroke of two, I am alone.

And now shall I tell how that my old servant, besides giving us note of time, and ticking cheerful encouragement of our proceedings, lends its name to our society, which for its punctuality and my love, is christened "Master Humphrey's Clock?" Now shall I tell, how that in the bottom of the old dark closet, where the steady pendulum throbs and beats with healthy action, though the pulse of him who made it stood still long ago, and never moved again, there are piles of dusty papers constantly placed there by our hands, that we may link our enjoyments with my old friend, and draw means to beguile time from the heart of time itself? Shall I, or can I, tell with what a secret pride I open this repository when we meet at night, and still find new store of pleasure in my dear old Clock!

Friend and companion of my solitude! mine is not a selfish love; I would not keep your merits to myself, but disperse something of pleasant association with your image through the whole wide world; I would have men couple with your name cheerful and healthy

thoughts; I would have them believe that you keep true and honest time; and how it would gladden me to know that they recognized some hearty English work in Master Humphrey's Clock!

THE CLOCK-CASE.

It is my intention constantly to address my readers from the chimney-corner, and I would fain hope that such accounts as I shall give them of our histories and proceedings, our quiet speculations or more busy adventures, will never be unwelcome. Lest, however, I should grow prolix in the outset by lingering too long upon our little association, confounding the enthusiasm with which I regard this chief happiness of my life with that minor degree of interest with which those to whom I address myself may be supposed to feel for it, I have deemed it expedient to break off as they have seen.

But, still clinging to my old friend, and naturally desirous that all its merits should be known, I am tempted to open (somewhat irregularly and against our laws, I must admit) the clock-case. The first roll of paper on which I lay my hand is in the writing of the deaf gentleman. I shall have to speak of him in my next paper, and how can I better approach that welcome task than by prefacing it with a production of his own pen, consigned to the safe keeping of my honest Clock by his own hands.

The manuscript runs thus: —

INTRODUCTION TO THE GIANT CHRONICLES.

Once upon a time, that is to say, in this our time, — the exact year, month, and day, are of no matter, — there dwelt in the city of London a substantial citizen, who united in his single person the dignities of whole-

sale fruiterer, alderman, common-councilman, and member of the worshipful comyany of the Patten-makers: who had superadded to these extraordinary distinctions the important post and title of Sheriff, and who at length, and to crown all, stood next in rotation for the high and honorable office of Lord Mayor.

He was a very substantial citizen indeed. His face was like the full moon in a fog, with two little holes punched out for his eyes, a very ripe pear stuck on for his nose, and a wide gash to serve for a mouth. The girth of his waistcoat was hung up and lettered in his tailor's shop as an extraordinary curiosity. He breathed like a heavy snorer, and his voice in speaking, came thickly forth, as if it were oppressed and stifled by feather-beds. He trod the ground like an elephant, and eat and drank like — like nothing but an alderman, as he was.

This worthy citizen had risen to his great eminence from small beginnings. He had once been a very lean, weazen little boy, never dreaming of carrying such a weight of flesh upon his bones or of money in his pockets, and glad enough to take his dinner at a baker's door, and his tea at a pump. But he had long ago forgotten all this, as it was proper that a wholesale fruiterer, alderman, common-councilman, member of the worshipful company of Patten-makers, past Sheriff, and above all, a Lord Mayor that was to be, should; and he never forgot it more completely in all his life than on the eighth of November in the year of his election to the great golden civic chair, which was the day before his grand dinner at Guildhall.

It happened that as he sat that evening all alone in his counting-house, looking over the bill of fare for next day, and checking off the fat capons in fifties and the turtle-soup by the hundred quarts for his private amuse-

ment — it happened that as he sat alone occupied in these pleasant calculations, a strange man came in and asked him how he did, adding, "If I am half as much changed as you, sir, you have no recollection of me, I am sure."

The strange man was not over and above well dressed, and was very far from being fat or rich-looking in any sense of the word, yet he spoke with a kind of modest confidence, and assumed an easy, gentlemanly sort of an air, to which nobody but a rich man can lawfully presume. Besides this, he interrupted the good citizen just as he had reckoned three hundred and seventy-two fat capons and was carrying them over to the next column, and as if that were not aggravation enough, the learned recorder for the city of London had only ten minutes previously gone out at that very same door, and had turned round and said, "Good night, my lord." Yes, he had said, "my lord" — he, a man of birth and education, of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law — he who had an uncle in the House of Commons, and an aunt almost but not quite in the House of Lords (for she had married a feeble peer, and made him vote as she liked) — he, this man, this learned recorder, had said, "my lord." "I'll not wait till to-morrow to give you your title, my Lord Mayor," says he, with a bow and a smile, "you are Lord Mayor *de facto*, if not *de jure*. Good night, my lord!"

The Lord Mayor elect thought of this, and turning to the stranger, and sternly bidding him "go out of his private counting-house," brought forward the three hundred and seventy-two fat capons, and went on with his account.

"Do you remember," said the other, stepping forward — "*Do* you remember little Joe Toddyhigh?"

The port wine fled for a moment from the fruiterer's nose as he muttered, "Joe Toddyhigh! What about Joe Toddyhigh?"

"*I* am Joe Toddyhigh," cried the visitor. "Look at me, look hard at me — harder, harder. You know me now? you know little Joe again? What a happiness to us both, to meet the very night before your grandeur! Oh! give me your hand, Jack — both hands — both, for the sake of old times."

"You pinch me, sir. You're a hurting of me," said the Lord Mayor elect, pettishly. "Don't — suppose anybody should come — Mr. Toddyhigh, sir."

"Mr. Toddyhigh!" repeated the other, ruefully.

"Oh! don't bother," said the Lord Mayor elect, scratching his head. "Dear me! Why, I thought you was dead. What a fellow you are!"

Indeed, it was a pretty state of things, and worthy the tone of vexation and disappointment in which the Lord Mayor spoke. Joe Toddyhigh had been a poor boy with him at Hull, and had oftentimes divided his last penny and parted his last crust to relieve his wants, for though Joe was a destitute child in those times, he was as faithful and affectionate in his friendship as ever man of might could be. They parted one day to seek their fortunes in different directions. Joe went to sea, and the now wealthy citizen begged his way to London. They separated with many tears, like foolish fellows as they were, and agreed to remain fast friends, and if they lived, soon to communicate again.

When he was an errand-boy, and even in the early days of his apprenticeship, the citizen had many a time trudged to the Post-office to ask if there were any letter from poor little Joe, and had gone home again with tears in his eyes when he found no news of his only friend. The world is a wide place, and it was a long

time before the letter came; when it did, the writer was forgotten. It turned from white to yellow from lying in the Post-office with nobody to claim it, and in course of time was torn up with five hundred others, and sold for waste-paper. And now at last, and when it might least have been expected, here was this Joe Toddyhigh turning up and claiming acquaintance with a great public character, who on the morrow would be cracking jokes with the Prime Minister of England, and who had only, at any time during the next twelve months, to say the word, and he could shut up Temple Bar, and make it no thoroughfare for the king himself!

"I am sure I don't know what to say, Mr. Toddyhigh," said the Lord Mayor elect; "I really don't. It's very inconvenient. I'd sooner have given twenty pound — it's very inconvenient, really."

A thought had come into his mind, that perhaps his old friend might say something passionate which would give him an excuse for being angry himself. No such thing. Joe looked at him steadily, but very mildly, and did not open his lips.

"Of course I shall pay you what I owe you," said the Lord Mayor elect, fidgeting in his chair. "You lent me — I think it was a shilling or some small coin — when we parted company, and that of course I shall pay, with good interest. I can pay my way with any man, and always have done. If you look into the Mansion House the day after to-morrow — some time after dusk — and ask for my private clerk, you'll find he has a draft for you. I haven't got time to say anything more just now, unless" — he hesitated, for, coupled with a strong desire to glitter for once in all his glory in the eyes of his former companion, was a distrust of his appearance, which might be more shabby than he could tell by that feeble light — "unless you'd

like to come to the dinner to-morrow. I don't mind your having this ticket, if you like to take it. A great many people would give their ears for it, I can tell you."

His old friend took the card without speaking a word, and instantly departed. His sunburnt face and gray hair were present to the citizen's mind for a moment; but by the time he reached three hundred and eighty-one fat capons, he had quite forgotten him.

Joe Toddyhigh had never been in the capital of Europe before, and he wandered up and down the streets that night, amazed at the number of churches and other public buildings, the splendor of the shops, the riches that were heaped up on every side, the glare of light in which they were displayed, and the concourse of people who hurried to and fro, indifferent, apparently, to all the wonders that surrounded them. But in all the long streets and broad squares, there were none but strangers; it was quite a relief to turn down a by-way and hear his own footsteps on the pavement. He went home to his inn; thought that London was a dreary, desolate place, and felt disposed to doubt the existence of one true-hearted man in the whole worshipful company of Patten-makers. Finally, he went to bed, and dreamed that he and the Lord Mayor elect were boys again.

He went next day to the dinner, and when, in a burst of light and music, and in the midst of splendid decorations and surrounded by brilliant company, his former friend appeared at the head of the hall, and was hailed with shouts and cheering, he cheered and shouted with the best, and for the moment could have cried. The next moment he cursed his weakness in behalf of a man so changed and selfish, and quite hated a jolly-looking old gentleman opposite for declaring himself in the pride of his heart a Patten-maker.

As the banquet proceeded, he took more and more to heart the rich citizen's unkindness; and that, not from any envy, but because he felt that a man of his state and fortune could all the better afford to recognize an old friend, even if he were poor and obscure. The more he thought of this, the more lonely and sad he felt. When the company dispersed and adjourned to the ball-room, he paced the hall and passages alone, ruminating in a very melancholy condition upon the disappointment he had experienced.

It chanced, while he was lounging about in this moody state, that he stumbled upon a flight of stairs, dark, steep, and narrow, which he ascended without any thought about the matter, and so came into a little music-gallery, empty and deserted. From this elevated post, which commanded the whole hall, he amused himself in looking down upon the attendants who were clearing away the fragments of the feast very lazily, and drinking out of all the bottles and glasses with most commendable perseverance.

His attention gradually relaxed, and he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, he thought there must be something the matter with his eyes; but, rubbing them a little, he soon found that the moonlight was really streaming through the east window, that the lamps were all extinguished, and that he was alone. He listened, but no distant murmur in the echoing passages, not even the shutting of a door, broke the deep silence; he groped his way down the stairs, and found that the door at the bottom was locked on the other side. He began now to comprehend that he must have slept a long time, that he had been overlooked, and was shut up there for the night.

His first sensation, perhaps, was not altogether a com-

fortable one, for it was a dark, chilly, earthy-smelling place, and something too large, for a man so situated, to feel at home in. However, when the momentary consternation of his surprise was over, he made light of the accident, and resolved to feel his way up the stairs again, and make himself as comfortable as he could in the gallery until morning. As he turned to execute this purpose, he heard the clock strike three.

Any such invasion of a dead stillness as the striking of distant clocks, causes it to appear the more intense and insupportable when the sound has ceased. He listened with strained attention in the hope that some clock, lagging behind its fellows, had yet to strike — looking all the time into the profound darkness before him until it seemed to weave itself into a black tissue, patterned with a hundred reflections of his own eyes. But the bells had all pealed out their warning for that once, and the gust of wind that moaned through the place seemed cold and heavy with their iron breath.

The time and circumstances were favorable to reflection. He tried to keep his thoughts to the current, unpleasant though it was, in which they had moved all day, and to think with what a romantic feeling he had looked forward to shaking his old friend by the hand before he died, and what a wide and cruel difference there was between the meeting they had had, and that which he had so often and so long anticipated. Still he was disordered by waking to such sudden loneliness, and could not prevent his mind from running upon odd tales of people of undoubted courage, who, being shut up by night in vaults or churches, or other dismal places, had scaled great heights to get out, and fled from silence as they had never done from danger. This brought to his mind the moonlight through the window, and bethinking himself of it, he groped his way back up the crooked stairs —

but very stealthily, as though he were fearful of being overheard.

He was very much astonished when he approached the gallery again to see a light in the building: still more so, on advancing hastily and looking round, to observe no visible source from which it could proceed. But how much greater yet was his astonishment at the spectacle which this light revealed.

The statues of the two giants, Gog and Magog, each above fourteen feet in height, those which succeeded to still older and more barbarous figures after the Great Fire of London, and which stand in the Guildhall to this day, were endowed with life and motion. These guardian genii of the City had quitted their pedestals, and reclined in easy attitudes in the great stained glass window. Between them was an ancient cask, which seemed to be full of wine; for the younger Giant, clapping his huge hand upon it, and throwing up his mighty leg, burst into an exulting laugh, which reverberated through the hall like thunder.

Joe Toddyhigh instinctively stooped down, and, more dead than alive, felt his hair stand on end, his knees knock together, and a cold damp break out upon his forehead. But even at that minute curiosity prevailed over every other feeling, and somewhat reassured by the good-humor of the Giants and their apparent unconsciousness of his presence, he crouched in a corner of the gallery, in as small a space as he could, and peeping between the rails, observed them closely.

It was then that the elder Giant, who had a flowing gray beard, raised his thoughtful eyes to his companion's face, and in a grave and solemn voice addressed him thus:—

FIRST NIGHT OF THE GIANT CHRONICLES.

Turning towards his companion, the elder Giant uttered these words in a grave, majestic tone: —

"Magog, does boisterous mirth beseem the Giant Warder of this ancient city? Is this becoming demeanor for a watchful spirit over whose bodiless head so many years have rolled, so many changes swept like empty air — in whose impalpable nostrils the scent of blood and crime, pestilence, cruelty, and horror, has been familiar as breath to mortals — in whose sight Time has gathered in the harvest of centuries, and garnered so many crops of human pride, affections, hopes, and sorrows? Bethink you of our compact. The night wanes; feasting, revelry, and music have encroached upon our usual hours of solitude, and morning will be here apace. Ere we are stricken mute again, bethink you of our compact."

Pronouncing these latter words with more of impatience than quite accorded with his apparent age and gravity, the Giant raised a long pole (which he still bears in his hand) and tapped his brother Giant rather smartly on the head; indeed, the blow was so smartly administered, that the latter quickly withdrew his lips from the cask to which they had been applied, and catching up his shield and halberd assumed an attitude of defense. His irritation was but momentary, for he laid these weapons aside as hastily as he had assumed them, and said as he did so: —

"You know, Gog, old friend, that when we animate these shapes which the Londoners of old assigned (and not unworthily) to the guardian genii of their city, we are susceptible of the sensations which belong to human kind. Thus when I taste wine, I feel blows; when I elish the one, I disrelish the other. Therefore, Gog,

the more especially as your arm is none of the lightest, keep your good staff by your side, else we may chance to differ. Peace be between us."

"Amen!" said the other, leaning his staff in the window-corner. "Why did you laugh, just now?"

"To think," replied the Giant Magog, laying his hand upon the cask, "of him who owned this wine, and kept it in a cellar hoarded from the light of day, for thirty years,—'till it should be fit to drink,' quoth he. He was twoscore and ten years old when he buried it beneath his house, and yet never thought that he might be scarcely 'fit to drink' when the wine became so. I wonder it never occurred to him to make himself unfit to be eaten. There is very little of him left by this time."

"The night is waning," said Gog, mournfully.

"I know it," replied his companion, "and I see you are impatient. But look. Through the eastern window —placed opposite to us, that the first beams of the rising sun may every morning gild our giant faces — the moon-rays fall upon the pavement in a stream of light that to my fancy sinks through the cold stone and gushes into the old crypt below. The night is scarcely past its noon, and our great charge is sleeping heavily."

They ceased to speak, and looked upward at the moon. The sight of their large, black, rolling eyes filled Joe Toddyhigh with such horror that he could scarcely draw his breath. Still they took no note of him, and appeared to believe themselves quite alone.

"Our compact," said Magog after a pause, "is, if I understand it, that, instead of watching here in silence through the dreary nights, we entertain each other with stories of our past experience; with tales of the past, the present, and the future; with legends of London and her sturdy citizens from the old simple times. That every night at midnight, when Saint Paul's bell tolls out

one and we may move and speak, we thus discourse, nor leave such themes till the first gray gleam of day shall strike us dumb. Is that our bargain, brother?"

"Yes," said the Giant Gog, "that is the league between us who guard this city, by day in spirit, and by night in body also; and never on ancient holidays have its conduits run wine more merrily than we will pour forth our legendary lore. We are old chroniclers from this time hence. The crumbled walls encircle us once more, the postern gates are closed, the drawbridge is up, and pent in its narrow den beneath, the water foams and struggles with the sunken starlings. Jerkins and quarter-staves are in the streets again, the nightly watch is set, the rebel, sad and lonely in his Tower dungeon, tries to sleep and weeps for home and children. Aloft upon the gates and walls are noble heads glaring fiercely down upon the dreaming city, and vexing the hungry dogs that scent them in the air, and tear the ground beneath with dismal howlings. The axe, the block, the rack, in their dark chambers give signs of recent use. The Thames, floating past long lines of cheerful windows whence comes a burst of music and a stream of light, bears sullenly to the Palace wall the last red stain brought on the tide from Traitor's Gate. But your pardon, brother. The night wears, and I am talking idly."

The other Giant appeared to be entirely of this opinion, for during the foregoing rhapsody of his fellow-sentinel he had been scratching his head with an air of comical uneasiness, or rather with an air that would have been very comical if he had been a dwarf or an ordinary-sized man. He winked, too, and though it could not be doubted for a moment that he winked to himself, still he certainly cocked his enormous eye towards the gallery where the listener was concealed. Nor was this all, for he gaped; and when he gaped, Joe was horribly

reminded of the popular prejudice on the subject of giants, and of their fabled power of smelling out Englishmen, however closely concealed.

His alarm was such that he nearly swooned, and it was some little time before his power of sight or hearing was restored. When he recovered he found that the elder Giant was pressing the younger to commence the Chronicles, and that the latter was endeavoring to excuse himself, on the ground that the night was far spent, and it would be better to wait until the next. Well assured by this that he was certainly about to begin directly, the listener collected his faculties by a great effort, and distinctly heard Magog express himself to the following effect: —

In the sixteenth century and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory (albeit her golden days are sadly rusted with blood), there lived in the city of London a bold young 'prentice who loved his master's daughter. There were no doubt within the walls a great many 'prentices in this condition, but I speak of only one, and his name was Hugh Graham.

This Hugh was apprenticed to an honest Bowyer who dwelt in the ward of Cheype and was rumored to possess great wealth. Rumor was quite as infallible in those days as at the present time, but it happened then as now to be sometimes right by accident. It stumbled upon the truth when it gave the old Bowyer a mint of money. His trade had been a profitable one in the time of King Henry the Eighth, who encouraged English archery to the utmost, and he had been prudent and discreet. Thus it came to pass that Mistress Alice, his only daughter, was the richest heiress in all his wealthy ward. Young Hugh had often maintained with staff and cudgel that she was the handsomest. To do him justice, I believe she was.

If he could have gained the heart of pretty Mistress Alice by knocking this conviction into stubborn people's heads, Hugh would have had no cause to fear. But though the Bowyer's daughter smiled in secret to hear of his doughty deeds for her sake, and though her little waiting-woman reported all her smiles (and many more) to Hugh, and though he was at a vast expense in kisses and small coin to recompense her fidelity, he made no progress in his love. He durst not whisper it to Mistress Alice save on sure encouragement, and that she never gave him. A glance of her dark eye as she sat at the door on a summer's evening after prayer time, while he and the neighboring 'prentices exercised themselves in the street with blunted sword and buckler, would fire Hugh's blood so that none could stand before him; but then she glanced at others quite as kindly as on him, and where was the use of cracking crowns if Mistress Alice smiled upon the cracked as well as on the cracker?

Still Hugh went on, and loved her more and more. He thought of her all day, and dreamed of her all night long. He treasured up her every word and gesture, and had a palpitation of the heart whenever he heard her footstep on the stairs, or her voice in an adjoining room. To him, the old Bowyer's house was haunted by an angel; there was enchantment in the air and space in which she moved. It would have been no miracle to Hugh if flowers had sprung from the rush-strewn floors beneath the tread of lovely Mistress Alice.

Never did 'prentice long to distinguish himself in the eyes of his lady-love so ardently as Hugh. Sometimes he pictured to himself the house taking fire by night, and he, when all drew back in fear, rushing through flame and smoke, and bearing her from the ruins in his arms. At other times, he thought of a rising of fierce rebels, an attack upon the city, a strong assault upon the

Bowyer's house in particular, and he falling on the threshold, pierced with numberless wounds in defense of Mistress Alice. If he could only enact some prodigy of valor, do some wonderful deed, and let her know that she had inspired it, he thought he could die contented.

Sometimes the Bowyer and his daughter would go out to supper with a worthy citizen at the fashionable hour of six o'clock, and on such occasions Hugh, wearing his blue 'prentice cloak as gallantly as 'prentice might would attend with a lantern and his trusty club to escort them home. These were the brightest moments of his life. To hold the light while Mistress Alice picked her steps, to touch her hand as he helped her over broken ways, to have her leaning on his arm — it sometimes even came to that — this was happiness indeed!

When the nights were fair, Hugh followed in the rear, his eyes riveted on the graceful figure of the Bowyer's daughter, as she and the old man moved on before him. So they threaded the narrow, winding streets of the city, now passing beneath the overhanging gables of old wooden houses whence creaking signs projected into the street, and now emerging from some dark and frowning gate-way into the clear moonlight. At such times, or when the shouts of straggling brawlers met her ear, the Bowyer's daughter would look timidly back at Hugh, beseeching him to draw nearer; and then how he grasped his club and longed to do battle with a dozen rufflers, for the love of Mistress Alice!

The old Bowyer was in the habit of lending money on interest to the gallants of the Court, and thus it happened that many a richly dressed gentleman dismounted at his door. More waving plumes and gallant steeds, indeed, were seen at the Bowyer's house, and more embroidered silks and velvets sparkled in his dark shop and

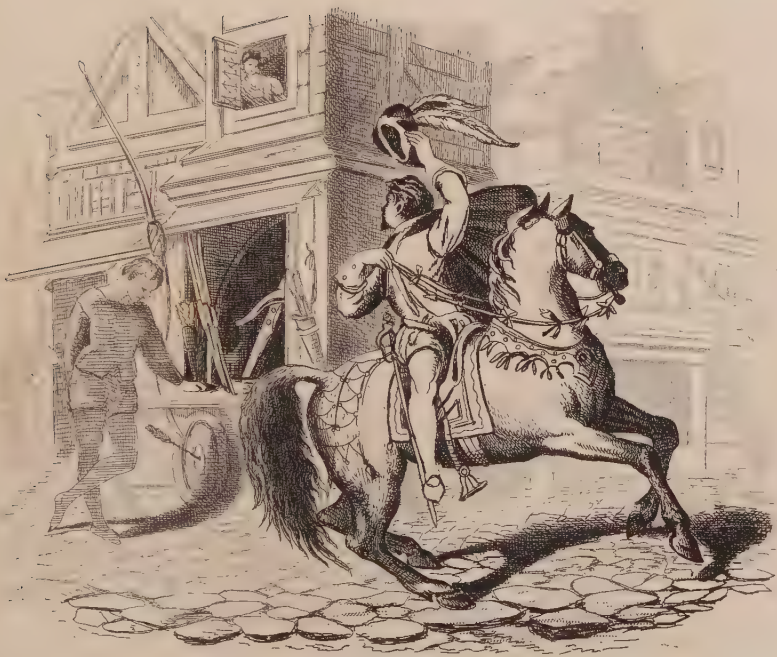
darker private closet, than at any merchant's in the city In those times no less than in the present it would seem that the richest looking cavaliers often wanted money the most.

Of these glittering clients there was one who always came alone. He was always nobly mounted, and having no attendant, gave his horse in charge to Hugh while he and the Bowyer were closeted within. Once as he sprung into the saddle Mistress Alice was seated at an upper window, and before she could withdraw he had doffed his jeweled cap and kissed his hand. Hugh watched him caracoling down the street, and burnt with indignation. But how much deeper was the glow that reddened in his cheeks when, raising his eyes to the casement, he saw that Alice watched the stranger too!

He came again and often, each time arrayed more gayly than before, and still the little casement showed him Mistress Alice. At length one heavy day, she fled from home. It had cost her a hard struggle, for all her old father's gifts were strewn about her chamber as if she had parted from them one by one, and knew that the time must come when these tokens of his love would wring her heart — yet she was gone.

She left a letter commending her poor father to the care of Hugh, and wishing he might be happier than he could ever have been with her, for he deserved the love of a better and a purer heart than she had to bestow. The old man's forgiveness (she said) she had no power to ask, but she prayed God to bless him — and so ended with a blot upon the paper where her tears had fallen.

At first the old man's wrath was kindled, and he carried his wrong to the Queen's throne itself; but there was no redress, he learnt at Court, for his daughter had been conveyed abroad. This afterwards appeared to be the truth, as there came from France, after an interval



of several years, a letter in her hand. It was written in trembling characters, and almost illegible. Little could be made out save that she often thought of home and her old dear pleasant room — and that she had dreamt her father was dead and had not blessed her — and that her heart was breaking.

The poor old Bowyer lingered on, never suffering Hugh to quit his sight, for he knew now that he had loved his daughter, and that was the only link that bound him to earth. It broke at length and he died, bequeathing his old 'prentice his trade and all his wealth, and solemnly charging him with his last breath to revenge his child if ever he who had worked her misery crossed his path in life again.

From the time of Alice's flight, the tilting-ground, the fields, the fencing school, the summer evening sports, knew Hugh no more. His spirit was dead within him. He rose to great eminence and repute among the citizens, but was seldom seen to smile, and never mingled in their revelries or rejoicings. Brave, humane, and generous, he was beloved by all. He was pitied too by those who knew his story, and these were so many that when he walked along the streets alone at dusk, even the rude common people doffed their caps, and mingled a rough air of sympathy with their respect.

One night in May — it was her birthnight and twenty years since she had left her home — Hugh Graham sat in the room she had hallowed in his boyish days. He was now a gray-haired man, though still in the prime of life. Old thoughts had borne him company for many hours, and the chamber had gradually grown quite dark, when he was roused by a low knocking at the outer door.

He hastened down, and opening it, saw, by the light of a lamp which he had seized upon the way, a female

figure crouching in the portal. It hurried swiftly past him, and glided up the stairs. He looked for pursuers. There were none in sight. No, not one.

He was inclined to think it a vision of his own brain, when suddenly a vague suspicion of the truth flashed upon his mind. He barred the door, and hastened wildly back. Yes, there she was — there, in the chamber he had quitted — there, in her old innocent happy home, so changed that none but he could trace one gleam of what she had been — there upon her knees — with her hands clasped in agony and shame before her burning face.

"My God, my God!" she cried, "now strike me dead! Though I have brought death and shame and sorrow on this roof, oh, let me die at home in mercy!"

There was no tear upon her face then, but she trembled and glanced round the chamber. Everything was in its old place. Her bed looked as if she had risen from it but that morning. The sight of these familiar objects, marking the dear remembrance in which she had been held, and the blight she had brought upon herself, was more than the woman's better nature that had carried her there could bear. She wept and fell upon the ground.

A rumor was spread about, in a few days' time, that the Bowyer's cruel daughter had come home, and that Master Graham had given her lodging in his house. It was rumored too that he had resigned her fortune, in order that she might bestow it in acts of charity, and that he had vowed to guard her in her solitude, but that they were never to see each other more. These rumors greatly incensed all virtuous wives and daughters in the ward, especially when they appeared to receive some corroboration from the circumstance of Master Graham taking up his abode in another tenement hard by. The

estimation in which he was held, however, forbade any questioning on the subject; and as the Bowyer's house was close shut up, and nobody came forth when public shows and festivities were in progress, or to flaunt in the public walks, or to buy new fashions at the mercers' booths, all the well-conducted females agreed among themselves that there could be no woman there.

These reports had scarcely died away when the wonder of every good citizen, male and female, was utterly absorbed and swallowed up by a Royal Proclamation, in which her Majesty, strongly censuring the practice of wearing long Spanish rapiers of preposterous length (as being a bullying and swaggering custom, tending to bloodshed and public disorder), commanded that on a particular day therein named, certain grave citizens should repair to the city gates, and there, in public, break all rapiers worn or carried by persons claiming admission, that exceeded, though it were only by a quarter of an inch, three standard feet in length.

Royal Proclamations usually take their course, let the public wonder never so much. On the appointed day two citizens of high repute took up their stations at each of the gates, attended by a party of the city guard: the main body to enforce the Queen's will, and take custody of all such rebels (if any) as might have the temerity to dispute it: and a few to bear the standard measures and instruments for reducing all unlawful sword-blades to the prescribed dimensions. In pursuance of these arrangements, Master Graham and another were posted at Lud Gate, on the hill before Saint Paul's.

A pretty numerous company were gathered together at this spot, for, besides the officers in attendance to enforce the proclamation, there was a motley crowd of lookers-on of various degrees, who raised from time to

time such shouts and cries as the circumstances called forth. A spruce young courtier was the first who approached; he unsheathed a weapon of burnished steel that shone and glistened in the sun, and handed it with the newest air to the officer, who, finding it exactly three feet long, returned it with a bow. Thereupon the gallant raised his hat and crying "God save the Queen," passed on amidst the plaudits of the mob. Then came another — a better courtier still — who wore a blade but two feet long, whereat the people laughed, much to the disparagement of his honor's dignity. Then came a third, a sturdy old officer of the army, girded with a rapier at least a foot and a half beyond her Majesty's pleasure; at him they raised a great shout, and most of the spectators (but especially those who were armorers or cutlers) laughed very heartily at the breakage which would ensue. But they were disappointed, for the old campaigner, coolly unbuckling his sword and bidding his servant carry it home again, passed through unarmed, to the great indignation of all the beholders. They relieved themselves in some degree by hooting a tall, blustering fellow with a prodigious weapon, who stopped short on coming in sight of the preparations, and after a little consideration turned back again; but all this time no rapier had been broken although it was high noon, and all cavaliers of any quality or appearance were taking their way towards St. Paul's church-yard.

During these proceedings Master Graham had stood apart, strictly confining himself to the duty imposed upon him, and taking little heed of anything beyond. He stepped forward now as a richly dressed gentleman on foot, followed by a single attendant, was seen advancing up the hill.

As this person drew nearer, the crowd stopped their clamor, and bent forward with eager looks. Master

Graham standing alone in the gate-way, and the stranger coming slowly towards him, they seemed, as it were, set face to face. The nobleman (for he looked one) had a haughty and disdainful air, which bespoke the slight estimation in which he held the citizen. The citizen on the other hand preserved the resolute bearing of one who was not to be frowned down or daunted, and who cared very little for any nobility but that of worth and manhood. It was perhaps some consciousness on the part of each, of these feelings in the other, that infused a more stern expression into their regards as they came closer together.

"Your rapier, worthy sir!"

At the instant that he pronounced these words Graham started, and falling back some paces, laid his hand upon the dagger in his belt.

"You are the man whose horse I used to hold before the Bowyer's door? You are that man? Speak!"

"Out, you 'prentice hound!" said the other.

"You are he! I know you well now!" cried Graham. "Let no man step between us two, or I shall be his murderer." With that he drew his dagger and rushed in upon him.

The stranger had drawn his weapon from the scabbard ready for the scrutiny, before a word was spoken He made a thrust at his assailant, but the dagger which Graham clutched in his left hand being the dirk in use at that time for parrying such blows, promptly turned the point aside. They closed. The dagger fell rattling upon the ground, and Graham, wresting his adversary's sword from his grasp, plunged it through his heart. As he drew it out it snapped in two, leaving a fragment in the dead man's body.

All this passed so swiftly that the bystanders looked on without an effort to interfere; but the man was no

sooner down than an uproar broke forth which rent the air. The attendant rushing through the gate proclaimed that his master, a nobleman, had been set upon and slain by a citizen; the word quickly spread from mouth to mouth; Saint Paul's Cathedral, and every book shop, ordinary, and smoking-house in the church-yard poured out its stream of cavaliers and their followers, who, mingling together in a dense tumultuous body, struggled, sword in hand, towards the spot.

With equal impetuosity, and stimulating each other by loud cries and shouts, the citizens and common people took up the quarrel on their side, and encircling Master Graham a hundred deep, forced him from the gate. In vain he waved the broken sword above his head, crying that he would die on London's threshold for their sacred homes. They bore him on, and ever keeping him in the midst, so that no man could attack him, fought their way into the city.

The clash of swords and roar of voices, the dust and heat and pressure, the trampling under foot of men, the distracted looks and shrieks of women at the windows above as they recognized their relatives or lovers in the crowd, the rapid tolling of alarm bells, the furious rage and passion of the scene were fearful. Those who, being on the outskirts of each crowd, could use their weapons with effect, fought desperately, while those behind, maddened with baffled rage, struck at each other over the heads of those before them, and crushed their own fellows. Wherever the broken sword was seen above the people's heads, towards that spot the cavaliers made a new rush. Every one of these charges was marked by sudden gaps in the throng where men were trodden down, but as fast as they were made, the tide swept over them, and still the multitude pressed on again, a confused mass of swords, clubs, staves, broken

plumes, fragments of rich cloaks and doublets, and angry bleeding faces, all mixed up together in inextricable disorder.

The design of the people was to force Master Graham to take refuge in his dwelling, and to defend it until the authorities could interfere or they could gain time for parley. But either from ignorance or in the confusion of the moment they stopped at his old house, which was closely shut. Some time was lost in beating the doors open and passing him to the front. About a score of the boldest of the other party threw themselves into the torrent while this was being done, and reaching the door at the same moment with himself cut him off from his defenders.

"I never will turn in such a righteous cause, so help me Heaven!" cried Graham, in a voice that at last made itself heard, and confronting them as he spoke. "Least of all will I turn upon this threshold, which owes its desolation to such men as ye. I give no quarter, and I will have none! Strike!"

For a moment they stood at bay. At that moment a shot from an unseen hand, apparently fired by some person who had gained access to one of the opposite houses, struck Graham in the brain, and he fell dead. A low wail was heard in the air — many people in the concourse cried that they had seen a spirit glide across the little casement window of the Bowyer's house —

A dead silence succeeded. After a short time some of the flushed and heated throng lay down their arms and softly carried the body within doors. Others fell off or slunk away in knots of two or three, others whispered together in groups, and before a numerous guard which then rode up could muster in the street, it was nearly empty.

Those who carried Master Graham to the bed upstairs were shocked to see a woman lying beneath the window with her hands clasped together. After trying to recover her in vain, they laid her near the citizen, who still retained, tightly grasped in his right hand, the first and last sword that was broken that day at Lud Gate.

The Giant uttered these concluding words with sudden precipitation, and on the instant the strange light which had filled the hall faded away. Joe Toddyhigh glanced involuntarily at the eastern window, and saw the first pale gleam of morning. He turned his head again towards the other window in which the Giants had been seated. It was empty. The cask of wine was gone, and he could dimly make out that the two great figures stood mute and motionless upon their pedestals.

After rubbing his eyes and wondering for full half an hour, during which time he observed morning come creeping on apace, he yielded to the drowsiness which overpowered him, and fell into a refreshing slumber. When he awoke it was broad day; the building was open, and workmen were busily engaged in removing the vestiges of last night's feast.

Stealing gently down the little stairs and assuming the air of some early lounger who had dropped in from the street, he walked up to the foot of each pedestal in turn, and attentively examined the figure it supported. There could be no doubt about the features of either; he recollected the exact expression they had worn at different passages of their conversation, and recognized in every line and lineament the Giants of the night. Assured that it was no vision, but that he had heard and seen with his own proper senses, he walked forth,

determining at all hazards to conceal himself in the Guildhall again that evening. He further resolved to sleep all day, so that he might be very wakeful and vigilant, and above all that he might take notice of the figures at the precise moment of their becoming animated and subsiding into their old state, which he greatly reproached himself for not having done already.

CORRESPONDENCE

TO MASTER HUMPHREY.

"Sir, — Before you proceed any further in your account of your friends and what you say and do when you meet together, excuse me if I proffer my claim to be elected to one of the vacant chairs in that old room of yours. Don't reject me without full consideration, for if you do you'll be sorry for it afterwards — you will upon my life.

"I inclose my card, sir, in this letter. I never was ashamed of my name, and I never shall be. I am considered a devilish gentlemanly fellow, and I act up to the character. If you want a reference, ask any of the men at our club. Ask any fellow who goes there to write his letters, what sort of conversation mine is. Ask him if he thinks I have the sort of voice that will suit your deaf friend and make him hear, if he can hear anything at all. Ask the servants what they think of me. There's not a rascal among 'em, sir, but will tremble to hear my name. That reminds me — don't you say too much about that housekeeper of yours; it's a low subject, damned low.

"I tell you what, sir. If you vote me into one of those empty chairs, you'll have among you a man with a fund of gentlemanly information that'll rather astonish you. I can let you into a few anecdotes about some fine women of title, that are quite high life, sir — the tip-top sort of thing. I know the name of every man

who has been out on an affair of honor within the last five-and-twenty years; I know the private particulars of every cross and squabble that has taken place upon the turf, at the gaming-table, or elsewhere, during the whole of that time. I have been called the gentlemanly chronicle. You may consider yourself a lucky dog; upon my soul you may congratulate yourself, though I say so.

"It's an uncommon good notion that of yours, not letting anybody know where you live. I have tried it, but there has always been an anxiety respecting me which has found me out. Your deaf friend is a cunning fellow to keep his name so close. I have tried that too, but have always failed. I shall be proud to make his acquaintance — tell him so, with my compliments.

"You must have been a queer fellow when you were a child, confounded queer. It's odd all that about the picture in your first paper, — prosy, but told in a devilish gentlemanly sort of way. In places like that, I could come in with great effect with a touch of life — Don't you feel that?

"I am anxiously waiting for your next paper to know whether your friends live upon the premises, and at your expense, which I take it for granted is the case. If I am right in this impression, I know a charming fellow (an excellent companion and most delightful company) who will be proud to join you. Some years ago he seconded a great many prize-fighters, and once fought an amateur match himself; since then he has driven several mails, broken at different periods all the lamps on the right-hand side of Oxford Street, and six times carried away every bell-handle in Bloomsbury Square, besides turning off the gas in various thoroughfares. In point of gentlemanliness he is unrivaled, and I should

say that next to myself he is of all men the best suited to your purpose.

"Expecting your reply,

"I am,

"etc., etc."

Master Humphrey informs this gentleman that his application, both as it concerns himself and his friend, is rejected.

[The first number of Master Humphrey's Clock ended here, and the second began as follows, according to the plan first proposed by the author.]

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

MASTER HUMPHREY FROM HIS CLOCK-SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

My old companion tells me it is midnight. The fire glows brightly, crackling with a sharp and cheerful sound, as if it loved to burn. The merry cricket on the hearth (my constant visitor), this ruddy blaze, my clock, and I, seem to share the world among us, and to be the only things awake. The wind, high and boisterous but now, has died away and hoarsely mutters in its sleep. I love all times and seasons each in its turn, and am apt perhaps to think the present one the best; but past or coming I always love this peaceful time of night, when long buried thoughts, favored by the gloom and silence, steal from their graves, and haunt the scenes of faded happiness and hope.

The popular faith in ghosts has a remarkable affinity with the whole current of our thoughts at such an hour as this, and seems to be their necessary and natural consequence. For who can wonder that man should feel a vague belief in tales of disembodied spirits wandering through those places which they once dearly affected, when he himself, scarcely less separated from his old world than they, is forever lingering upon past emotions and by-gone times, and hovering, the ghost of his former self, about the places and people that warmed his heart of old? It is thus that at this quiet hour I haunt the

house where I was born, the rooms I used to tread, the scenes of my infancy, my boyhood, and my youth; it is thus that I prowl around my buried treasure (though not of gold or silver) and mourn my loss; it is thus that I revisit the ashes of extinguished fires, and take my silent stand at old bedsides. If my spirit should ever glide back to this chamber when my body is mingled with the dust, it will but follow the course it often took in the old man's lifetime, and add but one more change to the subjects of its contemplation.

In all my idle speculations I am greatly assisted by various legends connected with my venerable house which are current in the neighborhood, and are so numerous that there is scarce a cupboard or corner that has not some dismal story of its own. When I first entertained thoughts of becoming its tenant I was assured that it was haunted from roof to cellar, and I believe the bad opinion in which my neighbors once held me had its rise in my not being torn to pieces, or at least distracted with terror, on the night I took possession: in either of which cases I should doubtless have arrived by a short cut at the very summit of popularity.

But traditions and rumors all taken into account, who so abets me in every fancy and chimes with my every thought, as my dear deaf friend; and how often have I cause to bless the day that brought us two together! Of all days in the year I rejoice to think that it should have been Christmas Day, with which from childhood we associate something friendly, hearty, and sincere.

I had walked out to cheer myself with the happiness of others, and, in the little tokens of festivity and rejoicing, of which the streets and houses present so many upon that day, had lost some hours. Now I stopped to look at a merry party hurrying through the snow on

foot to their place of meeting, and now turned back to see a whole coachful of children safely deposited at the welcome house. At one time, I admired how carefully the working-man carried the baby in its gaudy hat and feathers, and how his wife, trudging patiently on behind, forgot even her care of her gay clothes, in exchanging greetings with the child as it crowed and laughed over the father's shoulder; at another, I pleased myself with some passing scene of gallantry or courtship, and was glad to believe that for a season half the world of poverty was gay.

As the day closed in, I still rambled through the streets, feeling a companionship in the bright fires that cast their warm reflection on the windows as I passed, and losing all sense of my own loneliness in imagining the sociality and kind-fellowship that everywhere prevailed. At length I happened to stop before a Tavern, and encountering a Bill of Fare in the window, it all at once brought it into my head to wonder what kind of people dined alone in Taverns upon Christmas Day.

Solitary men are accustomed, I suppose, unconsciously to look upon solitude as their own peculiar property. I had sat alone in my room on many, many anniversaries of this great holiday, and had never regarded it but as one of universal assemblage and rejoicing. I had excepted, and with an aching heart, a crowd of prisoners and beggars, but *these* were not the men for whom the Tavern doors were open. Had they any customers, or was it a mere form? — a form no doubt.

Trying to feel quite sure of this, I walked away, but before I had gone many paces, I stopped and looked back. There was a provoking air of business in the lamp above the door which I could not overcome. I began to be afraid there might be many customers — young men perhaps struggling with the world, utter

strangers in this great place, whose friends lived at a long distance off, and whose means were too slender to enable them to make the journey. The supposition gave rise to so many distressing little pictures, that, in preference to carrying them home with me, I determined to encounter the realities. So I turned, and walked in.

I was at once glad and sorry to find that there was only one person in the dining-room; glad to know that there were not more, and sorry that he should be there by himself. He did not look so old as I, but like me he was advanced in life, and his hair was nearly white. Though I made more noise in entering and seating myself then was quite necessary, with the view of attracting his attention and saluting him in the good old form of that time of year, he did not raise his head, but sat with it resting on his hand, musing over his half-finished meal.

I called for something which would give me an excuse for remaining in the room (I had dined early, as my housekeeper was engaged at night to partake of some friend's good cheer), and sat where I could observe without intruding on him. After a time he looked up. He was aware that somebody had entered, but could see very little of me, as I sat in the shade and he in the light. He was sad and thoughtful, and I forbore to trouble him by speaking.

Let me believe that it was something better than curiosity which riveted my attention and impelled me strongly towards this gentleman. I never saw so patient and kind a face. He should have been surrounded by friends, and yet here he sat dejected and alone when all men had their friends about them. As often as he roused himself from his reverie he would fall into it again, and it was plain that whatever were the subject of his thoughts they were of a melancholy kind, and would not be controlled.

He was not used to solitude. I was sure of that, for I know by myself that if he had been, his manner would have been different, and he would have taken some slight interest in the arrival of another. I could not fail to mark that he had no appetite; that he tried to eat in vain; that time after time the plate was pushed away, and he relapsed into his former posture.

His mind was wandering among old Christmas Days, I thought. Many of them sprung up together, not with a long gap between each, but in unbroken succession like days of the week. It was a great change to find himself for the first time (I quite settled that it *was* the first) in an empty silent room with no soul to care for. I could not help following him in imagination through crowds of pleasant faces, and then coming back to that dull place with its bough of mistletoe sickening in the gas, and sprigs of holly parched up already by a Simoom of roast and boiled. The very waiter had gone home, and his representative, a poor, lean, hungry man, was keeping Christmas in his jacket.

I grew still more interested in my friend. His dinner done, a decanter of wine was placed before him. It remained untouched for a long time, but at length with a quivering hand he filled a glass and raised it to his lips. Some tender wish to which he had been accustomed to give utterance on that day, or some beloved name that he had been used to pledge, trembled upon them at the moment. He put it down very hastily — took it up once more — again put it down — pressed his hand upon his face — yes — and tears stole down his cheeks, I am certain.

Without pausing to consider whether I did right or wrong, I stepped across the room, and sitting down beside him laid my hand gently on his arm.

"My friend," I said, "forgive me if I beseech you to

take comfort and consolation from the lips of an old man. I will not preach to you what I have not practiced, indeed. Whatever be your grief, be of a good heart — be of a good heart, pray ! "

" I see that you speak earnestly," he replied, " and kindly I am very sure, but " —

I nodded my head to show that I understood what he would say, for I had already gathered from a certain fixed expression in his face, and from the attention with which he watched me while I spoke, that his sense of hearing was destroyed. " There should be a freemasonry between us," said I, pointing from himself to me to explain my meaning ; " if not in our gray hairs, at least in our misfortunes. You see that I am but a poor cripple."

I never felt so happy under my affliction since the trying moment of my first becoming conscious of it, as when he took my hand in his with a smile that has lighted my path in life from that day, and we sat down side by side.

This was the beginning of my friendship with the deaf gentleman, and when was ever the slight and easy service of a kind word in season, repaid by such attachment and devotion as he has shown to me !

He produced a little set of tablets and a pencil to facilitate our conversation, on that our first acquaintance, and I well remember how awkward and constrained I was in writing down my share of the dialogue, and how easily he guessed my meaning before I had written half of what I had to say. He told me in a faltering voice that he had not been accustomed to be alone on that day — that it had always been a little festival with him — and seeing that I glanced at his dress in the expectation that he wore mourning, he added hastily that it was not that; if it had been, he

thought he could have borne it better. From that time to the present we have never touched upon this theme. Upon every return of the same day we have been together, and although we make it our annual custom to drink to each other hand in hand after dinner, and to recall with affectionate garrulity every circumstance of our first meeting, we always avoid this one as if by mutual consent.

Meantime we have gone on strengthening in our friendship and regard, and forming an attachment which, I trust and believe, will only be interrupted by death, to be renewed in another existence. I scarcely know how we communicate as we do, but he has long since ceased to be deaf to me. He is frequently the companion of my walks, and even in crowded streets replies to my slightest look or gesture as though he could read my thoughts. From the vast number of objects which pass in rapid succession before our eyes, we frequently select the same for some particular notice or remark; and when one of these little coincidences occurs, I cannot describe the pleasure which animates my friend, or the beaming countenance he will preserve for half an hour afterwards at least.

He is a great thinker, from living so much within himself, and having a lively imagination, has a facility of conceiving and enlarging upon odd ideas, which renders him invaluable to our little body, and greatly astonishes our two friends. His powers in this respect are much assisted by a large pipe, which he assures us once belonged to a German Student. Be this as it may, it has undoubtedly a very ancient and mysterious appearance, and is of such capacity that it takes three hours and a half to smoke it out. I have reason to believe that my barber, who is the chief authority of a knot of gossips who congregate every evening at a

small tobacconist's hard by, has related anecdotes of this pipe and the grim figures that are carved upon its bowl, at which all the smokers in the neighborhood have stood aghast; and I know that my housekeeper, while she holds it in high veneration, has a superstitious feeling connected with it which would render her exceedingly unwilling to be left alone in its company after dark.

Whatever sorrow my deaf friend has known, and whatever grief may linger in some secret corner of his heart, he is now a cheerful, placid, happy creature. Misfortune can never have fallen upon such a man but for some good purpose; and when I see its traces in his gentle nature and his earnest feeling, I am the less disposed to murmur at such trials as I may have undergone myself. With regard to the pipe, I have a theory of my own; I cannot help thinking that it is in some manner connected with the event that brought us together, for I remember that it was a long time before he even talked about it; that when he did, he grew reserved and melancholy; and that it was a long time yet before he brought it forth. I have no curiosity, however, upon this subject, for I know that it promotes his tranquillity and comfort, and I need no other inducement to regard it with my utmost favor.

Such is the deaf gentleman. I can call up his figure now, clad in sober gray, and seated in the chimney-corner. As he puffs out the smoke from his favorite pipe he casts a look on me brimful of cordiality and friendship, and says all manner of kind and genial things in a cheerful smile; then he raises his eyes to my clock which is just about to strike, and glancing from it to me and back again, seems to divide his heart between us. For myself, it is not too much to say that I would gladly part with one of my poor limbs, could he but hear the old clock's voice.

Of our two friends, the first has been all his life one of that easy, wayward, truant class whom the world is accustomed to designate as nobody's enemies but their own. Bred to a profession for which he never qualified himself, and reared in the expectation of a fortune he has never inherited, he has undergone every vicissitude of which such an existence is capable. He and his younger brother, both orphans from their childhood, were educated by a wealthy relative who taught them to expect an equal division of his property; but too indolent to court, and too honest to flatter, the elder gradually lost ground in the affections of a capricious old man, and the younger, who did not fail to improve his opportunity, now triumphs in the possession of enormous wealth. His triumph is to hoard it in solitary wretchedness, and probably to feel with the expenditure of every shilling a greater pang than the loss of his whole inheritance ever cost his brother.

Jack Redburn — he was Jack Redburn at the first little school he went to, where every other child was mastered and surnamed, and he has been Jack Redburn all his life, or he would perhaps have been a richer man by this time — has been an inmate of my house these eight years past. He is my librarian, secretary, steward, and first minister: director of all my affairs and inspector-general of my household. He is something of a musician, something of an author, something of an actor, something of a painter, very much of a carpenter, and an extraordinary gardener; having had all his life a wonderful aptitude for learning everything that was of no use to him. He is remarkably fond of children, and is the best and kindest nurse in sickness that ever drew the breath of life. He has mixed with every grade of society and known the utmost distress, but there never was a less selfish, a more tender-hearted, a

more enthusiastic, or a more guileless man; and I dare say if few have done less good, fewer still have done less harm in the world than he. By what chance Nature forms such whimsical jumbles I don't know, but I do know that she sends them among us very often, and that the king of the whole race is Jack Redburn.

I should be puzzled to say how old he is. His health is none of the best, and he wears a quantity of iron-gray hair which shades his face and gives it rather a worn appearance; but we consider him quite a young fellow notwithstanding, and if a youthful spirit surviving the roughest contact with the world confers upon its possessor any title to be considered young, then he is a mere child. The only interruptions to his careless cheerfulness are on a wet Sunday, when he is apt to be unusually religious and solemn, and sometimes of an evening when he has been blowing a very slow tune on the flute. On these last-named occasions he is apt to incline towards the mysterious or the terrible. As a specimen of his powers in this mood, I refer my readers to the extract from the clock-case which follows this paper: he brought it to me not long ago at midnight, and informed me that the main incident had been suggested by a dream of the night before.

His apartments are two cheerful rooms looking towards the garden, and one of his great delights is to arrange and rearrange the furniture in these chambers and put it in every possible variety of position. During the whole time he has been here, I do not think he has slept for two nights running with the head of his bed in the same place, and every time he moves it is to be the last. My housekeeper was at first well-nigh distracted by these frequent changes, but she has become quite reconciled to them by degrees, and has so fallen in with his humor that they often consult together with great

gravity upon the next final alteration. Whatever his arrangements are, however, they are always a pattern of neatness, and every one of the manifold articles connected with his manifold occupations is to be found in its own particular place. Until within the last two or three years he was subject to an occasional fit (which usually came upon him in very fine weather), under the influence of which he would dress himself with peculiar care, and going out under pretense of taking a walk, disappear for several days together. At length after the interval between each outbreak of this disorder had gradually grown longer and longer, it wholly disappeared, and now he seldom stirs abroad except to stroll out a little way on a summer's evening. Whether he yet mistrusts his own constancy in this respect, and is therefore afraid to wear a coat, I know not; but we seldom see him in any other upper garment than an old spectral-looking dressing gown with very disproportionate pockets, full of a miscellaneous collection of odd matters which he picks up wherever he can lay his hands upon them.

Everything that is a favorite with our friend is a favorite with us, and thus it happens that the fourth among us is Mr. Owen Miles, a most worthy gentleman who had treated Jack with great kindness before my deaf friend and I encountered him by an accident, to which I may refer on some future occasion. Mr. Miles was once a very rich merchant, but receiving a severe shock in the death of his wife, he retired from business and devoted himself to a quiet, unostentatious life. He is an excellent man of thoroughly sterling character: not of quick apprehension, and not without some amusing prejudices, which I shall leave to their own development. He holds us all in profound veneration, but Jack Redburn he esteems as a kind of pleasant wonder,

that he may venture to approach familiarly. He believes, not only that no man ever lived who could do so many things as Jack, but that no man ever lived who could do anything so well; and he never calls my attention to any of his ingenious proceedings but he whispers in my ear, nudging me at the same time with his elbow, — "If he had only made it his trade, sir — if he had only made it his trade!"

They are inseparable companions; one would almost suppose that although Mr. Miles never by any chance does anything in the way of assistance, Jack could do nothing without him. Whether he is reading, writing, painting, carpentering, gardening, flute-playing, or what not, there is Mr. Miles beside him, buttoned up to the chin in his blue coat, and looking on with a face of incredulous delight, as though he could not credit the testimony of his own senses, and had a misgiving that no man could be so clever but in a dream.

These are my friends; I have now introduced myself and them.

THE CLOCK-CASE.

A CONFESSION FOUND IN A PRISON IN THE TIME OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

I HELD a lieutenant's commission in His Majesty's army, and served abroad in the campaigns of 1677 and 1678. The treaty of Nimeguen being concluded, I returned home, and retiring from the service withdrew to a small estate lying a few miles east of London, which I had recently acquired in right of my wife.

This is the last night I have to live, and I will set down the naked truth without disguise. I was never a brave man, and had always been from my childhood of a secret, sullen, distrustful nature. I speak of myself as if I had passed from the world, for while I write this my grave is digging, and my name is written in the black book of death.

Soon after my return to England, my only brother was seized with mortal illness. This circumstance gave me slight or no pain, for since we had been men we had associated but very little together. He was open-hearted and generous, handsomer than I, more accomplished, and generally beloved. Those who sought my acquaintance abroad or at home, because they were friends of his, seldom attached themselves to me long, and would usually say in our first conversation that they were surprised to find two brothers so unlike in their manners and appearance. It was my habit to lead them on to this avowal, for I knew what comparisons they must draw between

us, and having a rankling envy in my heart, I sought to justify it to myself.

We had married two sisters. This additional tie between us, as it may appear to some, only estranged us the more. His wife knew me well. I never struggled with any secret jealousy or gall when she was present, but that woman knew it as well as I did. I never raised my eyes at such times but I found hers fixed upon me; I never bent them on the ground or looked another way, but I felt that she overlooked me always. It was an inexpressible relief to me when we quarreled, and a greater relief still when I heard abroad that she was dead. It seems to me now as if some strange and terrible foreshadowing of what has happened since, must have hung over us then. I was afraid of her; she haunted me; her fixed and steady look comes back upon me now, like the memory of a dark dream, and makes my blood run cold.

She died shortly after giving birth to a child — a boy. When my brother knew that all hope of his own recovery was past, he called my wife to his bedside and confided this orphan, a child four years old, to her protection. He bequeathed to him all the property he had, and willed that in case of his child's death it should pass to my wife, as the only acknowledgment he could make her for her care and love. He exchanged a few brotherly words with me, deploring our long separation, and being exhausted, fell into a slumber from which he never awoke.

We had no children, and as there had been a strong affection between the sisters, and my wife had almost supplied the place of mother to this boy, she loved him as if he had been her own. The child was ardently attached to her; but he was his mother's image in face and spirit, and always mistrusted me.

I can scarcely fix the date when the feeling first came

upon me, but I soon began to be uneasy when this child was by. I never roused myself from some moody train of thought but I marked him looking at me: not with mere childish wonder, but with something of the purpose and meaning that I had so often noted in his mother. It was no effort of my fancy, founded on close resemblance of feature and expression. I never could look the boy down. He feared me, but seemed by some instinct to despise me while he did so; and even when he drew back beneath my gaze — as he would when we were alone, to get nearer to the door — he would keep his bright eyes upon me still.

Perhaps I hide the truth from myself, but I do not think that when this began, I meditated to do him any wrong. I may have thought how serviceable his inheritance would be to us, and may have wished him dead, but I believe I had no thought of compassing his death. Neither did the idea come upon me at once, but by very slow degrees, presenting itself at first in dim shapes at a very great distance, as men may think of an earthquake or the last day — then drawing nearer and nearer and losing something of its horror and improbability — then coming to be part and parcel, nay nearly the whole sum and substance of my daily thoughts, and resolving itself into a question of means and safety; not of doing or abstaining from the deed.

While this was going on within me, I never could bear that the child should see me looking at him, and yet I was under a fascination which made it a kind of business with me to contemplate his slight and fragile figure, and think how easily it might be done. Sometimes I would steal up-stairs and watch him as he slept, but usually I hovered in the garden near the window of the room in which he learnt his little tasks; and there, as he sat upon a low seat beside my wife, I would peer

at him for hours together from behind a tree: starting, like the guilty wretch I was, at every rustling of a leaf, and still gliding back to look and start again.

Hard by our cottage, but quite out of sight, and (if there were any wind astir) of hearing too, was a deep sheet of water. I spent days in shaping with my pocket-knife a rough model of a boat, which I finished at last and dropped in the child's way. Then I withdrew to a secret place which he must pass if he stole away alone to swim this bauble, and lurked there for his coming. He came neither that day nor the next, though I waited from noon till nightfall. I was sure that I had him in my net, for I had heard him prattling of the toy, and knew that in his infant pleasure he kept it by his side in bed. I felt no weariness or fatigue, but waited patiently, and on the third day he passed me, running joyously along, with his silken hair streaming in the wind, and he singing — God have mercy upon me! — singing a merry ballad — who could hardly lisp the words.

I stole down after him, creeping under certain shrubs which grow in that place, and none but devils know with what terror I, a strong, full-grown man, tracked the footsteps of that baby as he approached the water's brink. I was close upon him, had sunk upon my knee and raised my hand to thrust him in, when he saw my shadow in the stream, and turned him round.

His mother's ghost was looking from his eyes. The sun burst forth from behind a cloud: it shone in the bright sky, the glistening earth, the clear water, the sparkling drops of rain upon the leaves. There were eyes in everything. The whole great universe of light was there to see the murder done. I know not what he said; he came of bold and manly blood, and child as he was, he did not crouch or fawn upon me. I heard him cry that he would try to love me — not that he did —

and then I saw him running back towards the house. The next I saw was my own sword naked in my hand, and he lying at my feet stark dead — dabbled here and there with blood, but otherwise no different from what I had seen him in his sleep — in the same attitude, too, with his cheek resting upon his little hand.

I took him in my arms and laid him — very gently now that he was dead — in a thicket. My wife was from home that day and would not return until the next. Our bedroom window, the only sleeping-room on that side of the house, was but a few feet from the ground, and I resolved to descend from it at night and bury him in the garden. I had no thought that I had failed in my design, no thought that the water would be dragged and nothing found, that the money must now lie waste since I must encourage the idea that the child was lost or stolen. All my thoughts were bound up and knotted together, in the one absorbing necessity of hiding what I had done.

How I felt when they came to tell me that the child was missing, when I ordered scouts in all directions, when I gasped and trembled at every one's approach, no tongue can tell or mind of man conceive. I buried him that night. When I parted the boughs and looked into the dark thicket, there was a glow-worm shining like the visible spirit of God upon the murdered child. I glanced down into his grave when I had placed him there, and still it gleamed upon his breast; an eye of fire looking up to heaven in supplication to the stars that watched me at my work.

I had to meet my wife, and break the news, and give her hope that the child would soon be found. All this I did — with some appearance, I suppose, of being sincere, for I was the object of no suspicion. This done, I sat at the bedroom window all day long, and watched the spot where the dreadful secret lay.

It was in a piece of ground which had been dug up to be newly turfed, and which I had chosen on that account, as the traces of my spade were less likely to attract attention. The men who laid down the grass must have thought me mad. I called to them continually to expedite their work, ran out and worked beside them, trod down the earth with my feet, and hurried them with frantic eagerness. They had finished their task before night, and then I thought myself comparatively safe.

I slept — not as men do who wake refreshed and cheerful, but I did sleep, passing from vague and shadowy dreams of being hunted down, to visions of the plot of grass, through which now a hand and now a foot and now the head itself was starting out. At this point I always woke and stole to the window, to make sure that it was not really so. That done I crept to bed again, and thus I spent the night in fits and starts, getting up and lying down full twenty times, and dreaming the same dream over and over again — which was far worse than lying awake, for every dream had a whole night's suffering of its own. Once I thought the child was alive and that I had never tried to kill him. To wake from that dream was the most dreadful agony of all.

The next day I sat at the window again, never once taking my eyes from the place, which, although it was covered by the grass, was as plain to me — its shape, its size, its depth, its jagged sides, and all — as if it had been open to the light of day. When a servant walked across it, I felt as if he must sink in; when he had passed, I looked to see that his feet had not worn the edges. If a bird lighted there, I was in terror lest by some tremendous interposition it should be instrumental in the discovery; if a breath of air sighed across it, to

me it whispered murder. There was not a sight or a sound — how ordinary, mean, or unimportant soever — but was fraught with fear. And in this state of ceaseless watching I spent three days.

On the fourth, there came to the gate one who had served with me abroad, accompanied by a brother officer of his whom I had never seen. I felt that I could not bear to be out of sight of the place. It was a summer evening, and I bade my people take a table and a flask of wine into the garden. Then I sat down *with my chair upon the grave*, and being assured that nobody could disturb it now, without my knowledge, tried to drink and talk.

They hoped that my wife was well — that she was not obliged to keep her chamber — that they had not frightened her away. What could I do but tell them with a faltering tongue about the child? The officer whom I did not know was a down-looking man, and kept his eyes upon the ground while I was speaking. Even that terrified me! I could not divest myself of the idea that he saw something there which caused him to suspect the truth. I asked him hurriedly if he supposed that — and stopped. "That the child has been murdered?" said he, looking mildly at me. "Oh, no! what could a man gain by murdering a poor child?" *I* could have told him what a man gained by such a deed, no one better, but I held my peace and shivered as with an ague.

Mistaking my emotion they were endeavoring to cheer me with the hope that the boy would certainly be found — great cheer that was for me — when we heard a low deep howl, and presently there sprung over the wall two great dogs, who, bounding into the garden, repeated the baying sound we had heard before.

"Bloodhounds!" cried my visitors.

What need to tell me that! I had never seen one of that kind in all my life, but I knew what they were and for what purpose they had come. I grasped the elbows of my chair, and neither spoke nor moved.

"They are of the genuine breed," said the man whom I had known abroad, "and being out for exercise have no doubt escaped from their keeper."

Both he and his friend turned to look at the dogs, who with their noses to the ground moved restlessly about, running to and fro, and up and down, and across, and round in circles, careering about like wild things, and all this time taking no notice of us, but ever and again repeating the yell we had heard already, then dropping their noses to the ground again and tracking earnestly here and there. They now began to snuff the earth more eagerly than they had done yet, and although they were still very restless, no longer beat about in such wide circuits, but kept near to one spot, and constantly diminished the distance between themselves and me.

At last they came up close to the great chair on which I sat, and raising their frightful howl once more, tried to tear away the wooden rails that kept them from the ground beneath. I saw how I looked in the faces of the two who were with me.

"They scent some prey," said they, both together.

"They scent no prey!" cried I.

"In Heaven's name, move," said the one I knew, very earnestly, "or you will be torn to pieces!"

"Let them tear me from limb to limb, I'll never leave this place!" cried I. "Are dogs to hurry men to shameful deaths? Hew them down, cut them in pieces!"

"There is some foul mystery here!" said the officer whom I did not know, drawing his sword. "In King Charles's name, assist me to secure this man."

They both set upon me and forced me away, though I fought and bit and caught at them like a madman. After a struggle they got me quietly between them, and then, my God! I saw the angry dogs tearing at the earth and throwing it up into the air like water.

What more have I to tell? That I fell upon my knees and with chattering teeth confessed the truth and prayed to be forgiven. That I have since denied and now confess to it again. That I have been tried for the crime, found guilty, and sentenced. That I have not the courage to anticipate my doom or to bear up manfully against it. That I have no compassion, no consolation, no hope, no friend. That my wife has happily lost, for the time, those faculties which would enable her to know my misery or hers. That I am alone in this stone dungeon with my evil spirit, and that I die to-morrow!

[At this point the story of The Old Curiosity Shop begins, occupying the remainder of the second number, with the exception of this correspondence.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

—♦—

Master Humphrey has been favored with the following letter, written on strongly scented paper, and sealed in light blue wax with the representation of two very plump doves, interchanging beaks. It does not commence with any of the usual forms of address, but begins as is here set forth.

Bath, *Wednesday Night.*

Heavens! into what an indiscretion do I suffer myself to be betrayed! To address these faltering lines to a total stranger, and that stranger one of a conflicting sex! — and yet I am precipitated into the abyss, and have no power of self-snatchation (forgive me if I coin that phrase) from the yawning gulf before me.

Yes, I am writing to a man, but let me not think of that, for madness is in the thought. You will understand my feelings? Oh yes! I am sure you will! and you will respect them too, and not despise them — will you?

Let me be calm. That portrait — smiling as once he smiled on me; that cane — dangling as I have seen it dangle from his hand I know not how oft; those legs that have glided through my nightly dreams and never stopped to speak; the perfectly gentlemanly, though false original — can I be mistaken? Oh no, no.

Let me be calmer yet; I would be calm as coffins. You have published a letter from one whose likeness is engraved, but whose name (and wherefore?) is sup-

pressed. Shall *I* breathe that name! Is it — but why ask, when my heart tells me too truly that it is!

I would not upbraid him with his treachery, I would not remind him of those times when he plighted the most eloquent of vows, and procured from me a small pecuniary accommodation; and yet I would see him — see him, did I say — *him* — alas! such is woman's nature. For as the poet beautifully says — but you will already have anticipated the sentiment. Is it not sweet? Oh yes!

It was in this city (hallowed by the recollection) that I met him first, and assuredly if mortal happiness be recorded anywhere, then those rubbers with their three-and-sixpenny points are scored on tablets of celestial brass. He always held an honor — generally two. On that eventful night, we stood at eight. He raised his eyes (luminous in their seductive sweetness) to my agitated face. "*Can* you?" said he, with peculiar meaning. I felt the gentle pressure of his foot on mine; our corns throbbed in unison. "*Can* you?" he said again, and every lineament of his expressive countenance added the words "resist me?" I murmured "No," and fainted.

They said when I recovered, it was the weather. *I* said it was the nutmeg in the negus. How little did they suspect the truth! How little did they guess the deep mysterious meaning of that inquiry! He called next morning on his knees: I do not mean to say that he actually came in that position to the house door, but that he went down upon those joints directly the servant had retired. He brought some verses in his hat which he said were original, but which I have since found were Milton's. Likewise a little bottle labeled laudanum: also a pistol and a swordstick. He drew the latter, uncorked the former, and clicked the trigger of the pocket fire-arm. He had come, he said, to conquer or to die.

He did not die. He wrested from me an avowal of my love, and let off the pistol out of a back window previous to partaking of a slight repast.

Faithless, inconstant man! How many ages seem to have elapsed since his unaccountable and perfidious disappearance! Could I still forgive him both that and the borrowed lucre that he promised to pay next week! Could I spurn him from my feet if he approached in penitence, and with a matrimonial object! Would the blandishing enchanter still weave his spells around me, or should I burst them all and turn away in coldness, I dare not trust my weakness with the thought.

My brain is in a whirl again. You know his address, his occupations, his mode of life, — are acquainted, perhaps, with his inmost thoughts. You are a humane and philanthropic character; reveal all you know — all; but especially the street and number of his lodgings. The post is departing, the bellman rings — pray Heaven it be not the knell of love and hope to BELINDA.

P. S. Pardon the wanderings of a bad pen and a distracted mind. Address to the Post-office. The bellman, rendered impatient by delay, is ringing dreadfully in the passage.

P. P. S. I open this to say that the bellman is gone, and that you must not expect it till the next post; so don't be surprised when you don't get it.

Master Humphrey does not feel himself at liberty to furnish his fair correspondent with the address of the gentleman in question, but he publishes her letter as a public appeal to his faith and gallantry.

[The second number of Master Humphrey's Clock ends here.]

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

MASTER HUMPHREY'S VISITOR.

When I am in a thoughtful mood, I often succeed in diverting the current of some mournful reflections, by conjuring up a number of fanciful associations with the objects that surround me, and dwelling upon the scenes and characters they suggest.

I have been led by this habit to assign to every room in my house, and every old staring portrait on its walls, a separate interest of its own. Thus, I am persuaded that a stately dame, terrible to behold in her rigid modesty, who hangs above the chimney-piece of my bedroom, is the former lady of the mansion. In the court-yard below is a stone face of surpassing ugliness, which I have somehow — in a kind of jealousy, I am afraid — associated with her husband. Above my study is a little room with ivy peeping through the lattice, from which I bring their daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen or nineteen years of age, and dutiful in all respects save one, that one being her devoted attachment to a young gentleman on the stairs, whose grandmother (degraded to a disused laundry in the garden) piques herself upon an old family quarrel, and is the implacable enemy of their love. With such materials as these, I work out many a little drama, whose chief merit is, that I can bring it to a happy end at will; I have so many of them on hand, that if on my return home one of these evenings I were to find some bluff old wight of two centuries

ago comfortably seated in my easy chair, and a love-lorn damsel vainly appealing to his heart and leaning her white arm upon my clock itself, I verily believe I should only express my surprise that they had kept me waiting so long, and never honored me with a call before.

I was, in such a mood as this, sitting in my garden yesterday morning under the shade of a favorite tree, reveling in all the bloom and brightness about me, and feeling every sense of hope and enjoyment quickened by this most beautiful season of Spring, when my meditations were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of my barber at the end of the walk, who I immediately saw was coming towards me with a hasty step that betokened something remarkable.

My barber is at all times a very brisk, bustling, active little man — for he is, as it were, chubby all over, without being stout or unwieldy — but yesterday his alacrity was so very uncommon that it quite took me by surprise. For could I fail to observe when he came up to me, that his gray eyes were twinkling in a most extraordinary manner, that his little red nose was in an unusual glow, that every line in his round, bright face was twisted and curved into an expression of pleased surprise, and that his whole countenance was radiant with glee? I was still more surprised to see my housekeeper, who usually preserves a very staid air, and stands somewhat upon her dignity, peeping round the hedge at the bottom of the walk, and exchanging nods and smiles with the barber, who twice or thrice looked over his shoulder for that purpose. I could conceive no announcement to which these appearances could be the prelude, unless it were that they had married each other that morning.

I was, consequently, a little disappointed when it only came out that there was a gentleman in the house who wished to speak with me.

"And who is it?" said I.

The barber, with his face screwed up still tighter than before, replied that the gentleman would not send his name, but wished to see me. I pondered for a moment, wondering who this visitor might be, and I remarked that he embraced the opportunity of exchanging another nod with the housekeeper, who still lingered in the distance.

"Well!" said I, "bid the gentleman come here."

This seemed to be the consummation of the barber's hopes, for he turned sharp round, and actually ran away

Now, my sight is not very good at a distance, and therefore when the gentleman first appeared in the walk, I was not quite clear whether he was a stranger to me or otherwise. He was an elderly gentleman, but came tripping along in the pleasantest manner conceivable, avoiding the garden-roller and the borders of the beds with inimitable dexterity, picking his way among the flower-pots, and smiling with unspeakable good-humor. Before he was half-way up the walk he began to salute me; then I thought I knew him; but when he came towards me with his hat in his hand, the sun shining on his bald head, his bland face, his bright spectacles, his fawn-colored tights, and his black gaiters — then, my heart warmed towards him and I felt quite certain that it was Mr. Pickwick.

"My dear sir," said that gentleman as I rose to receive him, "pray be seated. Pray sit down. Now, do not stand on my account. I must insist upon it, really." With these words Mr. Pickwick gently pressed me down into my seat, and taking my hand in his, shook it again and again with a warmth of manner perfectly irresistible. I endeavored to express in my welcome something of that heartiness and pleasure which the sight of him awakened, and made him sit down beside me. All this

time he kept alternately releasing my hand and grasping it again, and surveying me through his spectacles with such a beaming countenance as I never beheld.

"You knew me directly!" said Mr. Pickwick. "What a pleasure it is to think that you knew me directly!"

I remarked that I had read his adventures very often, and his features were quite familiar to me from the published portraits. As I thought it a good opportunity of adverting to the circumstance, I condoled with him upon the various libels on his character which had found their way into print. Mr. Pickwick shook his head, and for a moment looked very indignant, but smiling again directly, added that no doubt I was acquainted with Cervantes' introduction to the second part of Don Quixote, and that it fully expressed his sentiments on the subject.

"But now," said Mr. Pickwick, "don't you wonder how I found you out?"

"I shall never wonder, and, with your good leave, never know," said I, smiling in my turn. "It is enough for me that you give me this gratification. I have not the least desire that you should tell me by what means I have obtained it."

"You are very kind," returned Mr. Pickwick, shaking me by the hand again; "you are so exactly what I expected! But for what particular purpose do you think I have sought you, my dear sir? Now, what *do* you think I have come for?"

Mr. Pickwick put this question as though he were persuaded that it was morally impossible that I could by any means divine the deep purpose of his visit, and that it must be hidden from all human ken. Therefore, although I was rejoiced to think that I had anticipated his drift, I feigned to be quite ignorant of it, and after a brief consideration shook my head despairingly.

"What should you say," said Mr. Pickwick, laying the forefinger of his left hand upon my coat-sleeve, and looking at me with his head thrown back, and a little on one side, — "what should you say if I confessed that after reading your account of yourself and your little society, I had come here, a humble candidate for one of those empty chairs?"

"I should say," I returned, "that I know of only one circumstance which could still further endear that little society to me, and that would be the associating with it my old friend — for you must let me call you so — my old friend, Mr. Pickwick."

As I made him this answer, every feature of Mr. Pickwick's face fused itself into one all-pervading expression of delight. After shaking me heartily by both hands at once, he patted me gently on the back, and then — I well understood why — colored up to the eyes, and hoped with great earnestness of manner that he had not hurt me.

If he had, I would have been content that he should have repeated the offense a hundred times rather than suppose so; but as he had not, I had no difficulty in changing the subject by making an inquiry which had been upon my lips twenty times already.

"You have not told me," said I, "anything about Sam Weller."

"Oh! Sam," replied Mr. Pickwick, "is the same as ever. The same true, faithful fellow that he ever was. What should I tell you about Sam, my dear sir, except that he is more indispensable to my happiness and comfort every day of my life?"

"And Mr. Weller senior?" said I.

"Old Mr. Weller," returned Mr. Pickwick, "is in no respect more altered than Sam, unless it be that he is a little more opinionated than he was formerly, and per-

haps at times more talkative. He spends a good deal of his time now in our neighborhood, and has so constituted himself a part of my body-guard, than when I ask permission for Sam to have a seat in your kitchen on clock nights (supposing your three friends think me worthy to fill one of the chairs), I am afraid I must often include Mr. Weller too."

I very readily pledged myself to give both Sam and his father a free admission to my house at all hours and seasons, and this point settled, we fell into a lengthy conversation which was carried on with as little reserve on both sides as if we had been intimate friends from our youth, and which conveyed to me the comfortable assurance that Mr. Pickwick's buoyancy of spirit, and indeed all his old cheerful characteristics, were wholly unimpaired. As he had spoken of the consent of my friends as being yet in abeyance, I repeatedly assured him that his proposal was certain to receive their most joyful sanction, and several times entreated that he would give me leave to introduce him to Jack Redburn and Mr. Miles (who were near at hand) without further ceremony.

To this proposal, however, Mr. Pickwick's delicacy would by no means allow him to accede, for he urged that his eligibility must be formally discussed, and that, until this had been done, he could not think of obtruding himself further. The utmost I could obtain from him was a promise that he would attend upon our next night of meeting, that I might have the pleasure of presenting him immediately on his election.

Mr. Pickwick having with many blushes placed in my hands a small roll of paper, which he termed his "qualification," put a great many questions to me touching my friends, and particularly Jack Redburn, whom he repeatedly termed "a fine fellow," and in whose

favor I could see he was strongly predisposed. When I had satisfied him on these points, I took him up into my room that he might make acquaintance with the old chamber which is our place of meeting.

"And this," said Mr. Pickwick stopping short, "is the clock! Dear me! And this is really the old clock!"

I thought he would never have come away from it. After advancing towards it softly, and laying his hand upon it with as much respect and as many smiling looks as if it were alive, he set himself to consider it in every possible direction, now mounting on a chair to look at the top, now going down upon his knees to examine the bottom, now surveying the sides with his spectacles almost touching the case, and now trying to peep between it and the wall to get a slight view of the back. Then, he would retire a pace or two and look up at the dial to see it go, and then draw near again and stand with his head on one side to hear it tick: never failing to glance towards me at intervals of a few seconds each, and nod his head with such complacent gratification as I am quite unable to describe. His admiration was not confined to the clock either, but extended itself to every article in the room, and really, when he had gone through them every one, and at last sat himself down in all the six chairs, one after another, to try how they felt, I never saw such a picture of good-humor and happiness as he presented, from the top of his shining head down to the very last button of his gaiters.

I should have been well pleased, and should have had the utmost enjoyment of his company, if he had remained with me all day, but my favorite, striking the hour, reminded him that he must take his leave. I could not forbear telling him once more how glad he had made me, and we shook hands all the way down-stairs.

We had no sooner arrived in the Hall, than my housekeeper, gliding out of her little room (she had changed her gown and cap, I observed), greeted Mr. Pickwick with her best smile and courtesy; and the barber, feigning to be accidentally passing on his way out, made him a vast number of bows. When the housekeeper courtesied, Mr. Pickwick bowed with the utmost politeness, and when he bowed, the housekeeper courtesied again; between the housekeeper and the barber, I should say that Mr. Pickwick faced about and bowed with undiminished affability, fifty times at least.

I saw him to the door; an omnibus was at the moment passing the corner of the lane, which Mr. Pickwick hailed and ran after with extraordinary nimbleness. When he had got about half-way he turned his head, and seeing that I was still looking after him and that I waved my hand, stopped, evidently irresolute whether to come back and shake hands again, or to go on. The man behind the omnibus shouted, and Mr. Pickwick ran a little way towards him: then he looked round at me, and ran a little way back again. Then there was another shout, and he turned round once more and ran the other way. After several of these vibrations, the man settled the question by taking Mr. Pickwick by the arm and putting him into the carriage; but his last action was to let down the window and wave his hat to me as it drove off.

I lost no time in opening the parcel he had left with me. The following were its contents: —

MR. PICKWICK'S TALE.

A good many years have passed away since old John Podgers lived in the town of Windsor, where he was born, and where, in course of time, he came to be comfortably and snugly buried. You may be sure that in

the time of King James the First, Windsor was a very quaint, queer old town, and you may take it upon my authority that John Podgers was a very quaint, queer old fellow; consequently he and Windsor fitted each other to a nicety, and seldom parted company even for half a day.

John Podgers was broad, sturdy, Dutch-built, short, and a very hard eater, as men of his figure often are. Being a hard sleeper likewise, he divided his time pretty equally between these two recreations, always falling asleep when he had done eating, and always taking another turn at the trencher when he had done sleeping, by which means he grew more corpulent and more drowsy every day of his life. Indeed it used to be currently reported that when he sauntered up and down the sunny side of the street before dinner (as he never failed to do in fair weather), he enjoyed his soundest nap; but many people held this to be a fiction, as he had several times been seen to look after fat oxen on market days, and had even been heard, by persons of good credit and reputation, to chuckle at the sight, and say to himself with great glee, "Live beef, live beef!" It was upon this evidence that the wisest people in Windsor (beginning with the local authorities of course) held that John Podgers was a man of strong, sound sense — not what is called smart, perhaps, and it might be of a rather lazy and apoplectic turn, but still a man of solid parts, and one who meant much more than he cared to show. This impression was confirmed by a very dignified way he had of shaking his head and imparting, at the same time, a pendulous motion to his double chin; in short he passed for one of those people who, being plunged into the Thames, would make no vain efforts to set it afire, but would straightway flop down to the bottom with a deal of gravity, and be highly respected in consequence by all good men.

Being well to do in the world, and a peaceful widower — having a great appetite, which, as he could afford to gratify it, was a luxury and no inconvenience, and a power of going to sleep, which, as he had no occasion to keep awake, was a most enviable faculty — you will readily suppose that John Podgers was a happy man. But appearances are often deceptive when they least seem so, and the truth is that, notwithstanding his extreme sleekness, he was rendered uneasy in his mind and exceedingly uncomfortable by a constant apprehension that beset him night and day.

You know very well that in those times there flourished divers evil old women who, under the name of Witches, spread great disorder through the land, and inflicted various dismal tortures upon Christian men: sticking pins and needles into them when they least expected it, and causing them to walk in the air with their feet upwards, to the great terror of their wives and families, who were naturally very much disconcerted when the master of the house unexpectedly came home, knocking at the door with his heels and combing his hair on the scraper. These were their commonest pranks, but they every day played a hundred others, of which none were less objectionable and many were much more so, being improper besides; the result was that vengeance was denounced against all old women, with whom even the king himself had no sympathy (as he certainly ought to have had), for with his own most Gracious hand he penned a most Gracious consignment of them to everlasting wrath, and devised most Gracious means for their confusion and slaughter, in virtue whereof scarcely a day passed but one witch at the least was most graciously hanged, drowned, or roasted in some part of his dominions. Still the press teemed with strange and terrible news from the North or the South,

or the East or the West, relative to witches and their unhappy victims in some corner of the country, and the Public's hair stood on end to that degree that it lifted its hat off its head, and made its face pale with terror.

You may believe that the little town of Windsor did not escape the general contagion. The inhabitants boiled a witch on the king's birthday and sent a bottle of the broth to court, with a dutiful address expressive of their loyalty. The king, being rather frightened by the present, piously bestowed it upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, and returned an answer to the address wherein he gave them golden rules for discovering witches, and laid great stress upon certain protecting charms, and especially horseshoes. Immediately the towns-people went to work nailing up horseshoes over every door, and so many anxious parents apprenticed their children to farriers, to keep them out of harm's way, that it became quite a genteel trade, and flourished exceedingly.

In the midst of all this bustle John Podgers ate and slept as usual, but shook his head a great deal oftener than was his custom, and was observed to look at the oxen less, and at the old women more. He had a little shelf put up in his sitting-room, whereon was displayed, in a row which grew longer every week, all the witch-craft literature of the time; he grew learned in charms and exorcisms, hinted at certain questionable females on broomsticks whom he had seen from his chamber window, riding in the air at night, and was in constant terror of being bewitched. At length, from perpetually dwelling upon this one idea, which, being alone in his head, had it all its own way, the fear of witches became the single passion of his life. He, who up to that time had never known what it was to dream, began to have visions of witches whenever he fell asleep; waking,

they were incessantly present to his imagination likewise; and, sleeping or waking, he had not a moment's peace. He began to set witch-traps in the highway, and was often seen lying in wait round the corner for hours together, to watch their effect. These engines were of simple construction, usually consisting of two straws disposed in the form of a cross, or a piece of Bible-cover with a pinch of salt upon it; but they were infallible, and if an old woman chanced to stumble over them (as not unfrequently happened, the chosen spot being a broken and stony place), John started from a doze, pounced out upon her, and hung round her neck till assistance arrived, when she was immediately carried away and drowned. By dint of constantly inveigling old ladies and disposing of them in this summary manner, he acquired the reputation of a great public character; and as he received no harm in these pursuits beyond a scratched face or so, he came, in course of time, to be considered witch-proof.

There was but one person who entertained the least doubt of John Podgers's gifts, and that person was his own nephew, a wild, roving young fellow of twenty, who had been brought up in his uncle's house and lived there still — that is to say, when he was at home, which was not as often as it might have been. As he was an apt scholar, it was he who read aloud every fresh piece of strange and terrible intelligence that John Podgers bought; and this he always did of an evening in the little porch in front of the house, round which the neighbors would flock in crowds to hear the direful news — for people like to be frightened, and when they can be frightened for nothing and at another man's expense, they like it all the better.

One fine midsummer evening, a group of persons were gathered in this place, listening intently to Will

Marks (that was the nephew's name), as with his cap very much on one side, his arm coiled slyly round the waist of a pretty girl who sat beside him, and his face screwed into a comical expression intended to represent extreme gravity, he read — with Heaven knows how many embellishments of his own — a dismal account of a gentleman down in Northamptonshire under the influence of witchcraft and taken forcible possession of by the Devil, who was playing his very self with him. John Podgers, in a high sugar-loaf hat and short cloak, filled the opposite seat, and surveyed the auditory with a look of mingled pride and horror very edifying to see; while the hearers, with their heads thrust forward and their mouths open, listened and trembled, and hoped there was a great deal more to come. Sometimes Will stopped for an instant to look round upon his eager audience, and then, with a more comical expression of face than before, and a settling of himself comfortably, which included a squeeze of the young lady before mentioned, he launched into some new wonder surpassing all the others.

The setting sun shed his last golden rays upon this little party, who, absorbed in their present occupation, took no heed of the approach of night or the glory in which the day went down, when the sound of a horse, approaching at a good round trot, invading the silence of the hour, caused the reader to make a sudden stop and the listeners to raise their heads in wonder. Nor was their wonder diminished when a horseman dashed up to the porch, and abruptly checking his steed, inquired where one John Podgers dwelt.

"Here!" cried a dozen voices, while a dozen hands pointed out sturdy John, still basking in the terrors of the pamphlet.

The rider, giving his bridle to one of those who sur-

rounded him, dismounted, and approached John, hat in hand, but with great haste.

"Whence come ye?" said John.

"From Kingston, master."

"And wherefore?"

"On most pressing business."

"Of what nature?"

"Witchcraft."

Witchcraft! Everybody looked aghast at the breathless messenger, and the breathless messenger looked equally aghast at everybody — except Will Marks, who, finding himself unobserved, not only squeezed the young lady again, but kissed her twice. Surely he must have been bewitched himself, or he never could have done it — and the young lady too, or she never would have let him.

"Witchcraft?" cried Will, drowning the sound of his last kiss, which was rather a loud one.

The messenger turned towards him, and with a frown, repeated the word more solemnly than before; then told his errand, which was, in brief, that the people of Kingston had been greatly terrified for some nights past by hideous revels, held by witches beneath the gibbet within a mile of the town, and related and deposed to by chance wayfarers who had passed within ear-shot of the spot; that the sound of their voices in their wild orgies had been plainly heard by many persons; that three old women labored under strong suspicion, and that precedents had been consulted and solemn council had, and it was found that to identify the hags some single person must watch upon the spot alone; that no single person had the courage to perform the task, and hat he had been despatched express to solicit John Podgers to undertake it that very night, as being a man of great renown, who bore a charmed life, and was proof against unholy spells.

John received this communication with much composure, and said, in a few words, that it would have afforded him inexpressible pleasure to do the Kingston people so slight a service, if it were not for his unfortunate propensity to fall asleep, which no man regretted more than himself upon the present occasion, but which quite settled the question. Nevertheless, he said, there *was* a gentleman present (and here he looked very hard at a tall farrier) who, having been engaged all his life in the manufacture of horse-shoes, must be quite invulnerable to the power of witches, and who, he had no doubt, from his own reputation for bravery and good nature, would readily accept the commission. The farrier politely thanked him for his good opinion, which it would always be his study to deserve, but added that, with regard to the present little matter, he couldn't think of it on any account, as his departing on such an errand would certainly occasion the instant death of his wife, to whom, as they all knew, he was tenderly attached. Now, so far from this circumstance being notorious, everybody had suspected the reverse, as the farrier was in the habit of beating his lady rather more than tender husbands usually do; all the married men present, however, applauded his resolution with great vehemence, and one and all declared that they would stop at home and die if needful (which happily it was not) in defense of their lawful partners.

This burst of enthusiasm over, they began to look, as by one consent, toward Will Marks, who, with his cap more on one side than ever, sat watching the proceedings with extraordinary unconcern. He had never been heard openly to express his disbelief in witches, but had often cut such jokes at their expense as left it to be inferred; publicly stating on several occasions that he considered a broomstick an inconvenient charger, and

one especially unsuited to the dignity of the female character, and indulging in other free remarks of the same tendency, to the great amusement of his wild companions.

As they looked at Will, they began to whisper and murmur among themselves, and at length one man cried, "Why don't you ask Will Marks?"

As this was what everybody had been thinking of, they all took up the word, and cried in concert, "Ah! why don't you ask Will?"

"*He* don't care," said the farrier.

"Not he," added another voice in the crowd.

"He don't believe in it, you know," sneered a little man with a yellow face and a taunting nose and chin, which he thrust out from under the arm of a long man before him.

"Besides," said a red-faced gentleman with a gruff voice, "he's a single man."

"That's the point!" said the farrier; and all the married men murmured, ah! that was it, and they only wished they were single themselves; they would show him what spirit was, very soon.

The messenger looked toward Will Marks beseechingly.

"It will be a wet night, friend, and my gray nag is tired after yesterday's work" —

Here there was a general titter.

"But," resumed Will, looking about him with a smile, "if nobody else puts in a better claim to go, for the credit of the town I am your man, and I would be if I had to go afoot. In five minutes, I shall be in the saddle, unless I am depriving any worthy gentleman here of the honor of the adventure, which I wouldn't do for the world."

But here arose a double difficulty, for not only did John Podgers combat the resolution with all the words

he had, which were not many, but the young lady combated it too with all the tears she had, which were very many indeed. Will, however, being inflexible, parried his uncle's objections with a joke, and coaxed the young lady into a smile in three short whispers. As it was plain that he would go and set his mind upon it, John Podgers offered him a few first-rate charms out of his own pocket, which he dutifully declined to accept, and the young lady gave him a kiss, which he also returned.

"You see what a rare thing it is to be married," said Will, "and how careful and considerate all these husbands are. There's not a man among them but his heart is leaping to forestall me in this adventure, and yet a strong sense of duty keeps him back. The husbands in this one little town are a pattern to the world, and so must the wives be too, for that matter, or they could never boast half the influence they have!"

Waiting for no reply to this sarcasm, he snapped his fingers and withdrew into the house, and thence into the stable, while some busied themselves in refreshing the messenger, and others in baiting his steed. In less than the specified time, he returned by another way, with a good cloak hanging over his arm, a good sword girded by his side, and leading his good horse caparisoned for the journey.

"Now," said Will, leaping into the saddle at a bound, "up and away. Upon your mettle, friend, and push on. Good night!"

He kissed his hand to the girl, nodded to his drowsy uncle, waved his cap to the rest — and off they flew pell-mell, as if all the witches in England were in their horses' legs. They were out of sight in a minute.

The men who were left behind shook their heads doubtfully, stroked their chins, and shook their heads

again. The farrier said that certainly Will Marks was a good horseman, nobody should ever say he denied that; but he was rash, very rash, and there was no telling what the end of it might be: what did he go for, that was what he wanted to know? He wished the young fellow no harm, but why did he go? Everybody echoed these words, and shook their heads again, having done which they wished John Podgers good night, and straggled home to bed.

The Kingston people were in their first sleep, when Will Marks and his conductor rode through the town and up to the door of a house where sundry grave functionaries were assembled, anxiously expecting the arrival of the renowned Podgers. They were a little disappointed to find a gay young man in his place, but they put the best face upon the matter, and gave him full instructions how he was to conceal himself behind the gibbet, and watch and listen to the witches, and how at a certain time he was to burst forth and cut and slash among them vigorously, so that the suspected parties might be found bleeding in their beds next day, and thoroughly confounded. They gave him a great quantity of wholesome advice besides, and — which was more to the purpose with Will — a good supper. All these things being done, and midnight nearly come, they sallied forth to show him the spot where he was to keep his dreary vigil.

The night was by this time dark and threatening. There was a rumbling of distant thunder, and a low sighing of wind among the trees, which was very dismal. The potentates of the town kept so uncommonly close to Will that they trod upon his toes, or stumbled against his ankles, or nearly tripped up his heels at every step he took, and, besides these annoyances, their teeth chattered so with fear that he seemed to be accompanied by a dirge of castanets.

At last they made a halt at the opening of a lonely, desolate space, and, pointing to a black object at some distance, asked Will if he saw that, yonder.

"Yes," he replied. "What then?"

Informing him abruptly that it was the gibbet where he was to watch, they wished him good night in an extremely friendly manner, and ran back as fast as their feet would carry them.

Will walked boldly to the gibbet, and, glancing upward when he came under it, saw — certainly with satisfaction — that it was empty, and that nothing dangled from the top but some iron chains, which swung mournfully to and fro as they were moved by the breeze. After a careful survey of every quarter, he determined to take his station with his face towards the town; both because that would place him with his back to the wind, and because if any trick or surprise were attempted, it would probably come from that direction in the first instance. Having taken these precautions, he wrapped his cloak about him so that it left the handle of his sword free, and ready to his hand, and leaning against the gallows-tree, with his cap not quite so much on one side as it had been before, took up his position for the night.

SECOND CHAPTER OF MR. PICKWICK'S TALE.

We left Will Marks leaning under the gibbet with his face towards the town, scanning the distance with a keen eye, which sought to pierce the darkness and catch the earliest glimpse of any person or persons that might approach towards him. But all was quiet, and, save the howling of the wind as it swept across the heath in gusts, and the creaking of the chains that dangled above his head, there was no sound to break the sullen stillness of the night. After half an hour or so, this monotony

became more disconcerting to Will than the most furious uproar would have been, and he heartily wished for some one antagonist with whom he might have a fair stand-up fight, if it were only to warm himself.

Truth to tell, it was a bitter wind, and seemed to blow to the very heart of a man whose blood, heated but now with rapid riding, was the more sensitive to the chilling blast. Will was a daring fellow, and cared not a jot for hard knocks or sharp blades; but he could not persuade himself to move or walk about, having just that vague expectation of a sudden assault which made it a comfortable thing to have something at his back, even though that something were a gallows-tree. He had no great faith in the superstitions of the age, still such of them as occurred to him did not serve to lighten the time, or to render his situation the more endurable. He remembered how witches were said to repair at that ghostly hour to church-yards and gibbets, and such like dismal spots, to pluck the bleeding mandrake or scrape the flesh from dead men's bones, as choice ingredients for their spells; how, stealing by night to lonely places, they dug graves with their finger-nails, or anointed themselves before riding in the air with a delicate pomatum made of the fat of infants newly boiled. These, and many other fabled practices of a no less agreeable nature, and all having some reference to the circumstances in which he was placed, passed and repassed in quick succession through the mind of Will Marks, and adding a shadowy dread to that distrust and watchfulness which his situation inspired, rendered it, upon the whole, sufficiently uncomfortable. As he had foreseen, too, the rain began to descend heavily, and driving before the wind in a thick mist, obscured even those few objects which the darkness of the night had before imperfectly revealed.

"Look!" shrieked a voice; "great Heaven, it has fallen down and stands erect as if it lived!"

The speaker was close behind him; the voice was almost at his ear. Will threw off his cloak, drew his sword, and darting swiftly round, seized a woman by the wrist, who, recoiling from him with a dreadful shriek, fell struggling upon her knees. Another woman, clad, like her whom he had grasped, in mourning garments, stood rooted to the spot on which they were, gazing upon his face with wild and glaring eyes that quite appalled him.

"Say," cried Will, when they had confronted each other thus for some time, "what are ye?"

"Say what are *you*," returned the woman, "who trouble even this obscene resting-place of the dead, and strip the gibbet of its honored burden? Where is the body?"

He looked in wonder and affright from the woman who questioned him to the other whose arm he clutched.

"Where is the body?" repeated his questioner more firmly than before. "You wear no livery which marks you for the hireling of the government. You are no friend to us, or I should recognize you, for the friends of such as we are few in number. What are you then, and wherefore are you here?"

"I am no foe to the distressed and helpless," said Will. "Are ye among that number? ye should be, by your looks."

"We are!" was the answer.

"It is ye who have been wailing and weeping here under cover of the night?" said Will.

"It is," replied the woman sternly; and pointing, as she spoke, towards her companion, "she mourns a husband, and I a brother. Even the bloody law that wreaks its vengeance on the dead does not make that a

crime, and if it did 'twould be alike to us, who are past its fear or favor."

Will glanced at the two females, and could barely discern that the one whom he addressed was much the elder, and that the other was young and of a slight figure. Both were deadly pale, their garments wet and worn, their hair disheveled and streaming in the wind, themselves bowed down with grief and misery; their whole appearance most dejected, wretched, and forlorn. A sight so different from any he had expected to encounter touched him to the quick, and all idea of anything but their pitiable condition vanished before it.

"I am a rough, blunt yeoman," said Will. "Why I came here is told in a word: you have been overheard at a distance in the silence of the night, and I have undertaken a watch for hags or spirits. I came here expecting an adventure, and prepared to go through with any. If there be aught that I can do to help or aid you, name it, and on the faith of a man who can be secret and trusty, I will stand by you to the death."

"How comes this gibbet to be empty?" asked the elder female.

"I swear to you," replied Will, "that I know as little as yourself. But this I know, that when I came here an hour ago or so, it was as it is now; and if, as I gather from your question, it was not so last night, sure I am that it has been secretly disturbed without the knowledge of the folks in yonder town. Bethink you, therefore, whether you have no friends in league with you or with him on whom the law has done its worst, by whom these sad remains have been removed for burial."

The women spoke together, and Will retired a pace or two while they conversed apart. He could hear them sob and moan, and saw that they wrung their hands in

fruitless agony. He could make out little that they said, but between whiles he gathered enough to assure him that his suggestion was not very wide of the mark, and that they not only suspected by whom the body had been removed, but also whither it had been conveyed. When they had been in conversation a long time, they turned towards him once more. This time the younger female spoke.

"You have offered us your help?"

"I have."

"And given a pledge that you are still willing to redeem?"

"Yes. So far as I may, keeping all plots and conspiracies at arm's length."

"Follow us, friend."

Will, whose self-possession was now quite restored, needed no second bidding, but with his drawn sword in his hand, and his cloak so muffled over his left arm as to serve for a kind of shield without offering any impediment to its free action, suffered them to lead the way. Through mud and mire, and wind and rain, they walked in silence a full mile. At length they turned into a dark lane, where, suddenly starting out from beneath some trees where he had taken shelter, a man appeared, having in his charge three saddled horses. One of these (his own apparently), in obedience to a whisper from the women, he consigned to Will, who, seeing that they mounted, mounted also. Then without a word spoken, they rode on together, leaving the attendant behind.

They made no halt nor slackened their pace until they arrived near Putney. At a large wooden house which stood apart from any other, they alighted, and giving their horses to one who was already waiting, passed in by a side door, and so up some narrow, creaking stairs into a small paneled chamber, where Will was left

alone. He had not been here very long, when the door was softly opened, and there entered to him a cavalier whose face was concealed beneath a black mask.

Will stood upon his guard, and scrutinized this figure from head to foot. The form was that of a man pretty far advanced in life, but of a firm and stately carriage. His dress was of a rich and costly kind, but so soiled and disordered that it was scarcely to be recognized for one of those gorgeous suits which the expensive taste and fashion of the time prescribed for men of any rank or station. He was booted and spurred, and bore about him even as many tokens of the state of the roads as Will himself. All this he noted, while the eyes behind the mask regarded him with equal attention. This survey over, the cavalier broke silence.

"Thou'rt young and bold, and wouldst be richer than thou art?"

"The two first I am," returned Will. "The last I have scarcely thought of. But be it so. Say that I would be richer than I am; what then?"

"The way lies before thee now," replied the Mask.

"Show it me."

"First let me inform thee, that thou wert brought here to-night lest thou shouldst too soon have told thy tale to those who placed thee on the watch."

"I thought as much when I followed," said Will. "But I am no blab, not I."

"Good," returned the Mask. "Now listen. He who was to have executed the enterprise of burying that body, which, as thou hast suspected, was taken down to-night, has left us in our need."

Will nodded, and thought within himself that if the Mask were to attempt to play any tricks, the first eyelet-hole on the left-hand side of his doublet, counting from the buttons up the front, would be a very good place in which to pink him neatly.

"Thou art here, and the emergency is desperate. I propose his task to thee. Convey the body (now coffined in this house) by means that I shall show, to the church of Saint Dunstan in London to-morrow night, and thy service shall be richly paid. Thou'rt about to ask whose corpse it is. Seek not to know. I warn thee, seek not to know. Felons hang in chains on every moor and heath. Believe, as others do, that this was one, and ask no further. The murders of state policy, its victims or avengers, had best remain unknown to such as thee."

"The mystery of this service," said Will, "bespeaks its danger. What is the reward?"

"One hundred golden unities," replied the cavalier. "The danger to one who cannot be recognized as the friend of a fallen cause is not great, but there is some hazard to be run. Decide between that and the reward."

"What if I refuse?" said Will.

"Depart in peace, in God's name," returned the Mask in a melancholy tone, "and keep our secret: remembering that those who brought thee here were crushed and stricken women, and that those who bade thee go free could have had thy life with one word, and no man the wiser."

Men were readier to undertake desperate adventures in those times, than they are now. In this case the temptation was great, and the punishment, even in case of detection, was not likely to be very severe, as Will came of a loyal stock, and his uncle was in good repute, and a passable tale to account for his possession of the body and his ignorance of the identity, might be easily devised. The cavalier explained that a covered cart had been prepared for the purpose; that the time of departure could be arranged so that he should reach London Bridge at dusk, and proceed through the City after the

day had closed in; that people would be ready at his journey's end to place the coffin in a vault without a minute's delay; that officious inquirers in the streets would be easily repelled by the tale that he was carrying for interment the corpse of one who had died of the plague; and in short showed him every reason why he should succeed, and none why he should fail. After a time they were joined by another gentleman, masked like the first, who added new arguments to those which had been already urged; the wretched wife, too, added her tears and prayers to their calmer representations; and in the end, Will, moved by compassion and good nature, by a love of the marvelous, by a mischievous anticipation of the terrors of the Kingston people when he should be missing next day, and finally, by the prospect of gain, took upon himself the task, and devoted all his energies to its successful execution.

The following night, when it was quite dark, the hollow echoes of old London Bridge responded to the rumbling of the cart which contained the ghastly load, the object of Will Marks's care. Sufficiently disguised to attract no attention by his garb, Will walked at the horse's head, as unconcerned as a man could be who was sensible that he had now arrived at the most dangerous part of his undertaking, but full of boldness and confidence.

It was now eight o'clock. After nine, none could walk the streets without danger of their lives, and even at this hour, robberies and murder were of no uncommon occurrence. The shops upon the bridge were all closed; the low wooden arches thrown across the way were like so many black pits, in every one of which ill-favored fellows lurked in knots of three or four; some standing upright against the wall, lying in wait; others skulking in gateways, and thrusting out their uncombed

heads and scowling eyes; others crossing and recrossing, and constantly jostling both horse and man to provoke a quarrel; others stealing away and summoning their companions in a low whistle. Once, even in that short passage, there was the noise of scuffling and the clash of swords behind him, but Will, who knew the City and its ways, kept straight on and scarcely turned his head.

The streets being unpaved, the rain of the night before had converted them into a perfect quagmire, which the splashing water-spouts from the gables, and the filth and offal cast from the different houses, swelled in no small degree. These odious matters being left to putrefy in the close and heavy air, emitted an insupportable stench, to which every court and passage poured forth a contribution of its own. Many parts, even of the main streets, with their projecting stories tottering overhead and nearly shutting out the sky, were more like huge chimneys than open ways. At the corners of some of these, great bonfires were burning to prevent infection from the plague, of which it was rumored that some citizens had lately died; and few, who availing themselves of the light thus afforded paused for a moment to look around them, would have been disposed to doubt the existence of the disease, or wonder at its dreadful visitations.

But it was not in such scenes as these, or even in the deep and miry road, that Will Marks found the chief obstacles to his progress. There were kites and ravens feeding in the streets (the only scavengers the City kept), who, scenting what he carried, followed the cart or fluttered on its top, and croaked their knowledge of its burden and their ravenous appetite for prey. There were distant fires, where the poor wood and plaster tenements wasted fiercely, and whither crowds made their way, clamoring eagerly for plunder, beating down all who

came within their reach, and yelling like devils let loose. There were single-handed men flying from bands of ruffians, who pursued them with naked weapons, and hunted them savagely; there were drunken, desperate robbers issuing from their dens and staggering through the open streets where no man dared molest them; there were vagabond servitors returning from the Bear Garden, where had been good sport that day, dragging after them their torn and bleeding dogs, or leaving them to die and rot upon the road. Nothing was abroad but cruelty, violence, and disorder.

Many were the interruptions which Will Marks encountered from these stragglers, and many the narrow escapes he made. Now some stout bully would take his seat upon the cart, insisting to be driven to his own home, and now two or three men would come down upon him together and demand that on peril of his life he showed them what he had inside. Then a party of the City Watch, upon their rounds, would draw across the road, and not satisfied with his tale, question him closely and revenge themselves by a little cuffing and hustling for maltreatment sustained at other hands that night. All these assailants had to be rebutted, some by fair words, some by foul, and some by blows. But Will Marks was not the man to be stopped or turned back now he had penetrated so far, and though he got on slowly, still he made his way down Fleet Street and reached the church at last.

As he had been forewarned, all was in readiness. Directly he stopped, the coffin was removed by four men who appeared so suddenly that they seemed to have started from the earth. A fifth mounted the cart, and scarcely allowing Will time to snatch from it a little bundle containing such of his own clothes as he had thrown off on assuming his disguise, drove briskly away Will never saw cart or man again.

He followed the body into the church, and it was well he lost no time in doing so, for the door was immediately closed. There was no light in the building save that which came from a couple of torches borne by two men in cloaks who stood upon the brink of a vault. Each supported a female figure, and all observed a profound silence.

By this dim and solemn glare, which made Will feel as though light itself were dead, and its tomb the dreary arches that frowned above, they placed the coffin in the vault, with uncovered heads, and closed it up. One of the torch-bearers then turned to Will and stretched forth his hand, in which was a purse of gold. Something told him directly that those were the same eyes which he had seen beneath the mask.

"Take it," said the cavalier in a low voice, "and be happy. Though these have been hasty obsequies, and no priest has blessed the work, there will not be the less peace with thee hereafter, for having laid his bones beside those of his little children. Keep thy own counsel for thy sake no less than ours, and God be with thee!"

"The blessing of a widowed mother on thy head, good friend!" cried the younger lady through her tears; "the blessing of one who has now no hope or rest but in this grave!"

Will stood with the purse in his hand, and involuntarily made a gesture as though he would return it, for though a thoughtless fellow he was of a frank and generous nature. But the two gentlemen, extinguishing their torches, cautioned him to be gone, as their common safety would be endangered by a longer delay: and at the same time their retreating footsteps sounded through the church. He turned, therefore, towards the point at which he had entered, and seeing by a faint gleam in the distance that the door was again partially open, groped his way towards it, and so passed into the street.

Meantime the local authorities of Kingston had kept watch and ward all the previous night, fancying every now and then that dismal shrieks were borne towards them on the wind, and frequently winking to each other and drawing closer to the fire as they drank the health of the lonely sentinel, upon whom a clerical gentleman present was especially severe by reason of his levity and youthful folly. Two or three of the gravest in company, who were of a theological turn, propounded to him the question whether such a character was not but poorly armed for single combat with the devil, and whether he himself would not have been a stronger opponent; but the clerical gentleman, sharply reproving them for their presumption in discussing such questions, clearly showed that a fitter champion than Will could scarcely have been selected, not only for that being a child of Satan he was the less likely to be alarmed by the appearance of his own father, but because Satan himself would be at his ease in such company, and would not scruple to kick up his heels to an extent which it was quite certain he would never venture before clerical eyes, under whose influence (as was notorious) he became quite a tame and milk-and-water character.

But when next morning arrived, and with it no Will Marks, and when a strong party repairing to the spot, as a strong party ventured to do in broad day, found Will gone and the gibbet empty, matters grew serious indeed. The day passing away and no news arriving, and the night going on also without any intelligence, the thing grew more tremendous still; in short, the neighborhood worked itself up to such a comfortable pitch of mystery and horror that it is a great question whether the general feeling was not one of excessive disappointment, when, on the second morning, Will Marks returned.

However this may be, back Will came in a very cool and collected state, and appearing not to trouble himself much about anybody except old John Podgers, who, having been sent for, was sitting in the Town Hall crying slowly and dozing between whiles. Having embraced his uncle and assured him of his safety, Will mounted on a table and told his story to the crowd.

And surely they would have been the most unreasonable crowd that ever assembled together, if they had been in the least respect disappointed with the tale he told them, for besides describing the Witches' Dance to the minutest motion of their legs, and performing it in character on the table, with the assistance of a broomstick, he related how they had carried off the body in a copper caldron, and so bewitched him that he lost his senses until he found himself lying under a hedge at least ten miles off, whence he had straightway returned as they then beheld. The story gained such universal applause that it soon afterwards brought down express from London the great witch-finder of the age, the Heaven-born Hopkins, who, having examined Will closely on several points, pronounced it the most extraordinary and the best accredited witch story ever known, under which title it was published at the Three Bibles on London Bridge, in small quarto, with a view of the caldron from an original drawing, and a portrait of the clerical gentleman as he sat by the fire.

On one point Will was particularly careful: and that was to describe, for the witches he had seen, three impossible old females whose likenesses never were or will be. Thus he saved the lives of the suspected parties, and of all other old women who were dragged before him to be identified.

This circumstance occasioned John Podgers much grief and sorrow, until happening one day to cast his

eyes upon his housekeeper, and observing her to be plainly afflicted with rheumatism, he procured her to be burnt as an undoubted witch. For this service to the state he was immediately knighted, and became from that time Sir John Podgers.

Will Marks never gained any clue to the mystery in which he had been an actor, nor did any inscription in the church, which he often visited afterwards, nor any of the limited inquiries that he dared to make, yield him the least assistance. As he kept his own secret, he was compelled to spend the gold discreetly and sparingly. In the course of time he married the young lady of whom I have already told you, whose maiden name is not recorded, with whom he led a prosperous and happy life. Years and years after this adventure, it was his wont to tell her upon a stormy night that it was a great comfort to him to think those bones, to whomsoever they might have once belonged, were not bleaching in the troubled air, but were mouldering away with the dust of their own kith and kindred in a quiet grave.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF MASTER HUMPHREY'S VISITOR.

Being very full of Mr. Pickwick's application, and highly pleased with the compliment he had paid me, it will be readily supposed that long before our next night of meeting I communicated it to my three friends, who unanimously voted his admission into our body. We all looked forward with some impatience to the occasion which would enroll him among us, but I am greatly mistaken if Jack Redburn and myself were not by many degrees the most impatient of the party.

At length the night came, and a few minutes after ten Mr. Pickwick's knock was heard at the street door. He was shown into a lower room, and I directly took

my crooked stick and went to accompany him up-stairs, in order that he might be presented with all honor and formality.

"Mr. Pickwick," said I on entering the room, "I am rejoiced to see you — rejoiced to believe that this is but the opening of a long series of visits to this house, and but the beginning of a close and lasting friendship."

That gentleman made a suitable reply with a cordiality and frankness peculiarly his own, and glanced with a smile towards two persons behind the door, whom I had not at first observed, and whom I immediately recognized as Mr. Samuel Weller and his father.

It was a warm evening, but the elder Mr. Weller was attired, notwithstanding, in a most capacious great coat, and his chin enveloped in a large speckled shawl, such as is usually worn by stage-coachmen on active service. He looked very rosy and very stout, especially about the legs, which appeared to have been compressed into his top-boots with some difficulty. His broad-brimmed hat he held under his left arm, and with the forefinger of his right hand he touched his forehead a great many times in acknowledgment of my presence.

"I am very glad to see you in such good health, Mr. Weller," said I.

"Why, thankee, sir," returned Mr. Weller, "the axle an't broke yet. We keeps up a steady pace — not too sewere, but vith a moderate degree o' friction — and the consekens is that ve're still a runnin' and comes in to the time reg'lar. — My son Samivel, sir, as you may have read on in history," added Mr. Weller, introducing his first-born.

I received Sam very graciously, but before he could say a word his father struck in again.

"Samivel Veller, sir," said the old gentleman, "has con-ferred upon me the ancient title o' grandfather, vich

had long laid dormouse, and wos s'posed to be nearly hex-tinct in our family. Sammy, relate a anecdote o' vun o' them boys — that 'ere little anecdote about young Tony sayin' as he *vould* smoke a pipe unbeknown to his mother."

"Be quiet, can't you?" said Sam; "I never see such a old magpie — never!"

"That 'ere Tony is the blessedest boy," said Mr Weller, heedless of this rebuff, "the blessedest boy as ever *I* see in *my* days! of all the charmin'est infants as ever I heerd tell on, includin' them as wos kivered over by the robin redbreasts arter they'd committed sooicide with blackberries, there never wos any like that 'ere little Tony. He's alvays a playin' vith a quart pot, that boy is! To see him a settin' down on the door-step pretending to drink out of it, and fetching a long breath artervards, and smoking a bit of fire-vood and sayin', 'Now I'm grandfather' — to see him a doin' that at two year old is better than any play as wos ever wrote. 'Now I'm grandfather!' He wouldn't take a pint pot if you wos to make him a present on it, but he gets his quart and then he says, 'Now I'm grandfather!'"

Mr. Weller was so overpowered by this picture that he straightway fell into a most alarming fit of coughing, which must certainly have been attended with some fatal result but for the dexterity and promptitude of Sam, who, taking a firm grasp of the shawl just under his father's chin, shook him to and fro with great violence, at the same time administering some smart blows between his shoulders. By this curious mode of treatment Mr. Weller was finally recovered, but with a very crimson face, and in a state of great exhaustion.

"He'll do now, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, who had been in some alarm himself.

"He'll do, sir!" cried Sam, looking reproachfully at his

parent. "Yes, he *will* do one o' these days — he'll do for his-self and then he'll wish he hadn't. Did anybody ever see sich a inconsiderate old file — laughing into convulsions afore company, and stamping on the floor as if he'd brought his own carpet vith him and wos under a wager to punch the pattern out in a given time? He'll begin again in a minute. There — he's agoin' off — I said he would!"

In fact, Mr. Weller, whose mind was still running upon his precocious grandson, was seen to shake his head from side to side, while a laugh, working like an earthquake, below the surface, produced various extraordinary appearances in his face, chest, and shoulders, — the more alarming because unaccompanied by any noise whatever. These emotions, however, gradually subsided, and after three or four short relapses he wiped his eyes with the cuff of his coat, and looked about him with tolerable composure.

"Afore the governor vith-draws," said Mr. Weller, "there is a pint, respecting vich Sammy has a qvestion to ask. Vile that qvestion is a perwadin this 'ere conwersation, p'raps the genl'men vill permit me to re-tire."

"Wot are you goin' away for?" demanded Sam, seizing his father by the coat tail.

"I never see such a undootiful boy as you, Samivel," returned Mr. Weller. "Didn't you make a solemn promise, amountin' almost to a speeches o' wow, that you'd put that 'ere qvestion on my account?"

"Well, I'm agreeable to do it," said Sam, "but not if you go cuttin' away like that, as the bull turned round and mildly observed to the drover ven they wos a goadin' him into the butcher's door. The fact is, sir," said Sam, addressing me, "that he wants to know somethin' respectin' that 'ere lady as is housekeeper here."

"Aye. What is that?"

"Vy, sir," said Sam, grinning still more, "he wishes to know vether she" —

"In short," interposed old Mr. Weller, decisively, a perspiration breaking out upon his forehead, "vether that 'ere old creetur is or is not a widder."

Mr. Pickwick laughed heartily, and so did I, as I replied, decisively, that "my housekeeper was a spinster."

"There!" cried Sam, "now you're satisfied. You hear, she's a spinster."

"A wot?" said his father, with deep scorn.

"A spinster," replied Sam.

Mr. Weller looked very hard at his son for a minute or two, and then said, —

"Never mind vether she makes jokes or not, that's no matter. Wot I say is, is that 'ere female a widder, or is she not?"

"Wot do you mean by her making jokes?" demanded Sam, quite aghast at the obscurity of his parent's speech.

"Never you mind, Samivel," returned Mr. Weller, gravely; "puns may be wery good things or they may be wery bad 'uns, and a female may be none the better or she may be none the vurse for making of 'em; that's got nothing to do vith widders."

"Wy now," said Sam, looking round, "would anybody believe as a man at his time o' life could be a running his head agin spinsters and punsters being the same thing?"

"There an't a straw's difference between 'em," said Mr. Weller. "Your father didn't drive a coach for so many years, not to be ekal to his own langvidge as far as *that* goes, Sammy."

Avoiding the question of etymology, upon which the old gentleman's mind was quite made up, he was several times assured that the housekeeper had never been married. He expressed great satisfaction on hearing this,

and apologized for the question, remarking that he had been greatly terrified by a widow not long before, and that his natural timidity was increased in consequence.

"It wos on the rail," said Mr. Weller, with strong emphasis; "I wos a goin' down to Birmingham by the rail, and I wos locked up in a close carriage vith a living widder. Alone we wos; the widder and me wos alone; and I believe it wos only because we *wos* alone and there wos no clergyman in the conwayance, that that 'ere widder didn't marry me afore ve reached the halfway station. Ven I think how she began a screaming as we wos a goin' under them tunnels in the dark — how she kept on a faintin' and ketchin' hold o' me — and how I tried to bust open the door as was tight-locked and perwented all escape — Ah! It was a awful thing, most awful!"

Mr. Weller was so very much overcome by this retrospect that he was unable, until he had wiped his brow several times, to return any reply to the question whether he approved of railway communication, notwithstanding that it would appear from the answer which he ultimately gave, that he entertained strong opinions on the subject.

"I con-sider," said Mr. Weller, "that the rail is unconstitootional and an inwaser o' priwileges, and I should wery much like to know what that 'ere old Carter as once stood up for our liberties and wun 'em too — I should like to know wot he vould say if he wos alive now, to Englishmen being locked up with widders, or with anybody, again their wills. Wot a old Carter would have said, a old Coachman may say, and I as-sert that in that pint o' view alone, the rail is an inwaser. As to the comfort, vere's the comfort o' sittin' in a harm cheer lookin' at brick walls or heaps o' mud, never comin' to a public house, never seein' a glass o' ale, never goin'

through a pike, never meetin' a change o' no kind (horses or othervise), but always comin' to a place, ven you come to one at all, the wery picter o' the last, vith the same p'leesemen standing about, the same blessed old bell a ringin', the same unfort'nate people standin' behind the bars, a waitin' to be let in; and everythin' the same except the name, vich is wrote up in the same sized letters as the last name, and vith the same colors. As to the honor and dignity o' travellin', vere can that be vithout a coachman; and wot's the rail to sich coachmen and guards as is sometimes forced to go by it, but a outrage and a insult? As to the pace, wot sort o' pace do you think I, Tony Veller, could have kept a coach goin' at, for five hundred thousand pound a mile, paid in adwance afore the coach was on the road? And as to the ingein — a nasty, wheezin', creakin', gaspin', puffin', bustin' monster, alvays out o' breath, vith a shiny green and gold back, like a unpleasant beetle in that 'ere gas magnifier — as to the ingein as is alvays a pourin' out red-hot coals at night, and black smoke in the day, the sensiblest thing it does in my opinion, is, ven there's somethin' in the vay and it sets up that 'ere frightful scream vich seems to say, 'Now here's two hundred and forty passengers in the wery greatest extremity o' danger, and here's their two hundred and forty screams in vun!'"

By this time I began to fear that my friends would be rendered impatient by my protracted absence. I therefore begged Mr. Pickwick to accompany me up stairs, and left the two Mr. Wellers in the care of the housekeeper; laying strict injunctions upon her to treat them with all possible hospitality.

[The third number ends here, but the introductory matter of the fourth number only contains The Clock, after which The Old Curiosity Shop is resumed, occupying the remainder of the number.]

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

THE CLOCK.

As we were going up-stairs, Mr. Pickwick put on his spectacles, which he had held in his hand hitherto; arranged his neckerchief, smoothed down his waistcoat, and made many other little preparations of that kind which men are accustomed to be mindful of, when they are going among strangers for the first time, and are anxious to impress them pleasantly. Seeing that I smiled, he smiled too, and said that if it had occurred to him before he left home, he would certainly have presented himself in pumps and silk stockings.

"I would, indeed, my dear sir," he said, very seriously; "I would have shown my respect for the society, by laying aside my gaiters."

"You may rest assured," said I, "that they would have regretted your doing so very much, for they are quite attached to them."

"No, really!" cried Mr. Pickwick, with manifest pleasure. "Do you think they care about my gaiters? Do you seriously think that they identify me at all with my gaiters?"

"I am sure they do," I replied.

"Well, now," said Mr. Pickwick, "that is one of the most charming and agreeable circumstances that could possibly have occurred to me!"

I should not have written down this short conversation, but that it developed a slight point in Mr. Pick

wick's character, with which I was not previously acquainted. He has a secret pride in his legs. The manner in which he spoke, and the accompanying glance he bestowed upon his tights, convince me that Mr. Pickwick regards his legs with much innocent vanity.

"But here are our friends," said I, opening the door and taking his arm in mine; "let them speak for themselves. Gentlemen, I present to you Mr. Pickwick."

Mr. Pickwick and I must have been a good contrast just then. I, leaning quietly on my crutch-stick, with something of a care-worn, patient air; he, having hold of my arm, and bowing in every direction with the most elastic politeness, and an expression of face whose sprightly cheerfulness and good-humor knew no bounds. The difference between us must have been more striking yet as we advanced towards the table, and the amiable gentleman, adapting his jocund step to my poor tread, had his attention divided between treating my infirmities with the utmost consideration, and affecting to be wholly unconscious that I required any.

I made him personally known to each of my friends in turn. First, to the deaf gentleman, whom he regarded with much interest, and accosted with great frankness and cordiality. He had evidently some vague idea, at the moment, that my friend being deaf must be dumb also; for when the latter opened his lips to express the pleasure it afforded him to know a gentleman of whom he had heard so much, Mr. Pickwick was so extremely disconcerted that I was obliged to step in to his relief.

His meeting with Jack Redburn was quite a treat to see. Mr. Pickwick smiled, and shook hands, and looked at him through his spectacles, and under them, and over them, and nodded his head approvingly, and then nodded to me, as much as to say, "This is just the man;

you were quite right;" and then turned to Jack and said a few hearty words, and then did and said everything over again with unimpaired vivacity. As to Jack himself, he was quite as much delighted with Mr. Pickwick, as Mr. Pickwick could possibly be with him. Two people never can have met together since the world began, who exchanged a warmer or more enthusiastic greeting.

It was amusing to observe the difference between this encounter, and that which succeeded, between Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Miles. It was clear that the latter gentleman viewed our new member as a kind of rival in the affections of Jack Redburn, and besides this, he had more than once hinted to me, in secret, that although he had no doubt Mr. Pickwick was a very worthy man, still he did consider that some of his exploits were unbecoming a gentleman of his years and gravity. Over and above these grounds of distrust, it is one of his fixed opinions that the law never can by possibility do anything wrong; he therefore looks upon Mr. Pickwick as one who has justly suffered in purse and peace for a breach of his plighted faith to an unprotected female, and holds that he is called upon to regard him with some suspicion on that account. These causes led to a rather cold and formal reception; which Mr. Pickwick acknowledged with the same stateliness and intense politeness as was displayed on the other side. Indeed, he assumed an air of such majestic defiance that I was fearful he might break out into some solemn protest or declaration, and therefore inducted him into his chair without a moment's delay.

This piece of generalship was perfectly successful. The instant he took his seat, Mr. Pickwick surveyed us all with a most benevolent aspect, and was taken with a fit of smiling full five minutes long. His interest in our

ceremonies was immense. They are not very numerous or complicated, and a description of them may be comprised in very few words. As our transactions have already been, and must necessarily continue to be, more or less anticipated by being presented in these pages at different times and under various forms, they do not require a detailed account.

Our first proceeding when we are assembled is to shake hands all round, and greet each other with cheerful and pleasant looks. Remembering that we assemble not only for the promotion of our happiness, but with the view of adding something to the common stock, an air of languor or indifference in any member of our body would be regarded by the others as a kind of treason. We have never had an offender in this respect; but if we had, there is no doubt that he would be taken to task pretty severely.

Our salutation over, the venerable piece of antiquity from which we take our name is wound up in silence. This ceremony is always performed by Master Humphrey himself (in treating of the club, I may be permitted to assume the historical style, and speak of myself in the third person), who mounts upon a chair for the purpose, armed with a large key. While it is in progress, Jack Redburn is required to keep at the further end of the room under the guardianship of Mr. Miles, for he is known to entertain certain aspiring and unhallowed thoughts connected with the clock, and has even gone so far as to state that if he might take the works out for a day or two, he thinks he could improve them. We pardon him his presumption in consideration of his good intentions, and his keeping this respectful distance, which last penalty is insisted on, lest by secretly wounding the object of our regard in some tender part, in the ardor of his zeal for its improvement, he should fill us all with dismay and consternation.

This regulation afforded Mr. Pickwick the highest delight, and seemed, if possible, to exalt Jack in his good opinion.

The next ceremony is the opening of the clock-case (of which Master Humphrey has likewise the key), the taking from it as many papers as will furnish forth our evening's entertainment, and arranging in the recess such new contributions as have been provided since our last meeting. This is always done with peculiar solemnity. The deaf gentleman then fills and lights his pipe, and we once more take our seats round the table before-mentioned, Master Humphrey acting as president — if we can be said to have any president, where all are on the same social footing — and our friend Jack as secretary. Our preliminaries being now concluded, we fall into any train of conversation that happens to suggest itself, or proceed immediately to one of our readings. In the latter case, the paper selected is consigned to Master Humphrey, who flattens it carefully on the table and makes dog's ears in the corner of every page, ready for turning over easily; Jack Redburn trims the lamp with a small machine of his own invention which usually puts it out; Mr. Miles looks on with great approval notwithstanding; the deaf gentleman draws in his chair, so that he can follow the words on the paper or on Master Humphrey's lips as he pleases; and Master Humphrey himself, looking round with mighty gratification, and glancing up at his old clock, begins to read aloud.

Mr. Pickwick's face, while his tale was being read, would have attracted the attention of the dullest man alive. The complacent motion of his head and forefinger as he gently beat time and corrected the air with imaginary punctuation, the smile that mantled on his features at every jocose passage, and the sly look he

stole around to observe its effect, the calm manner in which he shut his eyes and listened when there was some little piece of description, the changing expression with which he acted the dialogue to himself, his agony that the deaf gentleman should know what it was all about, and his extraordinary anxiety to correct the reader when he hesitated at a word in the manuscript, or substituted a wrong one, were alike worthy of remark. And when at last, endeavoring to communicate with the deaf gentleman by means of the finger alphabet, with which he constructed such words as are unknown in any civilized or savage language, he took up a slate and wrote in large text, one word in a line, the question, "How — do — you — like — it?" — when he did this, and handing it over the table awaited the reply, with a countenance only brightened and improved by his great excitement, even Mr. Miles relaxed, and could not forbear looking at him for the moment with interest and favor.

"It has occurred to me," said the deaf gentleman, who had watched Mr. Pickwick and everybody else with silent satisfaction, — "it has occurred to me," said the deaf gentleman, taking his pipe from his lips, "that now is our time for filling our only empty chair."

As our conversation had naturally turned upon the vacant seat, we lent a willing ear to this remark, and looked at our friend inquiringly.

"I feel sure," said he, "that Mr. Pickwick must be acquainted with somebody who would be an acquisition to us; that he must know the man we want. Pray let us not lose any time, but set this question at rest. Is it so, Mr. Pickwick?"

The gentleman addressed was about to return a verbal reply, but remembering our friend's infirmity, he substituted for this kind of answer some fifty nods

Then taking up the slate and printing on it a gigantic "Yes," he handed it across the table, and rubbing his hands as he looked round upon our faces, protested that he and the deaf gentleman quite understood each other, already.

"The person I have in my mind," said Mr. Pickwick, "and whom I should not have presumed to mention to you until some time hence, but for the opportunity you have given me, is a very strange old man. His name is Bamber."

"Bamber!" said Jack. "I have certainly heard the name before."

"I have no doubt, then," returned Mr. Pickwick, "that you remember him in those adventures of mine (the Posthumous Papers of our old club, I mean), although he is only incidentally mentioned; and, if I remember right, appears but once."

"That's it," said Jack. "Let me see. He is the person who has a grave interest in old mouldy chambers and the Inns of Court, and who relates some anecdotes having reference to his favorite theme — and an odd ghost-story — is that the man?"

"The very same. Now," said Mr. Pickwick, lowering his voice to a mysterious and confidential tone, "he is a very extraordinary and remarkable person; living, and talking, and looking, like some strange spirit, whose delight is to haunt old buildings; and absorbed in that one subject which you have just mentioned, to an extent which is quite wonderful. When I retired into private life, I sought him out, and I do assure you that the more I see of him, the more strongly I am impressed with the strange and dreamy character of his mind."

"Where does he live?" I inquired.

"He lives," said Mr. Pickwick, "in one of those dull, onely old places with which his thoughts and stories are

all connected; quite alone, and often shut up close, for several weeks together. In this dusty solitude he broods upon the fancies he has so long indulged, and when he goes into the world, or anybody from the world without goes to see him, they are still present to his mind and still his favorite topic. I may say, I believe, that he has brought himself to entertain a regard for me, and an interest in my visits; feelings which I am certain he would extend to Master Humphrey's Clock if he were once tempted to join us. All I wish you to understand is, that he is a strange secluded visionary, in the world but not of it; and as unlike anybody here as he is unlike anybody elsewhere that I have ever met or known."

Mr. Miles received this account of our proposed companion with rather a wry face, and after murmuring that perhaps he was a little mad, inquired if he were rich.

"I never asked him," said Mr. Pickwick.

"You might know, sir, for all that," retorted Mr. Miles, sharply.

"Perhaps so, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, no less sharply than the other, "but I do not. Indeed," he added, relapsing into his usual mildness, "I have no means of judging. He lives poorly, but that would seem to be in keeping with his character. I never heard him allude to his circumstances, and never fell into the society of any man who had the slightest acquaintance with them. I have really told you all I know about him, and it rests with you to say whether you wish to know more, or know quite enough already."

We were unanimously of opinion that we would seek to know more; and as a sort of compromise with Mr. Miles (who, although he said "Yes — oh certainly — he should like to know more about the gentleman — he had no right to put himself in opposition to the general wish," and so forth, shook his head doubtfully and hemmed

several times with peculiar gravity), it was arranged that Mr. Pickwick should carry me with him on an evening visit to the subject of our discussion, for which purpose an early appointment between that gentleman and myself was immediately agreed upon; it being understood that I was to act upon my own responsibility, and to invite him to join us or not, as I might think proper. This solemn question determined, we returned to the clock-case (where we have been forestalled by the reader), and between its contents, and the conversation they occasioned, the remainder of our time passed very quickly.

When we broke up, Mr. Pickwick took me aside to tell me that he had spent a most charming and delightful evening. Having made this communication with an air of the strictest secrecy, he took Jack Redburn into another corner to tell him the same, and then retired into another corner with the deaf gentleman and the slate, to repeat the assurance. It was amusing to observe the contest in his mind whether he should extend his confidence to Mr. Miles, or treat him with dignified reserve. Half-a-dozen times he stepped up behind him with a friendly air, and as often stepped back again without saying a word; at last, when he was close at that gentleman's ear and upon the very point of whispering something conciliating and agreeable, Mr. Miles happened suddenly to turn his head, upon which Mr. Pickwick skipped away, and said with some fierceness, "Good night, sir — I was about to say good night, sir — nothing more;" and so made a bow and left him.

"Now, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, when he had got down-stairs.

"All right, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold hard, sir. Right arm fust — now the left — now one strong convulsion, and the great-coat's on, sir."

Mr. Pickwick acted upon these directions, and being further assisted by Sam, who pulled at one side of the collar, and Mr. Weller, who pulled hard at the other, was speedily enrobed. Mr. Weller senior then produced a full-sized stable lantern, which he had carefully deposited in a remote corner, on his arrival, and inquired whether Mr. Pickwick would have "the lamps alight."

"I think not, to-night," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Then if this here lady vill per-mit," rejoined Mr. Weller, "we'll leave it here, ready for next journey. This here lantern, mum," said Mr. Weller, handing it to the housekeeper, "vunce belonged to the celebrated Bill Blinder as is now at grass, as all on us vill be in our turns. Bill, mum, wos the hostler as had charge o' them two vell-known piebald leaders that run in the Bristol fast coach, and vould never go to no other tune but 'A sutherly vind and a cloudy sky,' which wos consekvently played incessant, by the guard, wenever they wos on duty. He wos took wery bad one arternoon, arter having been off his feed, and wery shaky on his legs for some veeks; and he says to his mate, 'Matey,' he says, 'I think I'm a-goin' the wrong side o' the post, and that my foot's wery near the bucket. Don't say I an't,' he says, 'for I know I am, and don't let me be interrupted,' he says, 'for I've saved a little money, and I'm a-goin' into the stable to make my last vill and testymint.' 'I'll take care as nobody interrupts,' says his mate, 'but you on'y hold up your head, and shake your ears a bit, and you're good for twenty years to come.' Bill Blinder makes him no answer, but he goes avay into the stable, and there he soon artervards lays himself down atween the two piebalds, and dies — previously a-writin' outside the corn-chest, 'This is the last vill and testymint of Villiam Blinder.' They wos nat'rally wery much amazed at this, and arter looking among the litter, and

up in the loft, and vere not, they opens the corn-chest, and finds that he'd been and chalked his vill inside the lid; so the lid wos obligated to be took off the hinges, and sent up to Doctor Commons to be proved, and under that ere wery instrument this here lantern was passed to Tony Veller, vich circumstarnce, mum, gives it a wally in my eyes, and makes me rek-vest, if you vill be so kind, as to take partickler care on it."

The housekeeper graciously promised to keep the object of Mr. Weller's regard in the safest possible custody, and Mr. Pickwick, with a laughing face, took his leave. The body-guard followed, side by side: old Mr. Weller buttoned and wrapped up from his boots to his chin; and Sam with his hands in his pockets and his hat half off his head, remonstrating with his father, as he went, on his extreme loquacity.

I was not a little surprised, on turning to go upstairs, to encounter the barber in the passage at that late hour; for his attendance is usually confined to some half-hour in the morning. But Jack Redburn, who finds out (by instinct, I think) everything that happens in the house, informed me with great glee, that a society in imitation of our own had been that night formed in the kitchen, under the title of "Mr. Weller's Watch," of which the barber was a member; and that he could pledge himself to find means of making me acquainted with the whole of its future proceedings, which I begged him, both on my own account and that of my readers, by no means to neglect doing.

[Number five contains Mr. Weller's Watch and four chapters of The Old Curiosity Shop.]

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

MR. WELLER'S WATCH.

It seems that the housekeeper and the two Mr. Wellers were no sooner left together on the occasion of their first becoming acquainted, than the housekeeper called to her assistance Mr. Slithers the barber, who had been lurking in the kitchen in expectation of her summons; and with many smiles and much sweetness introduced him as one who would assist her in the responsible office of entertaining her distinguished visitors.

"Indeed," said she, "without Mr. Slithers I should have been placed in quite an awkward situation."

"There is no call for any hock'erdness, mum," said Mr. Weller with the utmost politeness; "no call wotsumever. A lady," added the old gentleman, looking about him with the air of one who establishes an incontrovertible position, — "a lady can't be hock'erd. Natur' has otherwise purwided."

The housekeeper inclined her head and smiled yet more sweetly. The barber, who had been fluttering about Mr. Weller and Sam in a state of great anxiety to improve their acquaintance, rubbed his hands and cried "Hear, hear! Very true, sir;" whereupon Sam turned about and steadily regarded him for some seconds in silence.

"I never knew," said Sam, fixing his eyes in a ruminative manner upon the blushing barber, "I never knew

but vun o' your trade, but *he* wos worth a dozen, and wos indeed dewoted to his callin'!"

"Was he in the easy shaving way, sir," inquired Mr. Slithers, "or in the cutting and curling line?"

"Both," replied Sam; "easy shavin' was his natur', and cuttin' and curlin' was his pride and glory. His whole delight wos in his trade. He spent all his money in bears, and run in debt for 'em besides, and there they wos a-growling avay down in the front cellar all day long, and ineffectooally gnashing their teeth, vile the grease o' their relations and friends wos being re-tailed in gallipots in the shop above, and the first floor winder wos ornamented vith their heads; not to speak o' the dreadful aggrawation it must have been to 'em to see a man alvays a walkin' up and down the pavement outside, vith the portrait of a bear in his last agonies, and underneath in large letters, 'Another fine animal wos slaughtered yesterday at Jinkinson's!' Hows'ever, there they wos, and there Jinkinson wos, till he wos took wery ill with some in'ard disorder, lost the use of his legs, and wos confined to his bed, vere he laid a wery long time, but sich wos his pride in his profession even then, that wenever he wos worse than usual the doctor used to go down stairs and say, 'Jinkinson's wery low this mornin'; we must give the bears a stir;' and as sure as ever they stirred 'em up a bit and made 'em roar, Jinkinson opens his eyes if he wos ever so bad, calls out, 'There's the bears!' and rewives again."

"Astonishing!" cried the barber.

"Not a bit," said Sam, "human natur', neat as imported. Vun day the doctor happenin' to say, 'I shall look in as usual to-morrow mornin',' Jinkinson catches hold of his hand and says, 'Doctor,' he says, 'will you grant me one favor?' 'I will, Jinkinson,' says the doctor. 'Then, doctor,' says Jinkinson, 'vill you come un-

shaved, and let me shave you?' 'I will,' says the doctor. 'God bless you,' says Jinkinson. Next day the doctor came, and arter he'd been shaved all skillful and reg'lar, he says, 'Jinkinson,' he says, 'it's wery plain this does you good. Now,' he says, 'I've got a coachman as has got a beard that it 'ud warm your heart to work on, and though the footman,' he says, 'hasn't got much of a beard, still he's a-trying it on vith a pair o' viskers to that extent that razors is Christian charity. If they take it in turns to mind the carriage wen it's a waitin' below,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from operatin' on both of 'em ev'ry day as well as upon me? You've got six children,' he says, 'wot's to hinder you from shavin' all their heads and keepin' 'em shaved? You've got two assistants in the shop down-stairs, wot's to hinder you from cuttin' and curlin' 'em as often as you like? Do this,' he says, 'and you're a man agin.' Jinkinson squeedged the doctor's hand and begun that wery day; he kept his tools upon the bed, and wenever he felt his-self gettin' worse, he turned to at vun o' the children who wos a-runnin' about the house vith heads like clean Dutch cheeses, and shaved him agin. Vun day the lawyer came to make his vill; all the time he wos a-takin' it down, Jinkinson was secretly a-clippin' avay at his hair vith a large pair of scissors. 'Wot's that 'ere snippin' noise?' says the lawyer every now and then; 'it's like a man havin' his hair cut.' 'It *is* wery like a man havin' his hair cut,' says poor Jinkinson, hidin' the scissors, and lookin' quite innocent. By the time the lawyer found it out, he was wery nearly bald. Jinkinson wos kept alive in this vay for a long time, but at last vun day he has in all the children vun arter another, shaves each on 'em wery clean, and gives him vun kiss on the crown o' his head; then he has in the two assistants, and arter cuttin' and curlin' of 'em

in the first style of elegance, says he should like to hear the woice o' the greasiest bear, vich rekvest is immedetly complied with; then he says that he feels wery happy in his mind and vishes to be left alone; and then he dies, prevously cuttin' his own hair and makin' one flat curl in the wery middle of his forehead."

This anecdote produced an extraordinary effect, not only upon Mr. Slithers but upon the housekeeper also, who evinced so much anxiety to please and be pleased, that Mr. Weller, with a manner betokening some alarm, conveyed a whispered inquiry to his son whether he had gone "too fur."

"Wot do you mean by too fur?" demanded Sam.

"In that 'ere little compliment respectin' the want of hock'erdness in ladies, Sammy," replied his father.

"You don't think she's fallen in love with you in consekens o' that, do you?" said Sam.

"More unlikelier things have come to pass, my boy," replied Mr. Weller, in a hoarse whisper; "I'm always afeerd of inadwertent captiwation, Sammy. If I know'd how to make myself ugly or unpleasant, I'd do it, Samivel, rayther than live in this here state of perpetival terror!"

Mr. Weller had, at that time, no further opportunity of dwelling upon the apprehensions which beset his mind, for the immediate occasion of his fears proceeded to lead the way down-stairs, apologizing as they went for conducting him into the kitchen, which apartment, however, she was induced to proffer for his accommodation in preference to her own little room, the rather as it afforded greater facilities for smoking, and was immediately adjoining the ale-cellar. The preparations which were already made sufficiently proved that these were not mere words of course, for on the deal table were a sturdy ale-jug and glasses, flanked with clean

pipes and a plentiful supply of tobacco for the old gentleman and his son, while on a dresser hard by was goodly store of cold meat and other eatables. At sight of these arrangements Mr. Weller was at first distracted between his love of joviality and his doubts whether they were not to be considered as so many evidences of captivation having already taken place; but he soon yielded to his natural impulse, and took his seat at the table with a very jolly countenance.

"As to imbibin' any o' this here flagrant veed, mum, in the presence of a lady," said Mr. Weller, taking up a pipe and laying it down again, "it couldn't be. Samivel, total abstinence, if you please."

"But I like it of all things," said the housekeeper.

"No," rejoined Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "No."

"Upon my word I do," said the housekeeper. "Mr. Slithers knows I do."

Mr. Weller coughed, and notwithstanding the barber's confirmation of the statement, said "No" again, but more feebly than before. The housekeeper lighted a piece of paper, and insisted on applying it to the bowl of the pipe with her own fair hands; Mr. Weller resisted; the housekeeper cried that her fingers would be burnt; Mr. Weller gave way. The pipe was ignited, Mr. Weller drew a long puff of smoke, and detecting himself in the very act of smiling on the housekeeper, put a sudden constraint upon his countenance and looked sternly at the candle, with a determination not to captivate, himself, or encourage thoughts of captivation in others. From this iron frame of mind he was roused by the voice of his son.

"I don't think," said Sam, who was smoking with great composure and enjoyment, "that if the lady wos agreeable it 'ud be wery far out o' the vay for us four

to make up a club of our own like the governors does up-stairs, and let him' — Sam pointed with the stem of his pipe towards his parent — "be the president."

The housekeeper affably declared that it was the very thing she had been thinking of. The barber said the same. Mr. Weller said nothing, but he laid down his pipe as if in a fit of inspiration, and performed the following manœuvres.

Unbuttoning the three lower buttons of his waistcoat, and pausing for a moment to enjoy the easy flow of breath consequent upon this process, he laid violent hands upon his watch-chain, and slowly and with extreme difficulty drew from his fob an immense double-cased silver watch, which brought the lining of the pocket with it, and was not to be disentangled but by great exertions and an amazing redness of face. Having fairly got it out at last, he detached the outer case and wound it up with a key of corresponding magnitude; then put the case on again, and having applied the watch to his ear to ascertain that it was still going, gave it some half-dozen hard knocks on the table to improve its performance.

"That," said Mr. Weller, laying it on the table with its face upwards, "is the title and emblem o' this here society. Sammy, reach them two stools this vay for the wacant cheers. Ladies and gen'l'men, Mr. Weller's Watch is vound up and now a-goin'. Order!"

By way of enforcing this proclamation, Mr. Weller, using the watch after the manner of a president's hammer, and remarking with great pride that nothing hurt it, and that falls and concussions of all kinds materially enhanced the excellence of the works and assisted the regulator, knocked the table a great many times, and declared the association formally constituted.

"And don't let's have no grinnin' at the cheer, Sami-

vel," said Mr. Weller to his son, "or I shall be committin' you to the cellar, and then p'raps we may get into wot the 'Merrikins call a fix, and the English a qvestion o' privileges."

Having uttered this friendly caution, the president settled himself in his chair with great dignity, and requested that Mr. Samuel would relate an anecdote.

"I've told one," said Sam.

"Wery good, sir; tell another," returned the chair.

"We wos a-talking jist now, sir," said Sam, turning to Slithers, "about barbers. Pursuing that 'ere fruitful theme, sir, I'll tell you in a wery few words a romantic little story about another barber as p'raps you may never have heerd."

"Samivel!" said Mr. Weller, again bringing his watch and the table into smart collision, "address your observations to the cheer, sir, and not to priwate indiwiduals!"

"And if I might rise to order," said the barber, in a soft voice, and looking round him with a conciliatory smile as he leant over the table, with the knuckles of his left hand resting upon it, — "if I *might* rise to order, I would suggest that 'barbers' is not exactly the kind of language which is agreeable and soothing to our feelings. You, sir, will correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe there *is* such a word in the dictionary as hair-dressers."

"Well, but suppose he wasn't a hair-dresser," suggested Sam.

"Wy, then, sir, be parliamentary, and call him vun all the more," returned his father. "In the same vay as ev'ry gen'l'man in another place is a *h*onorable, ev'ry barber in this place is a hair-dresser. Ven you read the speeches in the papers, and see as vun gen'l'man says of another, 'the *h*onorable member, if he vill allow me to call him so,' you vill understand, sir, that that means,

if he vill allow me to keep up that 'ere pleasant and uniwersal fiction.' "

It is a common remark, confirmed by history and experience, that great men rise with the circumstances in which they are placed. Mr. Weller came out so strong in his capacity of chairman, that Sam was for some time prevented from speaking by a grin of surprise, which held his faculties enchained, and at last subsided in a long whistle of a single note. Nay, the old gentleman appeared even to have astonished himself, and that to no small extent, as was demonstrated by the vast amount of chuckling in which he indulged, after the utterance of these lucid remarks.

"Here's the story," said Sam. "Vunce upon a time there wos a young hair-dresser as opened a wery smart little shop vith four wax dummies in the winder, two gen'l'men and two ladies — the gen'l'men vith blue dots for their beards, wery large viskers, ou-dacious heads of hair, uncommon clear eyes, and nostrils of amazin' pinkness — the ladies vith their heads o' one side, their right forefingers on their lips, and their forms deweloped beautiful, in vich last respect they had the adwantage over the gen'l'men, as wasn't allowed but wery little shoulder, and terminated raythor abrupt, in fancy drapery. He had also a many hair-brushes and tooth-brushes bottled up in the winder, neat glass cases on the counter, a floor-clothed cuttin'-room up-stairs, and a weighin' macheen in the shop, right opposite the door; but the great attraction and ornament wos the dummies, which this here young hair-dresser wos constantly a-runnin' out in the road to look at, and constantly a-runnin' in agin to touch up and polish; in short, he wos so proud on 'em that ven Sunday come, he wos always wretched and mis'rable to think they wos behind the shutters, and looked anxiously for Monday on that account. Vun o' these dummies

wos a fav'rite vith him beyond the others, and ven any of his acquaintance asked him wy he didn't get married — as the young ladies he know'd, in partickler, often did — he used to say, 'Never! I never vill enter into the bonds of vedlock,' he says, 'until I meet vith a young 'ooman as realizes my idea o' that 'ere fairest dummy vith the light hair. Then, and not till then,' he says, 'I vill approach the altar!' All the young ladies he know'd as had got dark hair told him this wos wery sinful and that he wos wurshippin' a idle, but them as wos at all near the same shade as the dummy colored up wery much, and wos observed to think him a wery nice young man."

"Samivel," said Mr. Weller, gravely; "a member o' this assosiashun bein' one o' that 'ere tender sex which is now immedetly referred to, I have to rekvest that you vill make no reflexions."

"I an't a-makin' any, am I?" inquired Sam.

"Order, sir!" rejoined Mr. Weller, with severe dignity; then, sinking the chairman in the father, he added in his usual tone of voice, "Samivel, drive on!"

Sam interchanged a smile with the housekeeper, and proceeded: —

"The young hair-dresser hadn't been in the habit o' makin' this awowal above six months, ven he en-countered a young lady as wos the wery picter o' the fairest dummy. 'Now,' he says, 'it's all up. I am a slave!' The young lady wos not only the picter o' the fairest dummy, but she wos wery romantic, as the young hair-dresser wos, too, and he says, 'Oh!' he says, 'here's a community o' feelin', here's a flow o' soul!' he says, here's a interchange o' sentiment!' The young lady didn't say much, o' course, but she expressed herself agreeable, and shortly artervards vent to see him vith a mutual friend. The hair-dresser rushes out to meet her,

but d'rectly she sees the dummies she changes color and falls a tremblin' wiolently. 'Look up, my love,' says the hair-dresser, 'behold your imige in my winder, but not correcter than in my 'art!' 'My imige!' she says. 'Your'n!' replies the hair-dresser. 'But whose imige is *that!*' she says, a-pinting at vun o' the gen'l'men. 'No vun's, my love,' he says; 'it is but a idea.' 'A idea!' she cries; 'it is a portrait, I feel it is a portrait, and that 'ere noble face must be in the millingtary!' 'Wot do I hear!' says he, a crumplin' his curls. 'Villiam Gibbs,' she says, quite firm, 'never renoo the subject. I respect you as a friend,' she says, 'but my affections is set upon that manly brow.' 'This,' says the hair-dresser, 'is a reg'lar blight, and in it I perceive the hand of Fate. Farevell!' Vith these vords he rushes into the shop, breaks the dummy's nose vith a blow of his curlin' irons, melts him down at the parlor fire, and never smiles artervards."

"The young lady, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"Why, ma'am," said Sam, "finding that Fate had a spite agin her, and everybody she come into contact vith, she never smiled neither, but read a deal o' poetry and pined avay — by raythor slow degrees, for she an't dead yet. It took a deal o' poetry to kill the hair-dresser, and some people say arter all that it was more the gin and water as caused him to be run over; p'raps it wos a little o' both, and came o' mixing the two."

The barber declared that Mr. Weller had related one of the most interesting stories that had ever come within his knowledge, in which opinion the housekeeper entirely concurred.

"Are you a married man, sir?" inquired Sam.

The barber replied that he had not that honor.

"I s'pose you mean to be?" said Sam.

"Well," replied the barber, rubbing his hands smirkingly, "I don't know; I don't think it's very likely."

"That's a bad sign," said Sam, "if you'd said you meant to be vun o' these days, I should ha' looked upon you as bein' safe. You're in a wery precarious state."

"I am not conscious of any danger, at all events," returned the barber.

"No more wos I, sir," said the elder Mr. Weller, interposing; "those vere my symptoms, exactly. I've been took that vay twice. Keep your vether eye open, my friend, or you're gone."

There was something so very solemn about this admonition, both in its matter and manner, and also in the way in which Mr. Weller still kept his eye fixed upon the unsuspecting victim, that nobody cared to speak for some little time, and might not have cared to do so for some time longer, if the housekeeper had not happened to sigh, which called off the old gentleman's attention, and gave rise to a gallant inquiry whether "there wos anythin' wery piercin' in that 'ere little heart."

"Dear me, Mr. Weller!" said the housekeeper, laughing.

"No, but is there anythin' as agitates it?" pursued the old gentleman. "Has it always been obderrate, always opposed to the happiness o' human creeturs? Eh? Has it?"

At this critical juncture for her blushes and confusion, the housekeeper discovered that more ale was wanted, and hastily withdrew into the cellar to draw the same, followed by the barber, who insisted on carrying the candle. Having looked after her with a very complacent expression of face, and after him with some disdain, Mr. Weller caused his glance to travel slowly round the kitchen until at length it rested on his son.

"Sammy," said Mr. Weller, "I mistrust that barber."

"Wot for?" returned Sam, "wot's he got to do with you? You're a nice man, you are, arter pretendin' all kinds o' terror, to go a payin' compliments and talkin' about hearts and piercers."

The imputation of gallantry appeared to afford Mr. Weller the utmost delight, for he replied, in a voice choked by suppressed laughter, and with the tears in his eyes, —

"Wos I talkin' about hearts and piercers — wos I though, Sammy, eh?"

"Wos you? of course you wos."

"She don't know no better. Sammy, there an't no harm in it — no danger, Sammy; she's only a punster. She seemed pleased, though, didn't she? O' course she wos pleased, it's nat'ral she should be, wery nat'ral."

"He's wain of it!" exclaimed Sam, joining in his father's mirth. "He's actually wain!"

"Hush!" replied Mr. Weller, composing his features, "they're a comin' back — the little heart's a comin' back. But mark these wurds o' mine once more, and remember 'em ven your father says he said 'em. Samivel, I mistrust that 'ere deceitful barber."

[This digression is inserted in the middle of the sixth number, but after that The Old Curiosity Shop is resumed at Chapter Ninth, and now carried on without further interruption to the close.]

MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

MASTER HUMPHREY FROM HIS CLOCK-SIDE IN THE CHIMNEY-CORNER.

Two or three evenings after the institution of Mr. Weller's Watch, I thought I heard, as I walked in the garden, the voice of Mr. Weller himself at no great distance; and stopping once or twice to listen more attentively, I found that the sounds proceeded from my housekeeper's little sitting-room, which is at the back of the house. I took no further notice of the circumstance at that time, but it formed the subject of a conversation between me and my friend Jack Redburn next morning, when I found that I had not been deceived in my impression. Jack furnished me with the following particulars, and as he appeared to take extraordinary pleasure in relating them, I have begged him in future to jot down any such domestic scenes or occurrences that may please his humor, in order that they may be told in his own way. I must confess that, as Mr. Pickwick and he are constantly together, I have been influenced, in making this request, by a secret desire to know something of their proceedings.

On the evening in question, the housekeeper's room was arranged with particular care, and the housekeeper herself was very smartly dressed. The preparations, however, were not confined to mere showy demonstrations, as tea was prepared for three persons, with a small display of preserves and jams and sweet cakes, which her-

alded some uncommon occasion. Miss Benton (my housekeeper bears that name) was in a state of great expectation, too, frequently going to the front door and looking anxiously down the lane, and more than once observing to the servant girl that she expected company, and hoped no accident had happened to delay them.

A modest ring at the bell at length allayed her fears, and Miss Benton, hurrying into her own room and shutting herself up in order that she might preserve that appearance of being taken by surprise which is so essential to the polite reception of visitors, awaited their coming with a smiling countenance.

"Good ev'nin', mum," said the older Mr. Weller, looking in at the door after a prefatory tap. "I'm afeerd we've come in raythcr arter the time, mum, but the young colt being full o' wice, has been a boltin' and shyin' and gettin' his leg over the traces to sich a extent that if he an't wery soon broke in, he'll wex me into a broken heart, and then he'll never be brought out no more except to learn his letters from the writin' on his grandfather's tombstone."

With these pathetic words, which were addressed to something outside the door about two feet six from the ground, Mr. Weller introduced a very small boy firmly set upon a couple of very sturdy legs, who looked as if nothing could ever knock him down. Besides having a very round face strongly resembling Mr. Weller's, and a stout little body of exactly his build, this young gentleman, standing with his little legs very wide apart, as if the top-boots were familiar to them, actually winked upon the housekeeper with his infant eye, in imitation of his grandfather.

"There's a naughty boy, mum," said Mr. Weller, bursting with delight, "there's a immoral Tony. Wos there ever a little chap o' four year and eight months old as vinked his eye at a strange lady afore?"

As little affected by this observation as by the former appeal to his feelings, Master Weller elevated in the air a small model of a coach whip which he carried in his hand, and addressing the housekeeper with a shrill "ya — hip!" inquired if she was "going down the road;" at which happy adaptation of a lesson he had been taught from infancy, Mr. Weller could restrain his feelings no longer, but gave him twopence on the spot.

"It's in wain to deny it, mum," said Mr. Weller, "this here is a boy arter his grandfather's own heart, and beats out all the boys as ever wos or will be. Though at the same time, mum," added Mr. Weller, trying to look gravely down upon his favorite, "it wos wery wrong on him to want to — over all the posts as we come along, and wery cruel on him to force poor grandfather to lift him cross-legged over every vun of 'em. He wouldn't pass vun single blessed post, mum, and at the top o' the lane there's seven-and-forty on 'em all in a row, and wery close together."

Here Mr. Weller, whose feelings were in a perpetual conflict between pride in his grandson's achievements, and a sense of his own responsibility and the importance of impressing him with moral truths, burst into a fit of laughter, and suddenly checking himself, remarked in a severe tone that little boys as made their grandfathers put 'em over posts, never went to heaven at any price.

By this time the housekeeper had made tea, and little Tony, placed on a chair beside her, with his eyes nearly on a level with the top of the table, was provided with various delicacies which yielded him extreme contentment. The housekeeper (who seemed rather afraid of the child, notwithstanding her caresses) then patted him on the head and declared that he was the finest boy she had ever seen.

"Wy, mum," said Mr. Weller, "I don't think you'll

see a many sich, and that's the truth. But if my son Samivel vould give me my vay, mum, and only dis-pense vith his — *might* I venter to say the vurd?"

"What word, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper, blushing slightly.

"Petticuts, mum," returned that gentleman, laying his hand upon the garments of his grandson. "If my son Samivel, mum, vould only dis-pense vith these here you'd see sich a alteration in his appearance, as the imagination can't depicter."

"But what would you have the child wear instead, Mr. Weller?" said the housekeeper.

"I've offered my son Samivel, mum, agen and agen," returned the old gentleman, "to purwide him at my own cost vith a suit o' clothes as 'ud be the makin' on him, and form his mind in infancy for those pursuits as I hope the family o' the Vellers vill alvays dewote themselves to. Tony, my boy, tell the lady wot them clothes are, as grandfather says father ought to let you vear."

"A little white hat and a little sprig weskut and little knee cords and little top-boots and a little green coat with little bright buttons and a little welwet collar," replied Tony, with great readiness and no stops.

"That's the cos-toom, mum," said Mr. Weller, looking proudly at the housekeeper. "Once make sich a model on him as that, and you'd say he *wos* a angel!"

Perhaps the housekeeper thought that in such a guise young Tony would look more like the angel at Islington than anything else of that name, or perhaps she was disconcerted to find her previously conceived ideas disturbed, as angels are not commonly represented in top-boots and sprig waistcoats. She coughed doubtfully, but said nothing.

"How many brothers and sisters have you, my dear?" she asked, after a short silence.

"One brother and no sister at all," replied Tony. "Sam his name is, and so's my father's. Do you know my father?"

"Oh yes, I know him," said the housekeeper, graciously.

"Is my father fond of you?" pursued Tony.

"I hope so," rejoined the smiling housekeeper.

Tony considered a moment, and then said, "Is my grandfather fond of you?"

This would seem a very easy question to answer, but instead of replying to it, the housekeeper smiled in great confusion, and said that really children did ask such extraordinary questions that it was the most difficult thing in the world to talk to them. Mr. Weller took upon himself to reply that he was very fond of the lady; but the housekeeper entreating that he would not put such things into the child's head, Mr. Weller shook his own while she looked another way, and seemed to be troubled with a misgiving that captivation was in progress. It was, perhaps, on this account that he changed the subject precipitately.

"It's wery wrong in little boys to make game o' their grandfathers, an't it mum?" said Mr. Weller, shaking his head waggishly, until Tony looked at him, when he counterfeited the deepest dejection and sorrow.

"Oh, very sad!" assented the housekeeper. "But I hope no little boys do that?"

"There is vun young Turk, mum," said Mr. Weller, "as havin' seen his grandfather a little overcome vith drink on the occasion of a friend's birthday, goes a reelin' and staggerin' about the house, and makin' believe that he's the old gen'l'man."

"Oh, quite shocking!" cried the housekeeper.

"Yes, mum," said Mr. Weller, "and prevously to so doin', this here young traitor that I'm a speakin' of, pinches his little nose to make it red, and then he gives a hiccup and says, 'I'm all right,' he says, 'give us another song!' Ha, ha! 'Give us another song,' he says. Ha, ha, ha!"

In his excessive delight, Mr. Weller was quite unmindful of his moral responsibility, until little Tony kicked up his legs, and laughing immoderately, cried, "That was me, that was;" whereupon the grandfather, by a great effort, became extremely solemn.

"No, Tony, not you," said Mr. Weller. "I hope it warn't you, Tony. It must ha' been that 'ere naughty little chap as comes sometimes out o' the empty watch-box round the corner — that same little chap as wos found standing on the table afore the looking-glass, pretending to shave himself vith a oyster-knife."

"He didn't hurt himself, I hope?" observed the housekeeper.

"Not he, mum," said Mr. Weller, proudly; "bless your heart, you might trust that 'ere boy vith a steam engine almost, he's such a knowin' young" — but suddenly recollecting himself and observing that Tony perfectly understood and appreciated the compliment, the old gentleman groaned and observed that "it wos all wery shockin' — wery."

"Oh he's a bad 'un," said Mr. Weller, "is that 'ere watch-box boy, makin' such a noise and litter in the back yard, he does, waterin' wooden horses and feedin' of 'em vith grass, and perpetivally spillin' his little brother out of a veelbarrow and frightenin' his mother out of her wits, at the wery moment wen she's expectin' to increase his stock of happiness vith another playfeller — Oh he's a bad 'un! He's even gone so far as

to put on a pair o' paper spectacles as he got his father to make for him, and walk up and down the garden vith his hands behind him in imitation of Mr. Pickwick — but Tony don't do sich things, oh no!"

"Oh no!" echoed Tony.

"He knows better, he does," said Mr. Weller. "He knows that if he wos to come sich games as these nobody wouldn't love him, and that his grandfather in partickler couldn't abear the sight on him; for vich reasons Tony's always good."

"Always good," echoed Tony; and his grandfather immediately took him on his knee and kissed him, at the same time, with many nods and winks, slyly pointing at the child's head with his thumb, in order that the housekeeper, otherwise deceived by the admirable manner in which he (Mr. Weller) had sustained his character, might not suppose that any other young gentleman was referred to, and might clearly understand that the boy of the watch-box was but an imaginary creation, and a fetch of Tony himself, invented for his improvement and reformation.

Not confining himself to a mere verbal description of his grandson's abilities, Mr. Weller, when tea was finished, incited him by various gifts of pence and halfpence to smoke imaginary pipes, drink visionary beer from real pots, imitate his grandfather without reserve, and in particular to go through the drunken scene, which threw the old gentleman into ecstasies and filled the housekeeper with wonder. Nor was Mr. Weller's pride satisfied with even this display, for when he took his leave he carried the child, like some rare and astonishing curiosity, first to the barber's house and afterwards to the tobacconist's, at each of which places he repeated his performances with the utmost effect to applauding and delighted audiences. It was half-past nine o'clock when

Mr. Weller was last seen carrying him home upon his shoulder, and it has been whispered abroad that at that time the infant Tony was rather intoxicated.

[The fiction of Master Humphrey is resumed here at the close of The Old Curiosity Shop, merely to introduce Barnaby Rudge.]

I was musing the other evening upon the characters and incidents with which I had been so long engaged; wondering how I could ever have looked forward with pleasure to the completion of my tale, and reproaching myself for having done so, as if it were a kind of cruelty to those companions of my solitude whom I had now dismissed, and could never again recall; when my clock struck ten. Punctual to the hour, my friends appeared.

On our last night of meeting, we had finished the story which the reader has just concluded. Our conversation took the same current as the meditations which the entrance of my friends had interrupted, and The Old Curiosity Shop was the staple of our discourse.

I may confide to the reader now, that in connection with this little history I had something upon my mind; something to communicate which I had all along with difficulty repressed; something I had deemed it, during the progress of the story, necessary to its interest to disguise, and which, now that it was over, I wished, and was yet reluctant to disclose.

To conceal anything from those to whom I am attached, is not in my nature. I can never close my lips where I have opened my heart. This temper, and the consciousness of having done some violence to it in my narrative, laid me under a restraint which I should have had great difficulty in overcoming, but for a timely remark from Mr. Miles, who, as I hinted in a former paper, is a gentleman of business habits, and of great exactness and propriety in all his transactions.

"I could have wished," my friend objected, "that we had been made acquainted with the single gentleman's name. I don't like his withholding his name. It made me look upon him at first with suspicion, and caused me to doubt his moral character, I assure you. I am fully satisfied by this time of his being a worthy creature, but in this respect he certainly would not appear to have acted at all like a man of business."

"My friends," said I, drawing to the table, at which they were by this time seated in their usual chairs, "do you remember that this story bore another title besides that one we have so often heard of late?"

Mr. Miles had his pocket-book out in an instant, and referring to an entry therein, rejoined, "Certainly. Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey. Here it is. I made a note of it at the time."

I was about to resume what I had to tell them, when the same Mr. Miles again interrupted me, observing that the narrative originated in a personal adventure of my own, and that was no doubt the reason for its being thus designated.

This led me to the point at once.

"You will one and all forgive me," I returned, "if, for the greater convenience of the story, and for its better introduction, that adventure was fictitious. I had my share, indeed — no light or trivial one — in the pages we have read, but it was not the share I feigned to have at first. The younger brother, the single gentleman, the nameless actor in this little drama, stands before you now."

It was easy to see they had not expected this disclosure.

"Yes," I pursued. "I can look back upon my part in it with a calm, half-smiling pity for myself as for some other man. But I am he, indeed; and now the chief sorrows of my life are yours."

I need not say what true gratification I derived from the sympathy and kindness with which this acknowledgment was received; nor how often it had risen to my lips before; nor how difficult I had found it — how impossible, when I came to those passages which touched me most, and most nearly concerned me — to sustain the character I had assumed. It is enough to say that I replaced in the clock-case the record of so many trials — sorrowfully, it is true, but with a softened sorrow which was almost pleasure; and felt that in living through the past again, and communicating to others the lesson it had helped to teach me, I had been a happier man.

We lingered so long over the leaves from which I had read, that as I consigned them to their former resting-place, the hand of my trusty clock pointed to twelve, and there came towards us upon the wind the voice of the deep and distant bell of St. Paul's as it struck the hour of midnight.

"This," said I, returning with a manuscript I had taken, at the moment, from the same repository, "to be opened to such music, should be a tale where London's face by night is darkly seen, and where some deed of such a time as this is dimly shadowed out. Which of us here has seen the working of that great machine whose voice has just now ceased?"

Mr. Pickwick had, of course, and so had Mr. Miles. Jack and my deaf friend were in the minority.

I had seen it but a few days before, and could not help telling them of the fancy I had had about it.

I paid my fee of twopence upon entering, to one of the money-changers who sit within the Temple; and falling, after a few turns up and down, into the quiet train of thought which such a place awakens, paced the echoing stones like some old monk whose present world

lay all within its walls. As I looked afar up into the lofty dome, I could not help wondering what were his reflections whose genius reared that mighty pile, when, the last small wedge of timber fixed, the last nail driven into its home for many centuries, the clang of hammers and the hum of busy voices gone, and the Great Silence whole years of noise had helped to make reigning undisturbed around, he mused as I did now, upon his work, and lost himself amid its vast extent. I could not quite determine whether the contemplation of it would impress him with a sense of greatness or of insignificance; but when I remembered how long a time it had taken to erect, in how short a space it might be traversed even to its remotest parts, for how brief a term he, or any of those who cared to bear his name, would live to see it or know of its existence, I imagined him far more melancholy than proud, and looking with regret upon his labor done. With these thoughts in my mind, I began to ascend, almost unconsciously, the flight of steps leading to the several wonders of the building, and found myself before a barrier where another money-taker sat, who demanded which among them I would choose to see. There were the stone-gallery, he said, and the whispering-gallery, the geometrical staircase, the room of models, the clock — the clock being quite in my way, I stopped him there, and chose that sight from all the rest.

I groped my way into the Turret which it occupies, and saw before me, in a kind of loft, what seemed to be a great, old, oaken press with folding doors. These being thrown back by the attendant (who was sleeping when I came upon him, and looked a drowsy fellow, as though his close companionship with Time had made him quite indifferent to it), disclosed a complicated crowd of wheels and chains in iron and brass — great,

sturdy, rattling engines — suggestive of breaking a finger put in here or there, and grinding the bone to powder — and these were the Clock! Its very pulse, if I may use the word, was like no other clock. It did not mark the flight of every moment with a gentle second stroke, as though it would check old Time, and have him stay his pace in pity, but measured it with one sledge-hammer beat, as if its business were to crush the seconds as they came trooping on, and remorselessly to clear a path before the Day of Judgment.

I sat down opposite to it, and hearing its regular and never-changing voice, that one deep constant note uppermost amongst all the noise and clatter in the streets below, — marking that, let that tumult rise or fall, go on or stop — let it be night or noon, to-morrow or to-day, this year or next, — it still performed its functions with the same dull constancy, and regulated the progress of the life around, the fancy came upon me that this was London's Heart, and that when it should cease to beat, the City would be no more.

It is night. Calm and unmoved amidst the scenes that darkness favors, the great heart of London throbs in its Giant breast. Wealth and beggary, vice and virtue, guilt and innocence, repletion and the direst hunger, all treading on each other and crowding together, are gathered round it. Draw but a little circle above the clustering house-tops, and you shall have within its space everything, with its opposite extreme and contradiction close beside. Where yonder feeble light is shining, a man is but this moment dead. The taper at a few yards' distance is seen by eyes that have this instant opened on the world. There are two houses separated by but an inch or two of wall. In one, there are quiet minds at rest; in the other, a waking conscience that one might think would trouble the

very air. In that close corner where the roofs shrink down and cower together as if to hide their secrets from the handsome street hard by, there are such dark crimes, such miseries and horrors, as could be hardly told in whispers. In the handsome street, there are folks asleep who have dwelt there all their lives, and have no more knowledge of these things than if they had never been, or were transacted at the remotest limits of the world — who, if they were hinted at, would shake their heads, look wise, and frown, and say they were impossible, and out of Nature — as if all great towns were not. Does not this Heart of London, that nothing moves, nor stops, nor quickens — that goes on the same let what will be done — does it not express the City's character well!

The day begins to break, and soon there is the hum and noise of life. Those who have spent the night on door-steps and cold stones, crawl off to beg; they who have slept in beds, come forth to their occupation, too, and business is astir. The fog of sleep rolls slowly off, and London shines awake. The streets are filled with carriages, and people gayly clad. The jails are full, too, to the throat, nor have the workhouses or hospitals much room to spare. The courts of law are crowded. Taverns have their regular frequenters by this time, and every mart of traffic has its throng. Each of these places is a world, and has its own inhabitants; each is distinct from, and almost unconscious of the existence of any other. There are some few people well to do, who remember to have heard it said, that numbers of men and women — thousands, they think it was — get up in London every day, unknowing where to lay their heads at night; and that there are quarters of the town where misery and famine always are. They don't believe it quite — there may be some truth in it, but it is

exaggerated, of course. So, each of these thousand worlds goes on, intent upon itself, until night comes again — first with its lights and pleasures, and its cheerful streets; then with its guilt and darkness.

Heart of London, there is a moral in thy every stroke! as I look on at thy indomitable working, which neither death, nor press of life, nor grief, nor gladness out of doors will influence one jot, I seem to hear a voice within thee which sinks into my heart, bidding me, as I elbow my way among the crowd, have some thought for the meanest wretch that passes, and, being a man, to turn away with scorn and pride from none that bear the human shape.

I am by no means sure that I might not have been tempted to enlarge upon the subject, had not the papers that lay before me on the table been a silent reproach for even this digression. I took them up again when I had got thus far, and seriously prepared to read.

The handwriting was strange to me, for the manuscript had been fairly copied. As it is against our rules, in such a case, to inquire into the authorship until the reading is concluded, I could only glance at the different faces round me, in search of some expression which should betray the writer. Whoever he might be, he was prepared for this, and gave no sign for my enlightenment.

I had the papers in my hand, when my deaf friend interposed with a suggestion.

"It has occurred to me," he said, "bearing in mind your sequel to the tale we have finished, that if such of us as have anything to relate of our own lives could interweave it with our contribution to the Clock, it would be well to do so. This need be no restraint upon us, either as to time, or place, or incident, since any real

passage of this kind may be surrounded by fictitious circumstances, and represented by fictitious characters. What if we make this an article of agreement among ourselves?"

The proposition was cordially received, but the difficulty appeared to be that here was a long story written before we had thought of it.

"Unless," said I, "it should have happened that the writer of this tale — which is not impossible, for men are apt to do so when they write — has actually mingled with it something of his own endurance and experience."

Nobody spoke, but I thought I detected in one quarter that this was really the case.

"If I have no assurance to the contrary," I added, therefore, "I shall take it for granted that he has done so, and that even these papers come within our new agreement. Everybody being mute, we hold that understanding, if you please."

And here I was about to begin again, when Jack informed us softly, that during the progress of our last narrative, Mr. Weller's Watch had adjourned its sittings from the kitchen, and regularly met outside our door, where he had no doubt that august body would be found at the present moment. As this was for the convenience of listening to our stories, he submitted that they might be suffered to come in, and hear them more pleasantly.

To this we one and all yielded a ready assent, and the party being discovered, as Jack had supposed, and invited to walk in, entered (though not without great confusion at having been detected), and were accommodated with chairs at a little distance.

Then, the lamp being trimmed, the fire well-stirred and burning brightly, the hearth clean swept, the cur-

tains closely drawn, the clock wound up, we entered on our new story — BARNABY RUDGE.

[This is, as the author indicates, the final appearance of Master Humphrey's Clock. It stands as the conclusion of Barnaby Rudge.]

It is again midnight. My fire burns cheerfully; the room is filled with my old friend's sober voice; and I am left to muse upon the story we have just now finished.

It makes me smile, at such a time as this, to think if there were any one to see me sitting in my easy chair, my gray head hanging down, my eyes bent thoughtfully upon the glowing embers, and my crutch — emblem of my helplessness — lying upon the hearth at my feet, how solitary I should seem. Yet, though I am the sole tenant of this chimney-corner, though I am childless and old, I have no sense of loneliness at this hour; but am the centre of a silent group whose company I love.

Thus, even age and weakness have their consolations. If I were a younger man — if I were more active, more strongly bound and tied to life, these visionary friends would shun me, or I should desire to fly from them. Being what I am, I can court their society, and delight in it; and pass whole hours in picturing to myself the shadows that perchance flock every night into this chamber, and imagining with pleasure what kind of interest they have in the frail, feeble mortal, who is its sole inhabitant.

All the friends I have ever lost I find again among these visitors. I love to fancy their spirits hovering about me, feeling still some earthly kindness for their old companion, and watching his decay. "He is weaker, he declines apace, he draws nearer and nearer to us, and will soon be conscious of our existence." What

is there to alarm me in this? It is encouragement and hope.

These thoughts have never crowded on me half so fast as they have done to-night. Faces I had long forgotten have become familiar to me once again; traits I had endeavored to recall for years, have come before me in an instant; nothing is changed but me: and even I can be my former self at will.

Raising my eyes but now to the face of my old clock, I remember, quite involuntarily, the veneration, not unmixed with a sort of childish awe, with which I used to sit and watch it as it ticked unheeded in a dark staircase corner. I recollect looking more grave and steady when I met its dusty face, as if, having that strange kind of life within it, and being free from all excess of vulgar appetite, and warning all the house by night and day, it were a sage. How often have I listened to it as it told the beads of time, and wondered at its constancy! How often watched it slowly pointing round the dial, and, while I panted for the eagerly expected hour to come, admired, despite myself, its steadiness of purpose and lofty freedom from all human strife, impatience, and desire!

I thought it cruel once. It was very hard of heart, to my mind, I remember. It was an old servant, even then; and I felt as though it ought to show some sorrow; as though it wanted sympathy with us in our distress, and were a dull, heartless, mercenary creature. Ah! how soon I learnt to know that in its ceaseless going on, and in its being checked or stayed by nothing, lay its greatest kindness, and the only balm for grief and wounded peace of mind!

To-night, to-night, when this tranquillity and calm are on my spirits, and memory presents so many shifting scenes before me, I take my quiet stand at will by

many a fire that has been long extinguished, and mingle with the cheerful group that cluster round it. If I could be sorrowful in such a mood, I should grow sad to think what a poor blot I was upon their youth and beauty once, and now how few remain to put me to the blush; I should grow sad to think that such among them as I sometimes meet with in my daily walks, are scarcely less infirm than I; that time has brought us to a level; and that all distinctions fade and vanish as we take our trembling steps towards the grave.

But memory was given us for better purposes than this, and mine is not a torment, but a source of pleasure. To muse upon the gayety and youth I have known, suggests to me glad scenes of harmless mirth that may be passing now. From contemplating them apart, I soon become an actor in these little dramas; and humoring my fancy, lose myself among the beings it invokes.

When my fire is bright and high, and a warm blush mantles in the walls and ceiling of this ancient room; when my clock makes cheerful music, like one of those chirping insects who delight in the warm hearth, and are sometimes, by a good superstition, looked upon as the harbingers of fortune and plenty to that household in whose mercies they put their humble trust; when everything is in a ruddy, genial glow, and there are voices in the crackling flame, and smiles in its flashing light; other smiles and other voices congregate around me, invading, with their pleasant harmony, the silence of the time.

For then a knot of youthful creatures gather round my fireside, and the room reëchoes to their merry voices. My solitary chair no longer holds its ample place before the fire, but is wheeled into a smaller corner, to leave more room for the broad circle formed

about the cheerful hearth. I have sons, and daughters, and grandchildren; and we are assembled on some occasion of rejoicing common to us all. It is a birthday, perhaps, or perhaps it may be Christmas time; but be it what it may, there is rare holiday among us; we are full of glee.

In the chimney-corner, opposite myself, sits one who has grown old beside me. She is changed, of course; much changed; and yet I recognize the girl even in that gray hair and wrinkled brow. Glancing from the laughing child who half hides in her ample skirts, and half peeps out, — and from her to the little matron of twelve years old, who sits so womanly and so demure at no great distance from me, — and from her again, to a fair girl in the full bloom of early womanhood, the centre of the group, who has glanced more than once towards the opening door, and by whom the children, whispering and tittering among themselves, *will* leave a vacant chair, although she bids them not, — I see her image thrice repeated, and feel how long it is before one form and set of features wholly pass away, if ever, from among the living. While I am dwelling upon this, and tracing out the gradual change from infancy to youth, from youth to perfect growth, from that to age; and thinking, with an old man's pride, that she is comely yet; I feel a slight, thin hand upon my arm, and, looking down, see seated at my feet a crippled boy, — a gentle, patient child, — whose aspect I know well. He rests upon a little crutch, — I know it too, — and leaning on it as he climbs my footstool, whispers in my ear, "I am hardly one of these, dear grandfather, although I love them dearly. They are very kind to me, but you will be kinder still, I know."

I have my hand upon his neck, and stoop to kiss him, when my clock strikes, my chair is in its old spot, and I am alone.

What if I be? What if this fireside be tenantless, save for the presence of one weak old man! From my house-top I can look upon a hundred homes, in every one of which these social companions are matters of reality. In my daily walks I pass a thousand men whose cares are all forgotten, whose labors are made light, whose dull routine of work from day to day is cheered and brightened by their glimpses of domestic joy at home. Amid the struggles of this struggling town what cheerful sacrifices are made; what toil endured with readiness; what patience shown and fortitude displayed for the mere sake of home and its affections! Let me thank Heaven that I can people my fireside with shadows such as these; with shadows of bright objects that exist in crowds about me; and let me say, "I am alone no more."

I never was less so — I write it with a grateful heart — than I am to-night. Recollections of the past and visions of the present come to bear me company; the meanest man to whom I have ever given alms appears to add his mite of peace and comfort to my stock; and whenever the fire within me shall grow cold, to light my path upon this earth no more, I pray that it may be at such an hour as this, and when I love the world as well as I do now.

THE DEAF GENTLEMAN FROM HIS OWN APARTMENT.

Our dear friend laid down his pen at the end of the foregoing paragraph, to take it up no more. I little thought ever to employ mine upon so sorrowful a task as that which he has left me, and to which I now devote it.

As he did not appear among us at his usual hour next morning, we knocked gently at his door. No answer being given, it was softly opened; and then, to our sur

prise, we saw him seated before the ashes of his fire, with a little table I was accustomed to set at his elbow when I left him for the night, at a short distance from him, as though he had pushed it away with the idea of rising and retiring to his bed. His crutch and footstool lay at his feet as usual, and he was dressed in his chamber-gown, which he had put on before I left him. He was reclining in his chair, in his accustomed posture, with his face towards the fire, and seemed absorbed in meditation — indeed, at first, we almost hoped he was.

Going up to him, we found him dead. I have often, very often, seen him sleeping, and always peacefully, but I never saw him look so calm and tranquil. His face wore a serene, benign expression, which had impressed me very strongly when we last shook hands; not that he had ever any other look, God knows; but there was something in this so very spiritual, so strangely and indefinably allied to youth, although his head was gray and venerable, that it was new even in him. It came upon me all at once when on some slight pretense he called me back upon the previous night to take me by the hand again, and once more say, "God bless you."

A bell-rope hung within his reach, but he had not moved towards it, nor had he stirred, we all agreed, except, as I have said, to push away his table, which he could have done, and no doubt did, with a very slight motion of his hand. He had relapsed for a moment into his late train of meditation, and, with a thoughtful smile upon his face, had died.

I had long known it to be his wish that whenever this event should come to pass we might be all assembled in the house. I therefore lost no time in sending for Mr. Pickwick and for Mr. Miles, both of whom arrived before the messenger's return.

It is not my purpose to dilate upon the sorrow and affectionate emotions of which I was at once the witness and the sharer. But I may say, of the humbler mourners, that his faithful housekeeper was fairly heart-broken; that the poor barber would not be comforted; and that I shall respect the homely truth and warmth of heart of Mr. Weller and his son to the last moment of my life.

"And the sweet old creetur, sir," said the elder Mr. Weller to me in the afternoon, "has bolted. Him as had no wice, and was so free from temper that a infant might ha' drove him, has been took at last with that 'ere unawoidable fit o' staggers as we all must come to, and gone off his feed forever! I see him," said the old gentleman, with a moisture in his eye, which could not be mistaken, —"I see him gettin', every journey, more and more groggy; I says to Samivel, 'My boy! the Grey's a goin, at the knees;' and now my predilictions is fatally werified, and him as I could never do enough to serve or show my likin' for, is up the great uniwersal spout o' natur'."

I was not the less sensible of the old man's attachment because he expressed it in his peculiar manner. Indeed, I can truly assert of both him and his son, that notwithstanding the extraordinary dialogues they held together, and the strange commentaries and corrections with which each of them illustrated the other's speech, I do not think it possible to exceed the sincerity of their regret; and that I am sure their thoughtfulness and anxiety in anticipating the discharge of many little offices of sympathy, would have done honor to the most delicate-minded persons.

Our friend had frequently told us that his will would be found in a box in the clock-case, the key of which was in his writing-desk. As he had told us also that he desired it to be opened immediately after his death,

whenever that should happen, we met together that night for the fulfillment of his request.

We found it where he had told us, wrapped in a sealed paper, and with it a codicil of recent date, in which he named Mr. Miles and Mr. Pickwick his executors — as having no need of any greater benefit from his estate, than a generous token (which he bequeathed to them) of his friendship and remembrance.

After pointing out the spot in which he wished his ashes to repose, he gave to "his dear old friends," Jack Redburn and myself, his house, his books, his furniture — in short, all that his house contained; and with this legacy more ample means of maintaining it in its present state than we, with our habits and at our terms of life, can ever exhaust. Besides these gifts, he left to us, in trust, an annual sum of no insignificant amount, to be distributed in charity among his accustomed pensioners — they are a long list — and such other claimants on his bounty as might, from to time, present themselves. And as true charity not only covers a multitude of sins, but includes a multitude of virtues, such as forgiveness, liberal construction, gentleness and mercy to the faults of others, and the remembrance of our own imperfections and advantages, he bade us not inquire too closely into the venial errors of the poor, but finding that they *were* poor, first to relieve, and then endeavor — at an advantage — to reclaim them.

To the housekeeper he left an annuity, sufficient for her comfortable maintenance and support through life. For the barber, who had attended him many years, he made a similar provision. And I may make two remarks in this place: first, that I think this pair are very likely to club their means together and make a match of it; and secondly, that I think my friend had this result in his mind, for I have heard him say, more than once,

that he could not concur with the generality of mankind in censuring equal marriages made in later life, since there were many cases in which such unions could not fail to be a wise and rational source of happiness to both parties.

The elder Mr. Weller is so far from viewing this prospect with any feelings of jealousy, that he appears to be very much relieved by its contemplation; and his son, if I am not mistaken, participates in this feeling. We are all of opinion, however, that the old gentleman's danger, even at its crisis, was very slight, and that he merely labored under one of those transitory weaknesses to which persons of his temperament are now and then liable, and which become less and less alarming at every return, until they wholly subside. I have no doubt he will remain a jolly old widower for the rest of his life, as he has already inquired of me, with much gravity, whether a writ of habeas corpus would enable him to settle his property upon Tony beyond the possibility of recall; and has, in my presence, conjured his son, with tears in his eyes, that in the event of his ever becoming amorous again, he will put him in a strait-waistcoat until the fit is passed, and distinctly inform the lady that his property is "made over."

Although I have very little doubt that Sam would dutifully comply with these injunctions in a case of extreme necessity, and that he would do so with perfect composure and coolness, I do not apprehend things will ever come to that pass, as the old gentleman seems perfectly happy in the society of his son, his pretty daughter-in-law, and his grandchildren, and has solemnly announced his determination to "take arter the old un in all respects;" from which I infer that it is his intention to regulate his conduct by the model of Mr. Pickwick, who will certainly set him the example of a single life

I have diverged for a moment from the subject with which I set out, for I know that my friend was interested in these little matters, and I have a natural tendency to linger upon any topic that occupied his thoughts or gave him pleasure and amusement. His remaining wishes are very briefly told. He desired that we would make him the frequent subject of our conversation; at the same time, that we would never speak of him with an air of gloom or restraint, but frankly, and as one whom we still loved and hoped to meet again. He trusted that the old house would wear no aspect of mourning, but that it would be lively and cheerful; and that we would not remove or cover up his picture, which hangs in our dining-room, but make it our companion as he had been. His own room, our place of meeting, remains, at his desire, in its accustomed state; our seats are placed about the table as of old; his easy chair, his desk, his crutch, his footstool, hold their accustomed places, and the clock stands in its familiar corner. We go into the chamber at stated times to see that all is as it should be, and to take care that the light and air are not shut out, for on that point he expressed a strong solicitude. But it was his fancy that the apartment should not be inhabited; that it should be religiously preserved in this condition, and that the voice of his old companion should be heard no more.

My own history may be summed up in very few words; and even those I should have spared the reader but for my friend's allusion to me some time since. I have no deeper sorrow than the loss of a child — an only daughter, who is living, and who fled from her father's house but a few weeks before our friend and I first met. I had never spoken of this even to him, because I have always loved her, and I could not bear to

tell him of her error until I could tell him also of her sorrow and regret. Happily I was enabled to do so some time ago. And it will not be long, with Heaven's leave, before she is restored to me; before I find in her and her husband the support of my declining years.

For my pipe, it is an old relic of home, a thing of no great worth, a poor trifle, but sacred to me for her sake.

Thus, since the death of our venerable friend, Jack Redburn and I have been the sole tenants of the old house, and, day by day, have lounged together in his favorite walks. Mindful of his injunctions, we have long been able to speak of him with ease and cheerfulness, and to remember him as he would be remembered. From certain allusions which Jack has dropped, to his having been deserted and cast off in early life, I am inclined to believe that some passages of his youth may possibly be shadowed out in the history of Mr. Chester and his son, but seeing that he avoids the subject, I have not pursued it.

My task is done. The chamber in which we have whiled away so many hours, not, I hope, without some pleasure and some profit, is deserted; our happy hour of meeting strikes no more; the chimney-corner has grown cold; and MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK has stopped forever.

GENERAL INDEX OF CHARACTERS

AND OF THEIR APPEARANCES.

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The Roman numerals refer to the volume; the Arabic numerals to the page.

ADAMS, head boy at Doctor Strong's, with a turn for mathematics. *David Copperfield*, ii. 24, 38, 45, 77, 78, 81.

AFRICAN KNIFE SWALLOWER, THE, one of Mr. Crummles's theatrical company. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iv. 11, 16–19, 23, 24.

AGED, THE, Wemmick's father, an old man, intensely deaf. *Great Expectations*, i. 285–287; ii. 72–74, 77–79, 172, 174, 178, 179, 290–292.

AGNES, servant to Mrs. Bloss. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 61, 62, 66, 67, 77–81.

AKERMAN, MR., head jailer at Newgate. *Barnaby Rudge*, iii. 93–95, 251.

AKERSHEM, MISS SOPHRONIA, a mature young lady; afterwards Mrs. Alfred Lammle. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 20–22. See LAMMLE, MRS. ALFRED.

ALICE, a wealthy bowyer's daughter, beloved by Hugh Graham. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 35–46.

ALLEN, MISS ARABELLA, a friend of the Misses Wardle; afterwards Mrs. Nathaniel Winkle. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 268–280; iii. 26–38, 226–229, 232–234, 236. See WINKLE, MRS. NATHANIEL.

ALLEN, BENJAMIN, a medical student of rather a mildewy appearance, brother of Arabella Allen, and friend of Bob Sawyer. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 24–37, 62–80, 201–209; iv. 102–107, 109–117, 147–171, 173–178, 181–187, 237–244.

ANASTATIA, a pretty Mormon emigrant. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 23.

ANDERSON, JOHN, a tramp, so improvident that he spent the last of his little All on soap. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 155.

ANDERSON, MRS., his wife. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 155.

ANNY, a pauper. *Oliver Twist*, i. 264–270; ii. 275, 276.

ANTONIO, a young Spanish guitar-player. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 72–74.

ARTFUL DODGER. *Oliver Twist.* See DAWKINS, JOHN.
AUNT MARTHA. *Battle of Life.* See MARTHA, AUNT.
AVENGER, THE. *Great Expectations.* See PEPPER.
AYRESLEIGH, MR. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 245.

BABLEY, MR. RICHARD (called MR. DICK), a lunatic gentleman, protégé of Miss Betsey Trotwood. *David Copperfield*, i. 275, 277–280, 282–286, 290–296, 300, 302, 305, 308, 309; ii. 7–9, 52, 54–60, 89–91, 188, 191; iii. 90, 92, 93, 95–98, 115, 133–137, 148, 161, 162, 211, 270, 271, 282, *311–315, 318, 319, 328, 329; iv. 57, 69–71, 115, 117–119, 141, 143, 163, 166, 249, 250, 290.

BADGER, MR. BAYHAM, a surgeon to whom Richard Carstone is articled, cousin of Mr. Kenge. *Bleak House*, i. 250–255; ii. 20–25, 39; iv. 35.

BADGER, MRS. BAYHAM, his wife, widow of Captain Swosser and of Professor Dingo, inured to the loss of her former husbands by custom combined with science — particularly science. *Bleak House*, i. 250–255; ii. 20–23, 25.

BAGNET, MR. JOSEPH (otherwise LIGNUM VITÆ), bassoon-player and ex-artillery-man, friend of Mr. George. *Bleak House*, ii. 241–245; iii. 50–63, 65–68; iv. 7–16, 19–22, 66, 69–71, 299.

BAGNET, MRS., his wife. *Bleak House*, ii. 238–245; iii. 50–56, 66–68; iv. 8–22, 66–72, 120–124, 128–130, 299.

BAGNET, MALTA, his daughter, so called from her place of birth in barracks. *Bleak House*, ii. 240, 241, 243–245; iii. 51, 52, 66, 67; iv. 9, 10, 12, 15–17, 19, 299.

BAGNET, QUEBEC, another daughter, so called from her place of birth in barracks. *Bleak House*, ii. 240, 241, 243–245; iii. 51, 52, 66, 67; iv. 9, 10, 12, 15–17. 19, 299.

BAGNET, WOOLWICH, a fifer, son of Mr. Bagnet and godson of Mr. George. *Bleak House*, ii. 241, 242, 244, 245; iii. 51, 52, 68; iv. 8, 9, 12, 14, 16, 19, 20.

BAGSTOCK, MAJOR JOSEPH, a vain, testy, wooden-featured, bluefaced, apoplectic old East India officer, friend of Mr. Dombey. *Dombey and Son*, i. 129–136, 185–192; ii. 54, 78–90, 95–101, 104–107, 110, 112, 113, 208–210, 213–230, 236, 237, 239, 240, 252, 275; iii. 12–15, 18–25, 27, 29, 112, 116, 117, 123, 200, 202–204, 223; iv. 19, 108–112, 245, 246, 279.

BAILEY, CAPTAIN, friend and disappointed lover of the eldest Miss Larkins. *David Copperfield*, ii. 85, 86.

BAILEY, JUNIOR, "Boots" at Mrs. Todgers's; afterwards "Tiger" to Tidd Montague. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 192, 197, 219–222, 224–226, 236, 237, 261–263, 285, 286; iii. 10–16, 20–22, 53, 61–65, 68–70, 73–75, 79, 80, 82, 255; iv. 42, 54, 196–199, 286, 287.

BALDERSTONE, MR. THOMAS (called "UNCLE TOM"), Mrs. Gattleton's brother. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 235, 238–243.

BAMBER, JACK, a friend of Mr. Lawten's. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 122–149.

BANGER, CAPTAIN, a vestryman, opponent of Mr. Tiddypot. *Our Vestry*, bound with *Hard Times*, i. 306–309.

BANGHAM, MRS., a charwoman and messenger, nurse of Mrs. Dorrit. *Little Dorrit*, i. 97–99, 102, 108; iv. 33, 36.

BANTAM, ANGELO CYRUS, ESQ., M. C., friend to Captain Dowler. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 148–160.

BAPS, MR., professor of dancing at Dr. Blimber's, a very grave gentleman. *Dombey and Son*, i. 289, 293, 294, 297.

BAPS, MRS., his wife. *Dombey and Son*, i. 289, 293, 297.

BAPTIST, MR. *Little Dorrit*. See CAVALLETTO, JOHN BAPTIST.

BARBARA, Mrs. Garland's servant, afterwards married to Kit Nubbles. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 245–248; ii. 109, 111, 122–132, 136; iii. 63, 69, 148, 149, 151, 152, 156–161, 208.

BARBARY, MISS, aunt and godmother to Esther Summerson. *Bleak House*, i. 31–38; ii. 33, 34, 272, 273, 275–277.

BARBOX BROTHERS. *Additional Christmas Stories*. See JACKSON, MR.

BARDELL, MRS. MARTHA, Mr. Pickwick's landlady, and plaintiff in the breach-of-promise case in which he is the defendant. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 232–237; ii. 237–239, 240–242; iii. 109–137; iv. 74–84.

BARDELL, MASTER TOMMY, son of Mrs. Martha Bardell. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 236, 237; ii. 236–242; iii. 110–137; iv. 71–83.

BARK (called BULLY BARK), lodging-house keeper, and receiver of stolen goods. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 234–236.

BARKER, MR. WILLIAM (otherwise BILL BOORKER), an omnibus cad, who had a genius for taking passengers to any destination but the right one. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 196–202.

BARKIS, MR., a bashful, miserly carrier, afterwards married to Peggotty. *David Copperfield*, i. 47, 96–100, 157–163, 166, 177, 181, 199–203, 209–216, 218, 256; ii. 53, 129, 135–139, 183, 184, 302, 303; iii. 8, 9, 13, 14, 16–20.

BARKIS, MRS. CLARA PEGGOTTY, afterwards housekeeper to Miss Betsey Trotwood. *David Copperfield*, i. 212–218, 255, 284, 285; ii. 52–54, 90, 129, 132, 135–140, 151, 152, 177–182, 184, 302–304; iii. 7, 13, 16–25, 29, 33, 39, 48, 56, 57, 59–64, 83, 84, 89–93, 97–99, 117, 122, 149, 150, 278, 282, 284; iv. 99, 100, 107, 108, 177, 178, 205, 216, 249, 289, 290, 302–304. See PEGGOTTY.

BARLEY, BILL, an invalid purser, laid up with the gout. *Great Expectations*, ii. 181–185, 188.

Barley, Clara, his daughter, betrothed to Herbert Pocket. *Great Expectations*, ii. 183, 184, 188.

Barnacle, Clarence (called Barnacle, Junior), son of Mr. Tite Barnacle, a feeble-minded, ill-starred young man. *Little Dorrit*, i. 164–166, 171–173, 304, 305, 309–312; ii. 288, 289, 293, 294.

Barnacle, Lord Decimus Tite, an overpowering peer, uncle of Mr. Tite Barnacle. *Little Dorrit*, i. 305, 309; ii. 141, 289–294; iii. 191, 197–210, 233, 234; iv. 99.

Barnacle, Ferdinand, private secretary to Lord Decimus. *Little Dorrit*, i. 175–177, 183; ii. 289; iii. 191, 193, 194, 197, 200–203, 206–209; iv. 114, 162–167.

Barnacle, Mr. Tite, a man high in the Circumlocution Office. *Little Dorrit*, i. 151, 163–171; ii. 288, 293, 294; iii. 191, 197, 202, 203.

Barney, a young Jew, a waiter at "The Three Cripples," troubled with catarrh. *Oliver Twist*, i. 168, 169, 243–247; ii. 165–169, 201, 202.

Barsad, John. *Tale of Two Cities.* See Pross, Solomon.

Barton, Mr. Jacob, a grocer, brother of Mrs. Walderton. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 149, 150, 152–158.

Bates, Charley, a thief, one of Fagin's boys. *Oliver Twist*, i. 105–108, 111–113, 135–147, 149, 178–186, 203–209, 271–276; ii. 122–128, 179–183, 259–261, 298.

Battens, Mr., a virulent old pensioner at Titbull's. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 408, 418, 419.

Beadle, Harriet. *Little Dorrit.* See Tattycoram.

Bear, Prince, an enemy of Prince Bull. *Prince Bull*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 264–266.

Bebelle, a playful name for Gabrielle, a protégée of Corporal Théophile, afterwards adopted by Mr. Langley. *Somebody's Luggage* in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 108–110, 113–115, 117–121.

Bedwin, Mrs., housekeeper to Mr. Brownlow. *Oliver Twist*, i. 128–130, 131–135, 151–153, 162, 163, 195, 198, 199; ii. 155, 156, 266.

Belling, Master, one of Mr. Squeers's pupils. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 60–62, 68.

Ben, a waiter. *Seven Poor Travellers*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 16–18, 38.

Benton, Miss, housekeeper to Master Humphrey. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 136–142, 157, 158.

Berry (otherwise Berinthia), Mrs. Pipchin's niece and drudge. *Dombey and Son*, i. 152–154, 158–162, 202, 203.

Bet, a thief in the service of Fagin. *Oliver Twist*, i. 107, 108, 145, 186, 208–210.

Betsey, servant girl at Mrs. Raddle's. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 63, 64, 67, 68, 74.

BEVAN, MR., an American gentleman, friend to Martin Chuzzlewit. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 96–103, 105, 106, 108, 110, 114, 120–123, 200, 201; iii. 188–191; iv. 81.

BEVERLEY, MR. (otherwise LOGGINS), an amateur actor in the heavy tragedy line. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 166–169.

BIDDY, Mr. Wopsle's second-cousin ("great-aunt's granddaughter"). *Great Expectations*, i. 62, 169, 170, 173–182, 197–200, 201, 204–207, 218–220; ii. 53–61, 324–327, 329, 330.

BIGBY, MRS., Mrs. Meek's mother, "calculated to terrify the stoutest heart." *Births, Mrs. Meek, of a Son*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 292–298.

BIGWIG FAMILY, a quarrelsome, patronizing class of would-be humanitarians. *Nobody's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 111–113, 116.

BILER. *Dombey and Son.* See TOODLE, ROBIN.

BILL, a grave-digger. *Oliver Twist*, i. 71.

BILL, UNCLE, the wit of a tea-garden party. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 130, 131.

BILLSMETHI, MISS, daughter of Signor Billsmethi. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 10–15.

BILLSMETHI, SIGNOR, a dancing-master. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 7–15.

BITHERSTONE, MASTER, son of an East India officer, in charge of Mrs. Pipchin. *Dombey and Son*, i. 152–155, 158, 186–189, 203, 204; ii. 209, 229; iii. 212, 213, 271; iv. 293.

BITZER, pupil of M'Choakumchild, afterwards light-porter and clerk in Bounderby's bank. *Hard Times*, i. 11, 12, 38–40, 153–159, 164, 193, 206, 207, 239–241, 243, 258, 272; ii. 46–49, 51, 59, 60.

BLACK and GREEN, constables, attendants on Inspector Field in his visit to the mysteries of Wentworth Street. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 233–236.

BLACKEY, a begging impostor. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 230.

BLACKPOOL, MRS., a drunken wretch, wife of Stephen Blackpool. *Hard Times*, i. 92–94, 98–101, 112–121; ii. 61.

BLACKPOOL, STEPHEN, an honest power-loom weaver, accused of the robbery of Bounderby's bank. *Hard Times*, i. 87–122, 188–218, 242–244, 321–333; ii. 7–10, 17–18, 21–31, 34, 61.

BLANDOIS. *Little Dorrit.* See RIGAUD.

BLATHERS and DUFF, Bow-street officers. *Oliver Twist*, ii. 24–37.

BLIGH, CAPTAIN, an arbitrary sea-captain, turned adrift in an open boat by one of his officers. *The Long Voyage*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 215.

BLIGHT, YOUNG. *Our Mutual Friend.* See YOUNG BLIGHT.

Blimber, Cornelia, a thin and graceful daughter of Doctor Blimber, with no light nonsense about her, "dry and sandy, with working in the graves of deceased languages." *Dombey and Son*, i. 211, 212, 217–219, 221–227, 230, 231, 235–239, 244, 268–274, 287, 288, 294, 298; iii. 211, 212, 214, 217; iv. 294, 298, 299.

Blimber, Doctor, proprietor of a young gentlemen's boarding school. *Dombey and Son*, i. 207–225, 230–235, 244, 245, 248, 266, 268, 276, 277, 282, 285–289, 293, 294, 297–299; ii. 179, 261; iii. 211, 212, 214, 216–218; iv. 292–294, 297–299.

Blimber, Mrs., wife of Doctor Blimber, a woman, who thought "if she could have known Cicero, she could have died contented." *Dombey and Son*, i. 212, 217–225, 230, 231, 268, 272–274, 276, 280–282, 285–289, 292, 295; ii. 179, 261; iii. 211, 214; iv. 292, 295, 297–299.

Blinder, Mrs., friend of the Necketts. *Bleak House*, i. 299, 304–306, 312; ii. 171; iii. 280.

Blinkins, Mr., Latin master at "our school." *Our School*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 298, 299.

Blockitt, Mrs., Mrs. Fanny Dombey's nurse. *Dombey and Son*, i. 13.

Blockson, Mrs., a char-woman. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 33, 34.

Bloss, Mrs., a vulgar, ignorant, and selfish widow, who imagined herself ill, and ate voraciously. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 56–62, 66–75, 80–82.

Blotton, Mr., of Aldgate, a member of the Pickwick club, who abuses Mr. Pickwick in a Pickwickian sense. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 24, 25, 229, 230.

Bob, turnkey of the Marshalsea Prison, godfather of Little Dorrit. *Little Dorrit*, i. 92–96, 101, 102, 107–111, 117, 118; iv. 33, 35, 36.

Boffin, Henrietta, wife of Mr. Boffin. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 85–91, 148–168, 261–270, 277–281, 287–299, 305, 306; ii. 143, 146, 148–154, 166–173, 176, 179–187, 248, 249, 256–259, 263, 264; iii. 64, 67, 68, 70–75, 79, 82, 83, 248–251, 254, 257, 259, 262, 263, 265; iv. 24–28, 32, 35, 37, 38, 204–220, 268.

Boffin, Nicodemus (called the Golden Dustman), an eccentric old man, in possession of the Harmon estate. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 73–92, 129–154, 158–168, 261–285, 305–310; ii. 127, 143–145, 153, 181–183, 248, 249, 259, 263–266; iii. 67–77, 82–89, 92–111, 119, 124–126, 229–236, 241–267; iv. 24–52, 204–220, 227–237, 268.

Bogsby, James George, landlord of the "Sol's Arms." *Bleak House*, iii. 26–28, 41.

Bokum, Mrs., a widow, friend of Mrs. MacStinger. *Dombey and Son*, iv. 302–307.

Bolder, a pupil of Squeers's. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 146, 147.

Boldwig, Captain, a little fierce man, whose house was a "villa,"

and whose land, "grounds," and all was very high, and mighty, and great. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 96–99.

Bolo, Miss, a fashionable lady at Bath. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 158–160.

Bolter, Morris. *Oliver Twist.* See Claypole, Noah.

Bones Banjo, a comic negro singer. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 68.

Bonney, Mr., a director in the United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 30–33, 36, 37.

Booker, Bill. *Sketches by Boz.* See Barker, Mr. William.

Boots and Brewer, fashionable toadies. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 17, 19, 21, 177; ii. 57, 60–62, 294, 296, 298, 299, 302; iii. 300, 301; iv. 274, 277–279.

Bouclet, Madame, a landlady. *Somebody's Luggage*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 98, 99, 109–111, 119, 121.

Bounderby, Mr. Joseph, banker, merchant, manufacturer, and what not, a self-made man, the "bully of humility." *Hard Times*, i. 23–34, 38–51, 54, 57, 59–66, 68, 74, 96–104, 132–136, 140–147, 167–176, 194–202, 221–223, 237–248, 255–259, 264–266, 268, 269, 309–322, 324–330; ii. 12–17, 24, 32, 33, 35, 56–60.

Bounderby, Mrs. Louisa, his wife, formerly Louisa Gradgrind. *Hard Times*, i. 170–175, 179–182, 194–197, 200, 202, 208–212, 214, 219–221, 223–231, 235, 239, 242, 244, 246–252, 255–262, 266–271, 273, 276–299, 310, 311, 313–319, 324–331; ii. 17, 24, 29, 30, 32–42, 45, 47, 49, 50, 52, 61, 62. See Gradgrind, Louisa.

Bowley, Lady. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 150–157, 185–194.

Bowley, Master. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 186, 189.

Bowley, Sir Joseph, "the poor man's friend." *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 150–158, 185–194.

Boythorn, Lawrence, a friend of Mr. Jarndyce. *Bleak House*, i. 170–181, 237, 244, 245, 248, 296; ii. 44–55, 148; iii. 78; iv. 298.

Brandley, Mrs., a Richmond lady with whom Estella lived. *Great Expectations*, ii. 82.

Brass, Sally, sister of Mr. Brass, a masculine woman, devoted to the study of the law. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 57–70, 72, 78–84, 89, 91–98, 101–103, 252–257; iii. 14–16, 19, 23–25, 28–31, 34–40, 43–45, 48–54, 56, 61, 79–81, 86, 90, 96–98, 100–103, 106, 107, 118, 120–125, 128, 129, 131, 138, 142, 143, 198, 200, 201, 206.

Brass, Sampson, a rascally solicitor, Quilp's legal adviser. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 128–131, 135, 139, 144, 145, 147, 148, 151, 152, 155; ii. 56–66, 77–85, 89, 91, 100–102, 231–235, 252–257; iii. 14–24, 28–31, 36–62, 71–83, 85–90, 102, 103, 124–131, 142, 198–201.

Bray, Madeline, a protégée of Cheeryble Brothers, and afterwards

wife of Nicholas Nickleby. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 282, 283; iii. 150-153, 268-275, 277-283, 303, 304; iv. 84, 87-89, 108-118, 143-145, 149-153, 248, 249, 252, 253, 258-260, 271, 276-278, 287, 295, 301.

Bray, Mr. Walter, father to Madeline. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 279-282, 295-304; iv. 86-88, 108-113, 141, 142.

Brewer, Mr. *Our Mutual Friend*. See Boots and Brewer.

Brick, Jefferson, war correspondent of the Rowdy Journal, New York. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 76-89, 91-93.

Brick, Mrs. Jefferson, his wife, boarder at Mrs. Pawkins's. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 91, 121, 122.

Briggs, Mr. Alexander, youngest son of Mrs. Briggs, articled to his brother. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 182-187, 206.

Briggs, Mr. Samuel, an attorney, eldest son of Mrs. Briggs. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 182, 183, 185, 191, 199, 206.

Briggs, Mrs., a widow with three daughters and two sons, a rival of Mrs. Taunton. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 183, 185, 191-196, 198, 199, 206.

Briggs, Miss, daughter of Mrs. Briggs. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 183, 185, 191-196, 198, 199, 201-206.

Briggs, Miss Julia, another daughter. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 183, 185, 191-196, 198, 199, 201-206.

Briggs, Miss Kate, another daughter. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 183, 185, 191-196, 198, 199, 201-206.

Briggs and Tozer, pupils of Doctor Blimber. *Dombey and Son*, i. 227-230, 234-236, 266, 267, 276, 281, 285; iii. 213; iv. 292-294.

Brimer, Mr., fifth mate of the ship Halsewell. *The Long Voyage*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 218, 221, 222.

Britain, Benjamin (called Little Britain), servant to Dr. Jeddler, afterwards landlord of the Nutmeg Grater Inn. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 58-79, 98-105, 109-120, 122-138, 152, 153.

Britain, Mrs., his wife. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 123-138, 152-154. See Newcome, Clemency.

Brittles, lad of all work to Mrs. Maylie. *Oliver Twist*, i. 307-310, 312-318; ii. 20-27, 298.

Brogley, Mr., a second-hand furniture dealer and broker, friend of Sol. Gills. *Dombey and Son*, i. 171-174, 180; ii. 154; iv. 50.

Brooker, an outcast. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 229-235; iv. 238-246, 303.

Browdie, John, lover and afterwards husband of Matilda Price. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 167-175, 237-240; iii. 128-140, 185-210, 245-254, 258, 259; iv. 287, 292-299.

Browdie, Mrs., his wife. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 128-131, 134-137 186-197, 245-249; iv. 294-296, 299. See Price, Matilda.

BROWN, ALICE (otherwise MARWOOD), an outcast, former mistress of James Carker. *Dombey and Son*, iii. 71–75, 77–93, 205–208, 290–299; iv. 118–122, 126, 129–131, 138, 139, 157–162, 257–263.

BROWN, MISS EMILY, a young lady of property whom Mr. Alexander Trott proposed to marry; afterwards Mrs. Horace Hunter. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 211, 212, 230.

BROWN, MRS., an ugly old tramp, mother of Alice Brown. *Dombey and Son*, i. 108–113; ii. 234–236; iii. 21, 76–93, 205–207, 290–300, iv. 118–139, 257, 259–263.

BROWN, THE THREE MISSES, members of various visitation committees, and enthusiastic admirers of the curate. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 55–60.

BROWNLOW, MR., a benevolent old gentleman. *Oliver Twist*, i. 112–127, 133–135, 154–164, 195–199; ii. 151–160, 205–215, 238–250, 269–279, 282, 290–293, 295, 296, 299.

BUCKET, MR. INSPECTOR, a detective officer, a sharp-eyed, quick, keen, steady-looking man. *Bleak House*, ii. 133–146, 190–199, 212; iv. 16–26, 73–117, 119, 144–176, 198–213, 238, 239, 250–255.

BUCKET, MRS., wife of Inspector Bucket, a lady of a natural detective genius. *Bleak House*, iv. 74, 75, 111–115.

BUDDEN, MASTER ALEXANDER AUGUSTUS, son of Mr. Octavius Budden. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 84–86, 92, 93, 97.

BUDDEN, MRS. AMELIA, wife of Mr. Octavius Budden. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 84–87, 91–93, 97.

BUDDEN, MR. OCTAVIUS, a retired corn-chandler, cousin of Mr. Augustus Minns. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 84–88, 91–97.

BUDGER, MRS., a little rich old widow. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 47, 48.

BUFFLE, MR., a collector of assessed taxes. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 181–187.

BUFFLE, MRS., his wife. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 184, 186, 187.

BUFFLE, MISS ROBINA, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Buffle, in love with Mr. Buffle's articled young gentleman. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 184, 186, 187.

BUFFUM, OSCAR, one of Mr. Pogram's constituents. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 180–182, 187.

BUFFY, RT. HON. WILLIAM, M. P., friend of Sir Leicester Dedlock. *Bleak House*, i. 233, 234; ii. 250, 251, 263; iv. 74, 179, 300.

BULDER, COLONEL, head of the garrison at Rochester. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 46, 84.

BULDER, MRS. COLONEL, his wife. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 46.

BULDER, MISS, his daughter. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 46.

BULL, PRINCE, a good-natured, corpulent, rather sleepy and powerful

prince. *Prince Bull, a fairy tale*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 262–269.

Bullamy, porter in employ of the Anglo-Bengalee Company. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 28–31, 34, 48; iv. 230.

Bull's-eye, Sikes's dog. *Oliver Twist*, i. 142–149, 165–170, 172–185, 212; ii. 120–124, 227–237, 256–265.

Bumble, Mr., a fat, choleric, and pompous beadle. *Oliver Twist*, i. 25–71, 80–85, 188–197, 255–262; ii. 91–118, 274–277.

Bumble, Mrs., his wife, formerly Mrs. Corney. *Oliver Twist*, ii. 92–97, 105–118, 274–276. See Corney, Mrs.

Bumple, Michael, plaintiff in the case of Bumple and Sludberry. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 121, 122.

Bung, Mr., a successful candidate for beadle, formerly a broker's man. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 35–41, 53, 58.

Bunsby, Captain John, "a man as can give an opinion," captain of the "Cautious Clara," and Captain Cuttle's friend and oracle. *Dombey and Son*, i. 310, 311; ii. 164, 166–174; iii. 172–176, 180–183; iv. 302–308.

Butcher, The. *Detective Police.* See Mith, Sergeant.

Butcher, William, friend to John. *A Poor Man's Tale of a Patent*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 151–157.

Butler, Mr. Theodosius (otherwise Edward M'Neville Walter) author of a pamphlet entitled "Considerations on the Policy of removing the Duty on Beeswax;" lover and afterwards husband of Miss Lavinia Dingwall. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 107–112.

Buzfuz, Mr., counsel for Mrs. Bardell. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 107–137.

Calton, Mr., a superannuated beau — an old boy. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 39–45, 46–53.

Camilla, Mr. Raymond, a relative of Miss Havisham; a toady and humbug. *Great Expectations*, i. 110–112, 117–121, 280.

Camilla, Mrs., his wife. *Great Expectations*, i. 110–112, 117–121, 280.

Carker, Harriet, sister of James and John Carker, afterwards Mrs. Morfin. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 117–119; iii. 60–75, 91, 92; iv. 140–162, 330. See Morfin, Mrs.

Carker, Mr. James, Mr. Dombey's manager, a seducer and defaulter, "sly of manner, sharp of tooth, soft of foot, watchful of eye, oily of tongue, cruel of heart, nice of habit." *Dombey and Son*, i. 251–265; ii. 20–29, 33, 115–137, 141, 142, 191–193, 208–213, 225–252, 256–261; iii. 14, 15, 19–24, 27, 30, 49–54, 58–121, 125–128, 131–139, 192, 193, 225–246, 276–291, 300–306; iv. 15, 17–21, 23–27, 29–32, 131–135, 159–162, 167–196, 251, 252.

Carker, Mr. John, an under clerk at Dombey's, brother of James

and Harriet Carker. *Dombey and Son*, i. 118, 119, 122, 253, 258–265; ii. 73–75, 117–119; iii. 60–62, 65–69, 90–92, 300–304; iv. 140–153, 155, 156, 251–253, 330.

CARLAVERO, GIOVANNI, keeper of a small wine shop; a political offender, sentenced to imprisonment for life, afterwards pardoned. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 242–249.

CARSTONE, RICHARD, ward of John Jarndyce, a young man of unsettled purpose, suitor in chancery, afterwards married to Ada Clare. *Bleak House*, i. 51–55, 61–70, 91, 93–121, 145–147, 163, 166–171, 175, 176, 242–250, 255–265, 291; ii. 19, 20, 24–30, 39–41, 83, 151–157, 173–181, 184, 185, 187–190, 193, 194, 197, 224, 225; iii. 74–77, 114–135, 155–165, 215–217, 220–222, 247–264; iv. 31, 39–53, 201, 202, 216–218, 221, 222, 224–233, 235, 240–242, 244, 245, 257, 272, 280, 291–296.

CARTON, SYDNEY, an inebriate hanger-on of Mr. Stryver, and friend to Lucie Manette. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 83,84, 91, 92, 100–105, 110–115, 117–123, 137–140, 186–191, 202–208; ii. 26–30, 33, 148–161, 164–173, 200–206, 209–214, 221–228, 251–256.

CASBY, CHRISTOPHER (called the "PATRIARCH"), formerly town agent of Lord Decimus Barnacle, a philanthropic sneak. *Little Dorrit*, i. 211, 217–228, 233–239; ii. 96–98, 100, 107, 108, 118, 119, 298, 299, 301, 322; iii. 157, 163–168; iv. 84, 85, 98, 251–260.

CAVALLETTO, JOHN BAPTIST, a fellow-prisoner of Rigaud, afterwards in Mr. Clennam's employ. *Little Dorrit*, i. 13–30, 196–202, 242–246; ii. 105, 106, 140–145; iii. 148, 212, 217–222; iv. 74–80, 171–181, 184–187, 189, 201–205, 271.

CHADBAND, REV. MR., a large yellow man, with a fat smile, and a general appearance of having a good deal of train oil in his system; "in the ministry," but attached to no particular denomination. *Bleak House*, ii. 66–72, 77, 79–81, 201–208; iv. 98, 101–104.

CHADBAND, MRS., his wife, formerly Mrs. Rachel. *Bleak House*, ii. 66–68, 70, 77, 78, 187, 188, 203, 204, 271; iv. 98, 102–105.

CHARLES, OLD, long eminent at the West Country Hotel, and by some considered the Father of the Waitering. *Somebody's Luggage*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 87, 88.

CHARLEY, a miserly, drunken madman, a second-hand clothes dealer, reputed to have sold himself to the devil. *David Copperfield*, i. 266–269.

CHARLOTTE, servant to Mr. and Mrs. Sowerberry, afterwards married to Noah Claypole. *Oliver Twist*, i. 56, 61, 303, 304. See CLAYPOLE, MRS.

CHEERYBLE BROTHERS, Charles and Edward, benevolent merchants, patrons of Nicholas Nickleby. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 58, 63, 66, 83, 86; iv. 29, 149, 161, 220, 238, 245, 246, 267, 273, 274, 282, 294, 301.

CHEERYBLE, CHARLES, of the firm of Cheeryble Brothers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 53–66, 86–96, 150, 151, 214–216, 219–221, 264–276; iv. 162, 210–213, 219–228, 238, 256–261, 274–280.

CHEERYBLE, EDWARD, of the firm of Cheeryble Brothers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 60–66, 86–96, 151, 214–216; iv. 219–221, 228, 239, 257, 274, 275, 278–280.

CHEERYBLE, FRANK, nephew of Cheeryble Brothers, and lover of Kate Nickleby. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 203–215, 219–221; iv. 29–46, 153–161, 196, 197, 226, 227, 251, 252, 259, 260, 275–279.

CHEESEMAN, OLD. *The Schoolboy's Story*. See OLD CHEESEMAN.

CHEGGS, MISS, sister of Mr. Cheggs. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 96–101.

CHEGGS, MR., a market-gardener, afterwards Sophy Wackles's husband. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 96–103.

CHERUB, THE. *Our Mutual Friend*. See WILFER, REGINALD.

CHESTER, EDWARD, son of Sir John Chester, in love with, and married to Miss Emma Haredale. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 15, 16, 19–21, 50–53, 63, 68, 70, 71, 81–87, 143–147, 151, 166–172, 175–186, 216–218, 220, 235, 277–279, 299, 300, 304, 306, 307, 309–314; ii. 8, 9, 21–26, 50–56; iii. 139–141, 184–187, 195, 231, 266–273, 275, 276, 288, 309.

CHESTER, MR. (afterwards SIR JOHN), a fastidious gentleman, a heartless, villainous roué. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 70, 119–133, 136, 137, 139–151, 172–186, 260–281, 298–315; ii. 7–28, 31, 50–56, 137–145, 172–182, 291; iii. 218–233, 253, 292–300.

CHESTLE, MR., a hop-grower, a plain, elderly gentleman, afterwards husband of the eldest Miss Larkins. *David Copperfield*, ii. 85, 86.

CHIB, MR., the father of the vestry. *Our Vestry*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 307, 308.

CHICK, MR. JOHN, Mr. Dombey's brother-in-law, a stout, bald gentleman with a tendency to whistle and hum tunes regardless of place or season. *Dombey and Son*, i. 24–27, 85–88, 90–93, 96, 136; ii. 36, 277, 287–289; iii. 22, 122–124.

CHICK, MRS. LOUISA, sister of Mr. Dombey, a weak, self-satisfied person, always desiring others to "make an effort." *Dombey and Son*, i. 16–22, 24–28, 30, 31, 35–37, 42, 73–82, 85–88, 93, 95–97, 123, 124, 126, 127, 134–136, 145–150, 152, 190, 192, 193, 200; ii. 36–42, 54, 276–289; iii. 22, 122–124, 146, 147, 157; iv. 106, 107, 246, 273–276.

CHICKENSTALKER, MRS. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 223, 224. See TUGBY, MRS.

CHICKWEED. *Bleak House*. See SMALLWEED, BARTHOLOMEW.

CHIEF, THE, head master at "our school." *Our School*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 293–295, 297, 299, 300.

CHILDERS, MR. E. W. B., a member of Sleary's circus, noted for his

daring vaulting act as the "Wild Huntsman of the North American Prairies." *Hard Times*, i. 43–50; ii. 39, 40.

CHILL, UNCLE. *Poor Relation's Story*. See UNCLE CHILL.

CHILLIP, MR., MRS. Clara Copperfield's doctor, the meekest of his sex, the mildest of little men. *David Copperfield*, i. 21–25, 29, 189–191, 217; ii. 153; iii. 13; iv. 242–249.

CHITLING, TOM, a thief and "a half-witted dupe." *Oliver Twist*, i. 208–210, 271–276; ii. 126–128, 253–262.

CHIVERY, JOHN, turnkey of the Marshalsea Prison. *Little Dorrit*, ii. 7, 10, 11, 26, 27, 29, 30, 73, 74, 133, 134, 237, 306, 307, 319, 324; iv. 138, 141, 142, 193, 238, 293.

CHIVERY, YOUNG JOHN, son of John Chivery, a sentimental, poetical, expansive, faithful young man of great soul, lover of Little Dorrit. *Little Dorrit*, ii. 7–21, 39, 74–78, 133–139, 241, 242, 297, 310, 322; iv. 9–14, 16, 18, 138, 139, 142–155, 160, 199, 200, 237, 238, 271, 293.

CHIVERY, MRS., wife of John Chivery, keeper of a tobacco shop. *Little Dorrit*, ii. 10, 13, 74–79, 133.

CHOKE, GENERAL CYRUS, a member of the Eden Land Corporation. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 197–203, 207–209, 214–219; iii. 144.

CHOLLOP, HANNIBAL, "a splendid sample of our native raw material." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 151–158, 174, 175.

CHOWLEY. *Dombey and Son*. See MACSTINGER, CHARLES.

CHRISTIAN, FLETCHER, an officer of the ship "Bounty." *The Long Voyage*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 215.

CHRISTIAN, THURSDAY OCTOBER, Son of Fletcher Christian, by a savage mother. *Long Voyage*, bound with *Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 215.

CHRISTIANA, an old love and imaginary wife of Michael. *The Poor Relation's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 76, 80, 82–84, 88.

CHRISTOPHER, a waiter, narrator of the story. *Somebody's Luggage*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 85–87, 91, 93, 94, 96, 123, 128–130.

CHUCKSTER, MR., clerk of Mr. Witherden, friend of Dick Swiveller, and member of the Glorious Apollos. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 164–167, 226–228; ii. 112, 113, 117–119, 136–138; iii. 8–14, 20, 58, 61, 62, 105, 107–109, 159–161, 205, 206.

CHUFFEY, superannuated clerk of Anthony Chuzzlewit. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 272–276, 278; ii. 130–133, 136, 139, 142–145, 155, 157, 158, 161, 165–167, 284, 285, 287; iii. 17, 19; iv. 131, 132, 134–138, 146–149, 188, 189, 203, 204, 206, 207, 229–236, 238–248, 253.

CHUZZLEWIT, ANTHONY, father of Jonas. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 84, 88, 90, 95, 184–186, 188, 189, 265, 266, 269–280, 287–289; ii. 129–133, 136–144, 154, 158, 159, 172, 254, 255; iv. 183, 184, 240–247.

CHUZZLEWIT, GEORGE, a gay, gluttonous, elderly bachelor. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 91, 95, 98, 99; iv. 315, 317.

CHUZZLEWIT, JONAS, a brutal, avaricious villain, cousin to Martin. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 84, 88, 90, 91, 184–191, 264–281, 288; ii. 129–144, 146, 155–160, 165–186, 251, 254–266, 269–275; iii. 13–19, 38–49, 52–67, 252, 253, 259–265; iv. 20–27, 29–42, 44–57, 88–103, 139–166, 182–186, 198, 229–262.

CHUZZLEWIT, MRS. JONAS, formerly Merry Pecksniff. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 15–19, 62–67, 83, 241–245; iv. 19–28, 91, 119, 120, 127–145, 165, 232–234, 242, 246–248, 307–312. See PECKSNIFF, MERCY.

CHUZZLEWIT, MARTIN, architect. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 118–134, 137–141, 144–162, 166–169, 292–298, 303–310, 313–321; ii. 7–53, 56–67, 70–127, 192–250; iii. 144, 148–152, 158–168, 170–180, 183, 187–192, 194–203, 291; iv. 62–90, 169–175, 179–191, 207–209, 211, 212, 214–219, 221–223, 265–267, 269, 270, 273–275, 277, 279–282, 300, 301.

CHUZZLEWIT, MARTIN, an eccentric old man, grandfather of young Martin. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 49–58, 63–73, 75, 83, 84, 88–91, 148–153, 241–254; ii. 36, 252–260, 268–272; iii. 90–97, 101, 119–127; iv. 73–87, 227, 228, 238–248, 250–252, 256, 262–290, 293, 297–300, 307–314.

CICERO, a truckman in New York, formerly a slave. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 106–109.

CLARE, ADA, ward of John Jarndyce, and friend of Esther Summerson, afterwards married to Richard Carstone. *Bleak House*, i. 51–58, 60–66, 68–73, 75–105, 109–111, 117, 120, 121, 139, 150–175, 246, 248, 249, 255–265, 273, 284, 287, 291, 293, 296, 297, 300, 304; ii. 20–30, 37–48, 56–61, 149, 152–157, 171, 174–179, 283, 285, 286, 288, 313, 316–318, 320; iii. 71, 72, 74, 76–78, 92, 93, 108–111, 123–128, 130–136, 215–217, 221, 222, 225, 227, 230–232, 247, 256–259, 263; iv. 28–32, 35, 36, 38–40, 45–56, 202, 216, 218, 220–222, 224, 228–233, 235, 241, 242, 244, 257, 271–273, 280, 291–293, 295, 296, 303, 304, 306.

CLARK, MR., Mr. Dombey's clerk. *Dombey and Son*, i. 115, 116.

CLARRIKER, a young merchant or shipping broker. *Great Expectations*, ii. 240.

CLAYPOLE, MRS., wife to Noah Claypole. *Oliver Twist*, ii. 161–171, 173, 174. See CHARLOTTE.

CLAYPOLE, NOAH (afterwards MORRIS BOLTER), a big, large-headed, small-eyed bully, a charity-boy apprenticed to Mr. Sowerberry, afterwards in the service of Fagin. *Oliver Twist*, i. 59–62, 75–86, 302–304; ii. 161–188, 198–215, 297, 298.

CLEAVER, MR. (called MR. DOLLS), a broken-down inebriate, father of Jenny Wren. *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 45–48; iii. 170, 171, 175–180, 304, 305; iv. 128, 129, 135, 136, 150–156.

CLEAVER, FANNY, a dwarf (called JENNY WREN), a dolls' dressmaker and manufacturer of ornamental pincushions and pen-wipers. *Our*

Mutual Friend, ii. 18–25, 34–37, 41–50, 102–107, 193–196, 201–205, 263, 282; iii. 25–34, 38, 167–170, 214–217, 227, 228; iv. 128–150, 152–162, 164, 165, 167–169, 263–267.

Clennam, Arthur, adopted son of Mrs. Clennam, afterwards husband of Little Dorrit. *Little Dorrit*, i. 31–41, 44, 45, 51–68, 74–90, 122–158, 164–187, 204–260, 272, 279–293, 297–314; ii. 72–106, 125, 141, 144, 146–153, 155–173, 175–184, 186–194, 243–252, 254–266, 283–287, 294–314, 317, 324, 325; iii. 40, 41, 43, 60–65, 128–136, 139–140, 142–144, 146–188, 221–232; iv. 42–55, 70–98, 127–200, 214–222, 226, 227, 229–231, 233, 234, 239–245, 250, 262, 264, 267, 269, 274, 276, 278–285, 287–294.

Clennam, Mrs., wife of Arthur Clennam's father, a female Lucifer in appetite for power. *Little Dorrit*, i. 55–64, 69, 74–85, 133, 138, 268, 269, 271–277; ii. 195–201, 206, 209, 212, 215–223; iii. 170, 173–178, 289–291, 293–297; iv. 84–91, 177–180, 186, 202–234, 236–247.

Cleopatra. *Dombey and Son*. See Skewton, The Hon. Mrs.

Cleverly, Susannah, a Mormon emigrant. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 322.

Cleverly, William, brother of Susannah, a Mormon emigrant. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 322.

Click, Mr. a vagabond. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 222.

Clickett, a servant to the Micawbers, "a orfling" from St. Luke's work-house, a dark-complexioned young woman with a habit of snorting. *David Copperfield*, i. 228, 237, 240–242, 251, 254.

Clocker, Mr., a grocer. *Out of the Season*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 143.

Clubber, Sir Thomas, commissioner at the head of the dock-yard at Rochester. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 45.

Clubber, Lady, his wife. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 45.

Clubbers, The Miss, his daughters. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 45.

Cluppins, Mrs. Betsey, a friend of Mrs. Bardell. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 237–242; iii. 109–137; iv. 70–88.

Cly, Roger, an Old Bailey spy, Solomon Pross's partner, and formerly servant to Charles Darnay. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 93, 101, 211–214; ii. 156–159, 255.

Coavinses. *Bleak House*. See Neckett, Mr.

Cobb, Tom, general chandler and post-office keeper, a crony of John Willet. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 17, 18, 21, 23, 26; ii. 30, 32–34, 59–71, 293–296, 307.

Cobbey, a pupil of Squeers's. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 147.

Cobbs, the "Boots" at Holly-tree Inn, formerly an under-gardener at Mr. Walmers's. *The Holly-tree Inn*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 67–80.

CODGER, MISS, a Western literary lady, friend of Mrs. Hominy. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 185, 186.

CODLIN, THOMAS, a misanthrope, exhibitor of a Punch show. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 181–186, 191–207, 212–222, 285; ii. 103–108; iii. 207.

COILER, MRS., a widow and "a toady neighbor" of Mr. Matthew Pocket. *Great Expectations*, i. 262–264.

COMPACT ENCHANTRESS, THE, a French actress. *A Flight*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 167–174, 176.

COMPEYSON, a convict. *Great Expectations*, i. 25, 26, 50–55, 144–150; ii. 277, 278.

CONWAY, GENERAL, an officer opposed to Lord George Gordon. *Barnaby Rudge*, ii. 243, 244.

COOPER, MR. AUGUSTUS, just of age, with a little money, a little business, and a little mother. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 8–15.

COPPERFIELD, DAVID. *David Copperfield*, i. 9–309; ii. 7–318; iii. 7–329; iv. 7–308.

COPPERFIELD, MRS. DORA, his "child-wife," formerly Dora Spenlow, *David Copperfield*, iii. 287–307; iv. 43–57; 68, 77, 90, 102, 115–117, 148–154, 219, 226, 287, 288, 291. See SPENLOW, DORA.

COPPERFIELD, MRS. CLARA, mother of David, afterwards married to Mr. Murdstone. *David Copperfield*, i. 12–30, 33–39, 42–46, 65–68, 70, 71, 73–85, 87, 88, 90, 94, 95, 159–177, 179, 180, 186, 189–194, 255, 283, 284, 299–307; ii. 90.

CORNEY, MRS., matron of a work-house. *Oliver Twist*, i. 253–270, 298–302. See BUMBLE, MRS.

COUNTESS ELIZA. *Three Detective Anecdotes* (I. *The Pair of Gloves*). See GRIMWOOD, ELIZA.

CRACKIT, TOBY, a burglar. *Oliver Twist*, i. 245–252, 276–279, 306, 307; ii. 126–128, 253–262.

CRADDOCK, MRS., Mr. Pickwick's landlady at Bath. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 163, 175, 176, 178.

CRAGGS, MR. THOMAS, a lawyer, partner of Mr. Jonathan Snitchey. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 60–92, 110–120.

CRAGGS, MRS., his wife. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 110–120.

CRATCHIT, BELINDA, daughter of Bob Cratchit. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, 68–73.

CRATCHIT, BOB, clerk to Scrooge. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, 14, 16, 17, 65–73, 100–102, 111.

CRATCHIT, MARTHA, daughter of Bob Cratchit. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, 66–73.

CRATCHIT, MRS., his wife. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, 65–73, 99–102.

CRATCHIT, PETER, son of Bob Cratchit. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, 65–73, 99–102.

CREAKLE, MR., proprietor of Salem House, formerly in the hop business, afterwards a Middlesex magistrate. *David Copperfield*, i. 116, 121–125, 128, 129, 132–137, 139, 141, 144–148, 150, 156, 164, 179; ii. 37, 105; iv. 267–279.

CREAKLE, MISS, his daughter, supposed to be in love with Steerforth. *David Copperfield*, i. 116, 122, 124, 129, 130, 144.

CREAKLE, MRS., his wife. *David Copperfield*, i. 116, 122–124, 129, 136, 144, 179, 180.

CREWLER, MRS., a very superior woman who has lost the use of her limbs, wife of the Rev. Horace Crewler. *David Copperfield*, iii. 86, 226–228; iv. 237, 238.

CREWLER, REV. HORACE, a poor curate down in Devonshire, with ten daughters and an invalid wife. *David Copperfield*, iii. 226, 227; iv. 236, 237, 307.

CREWLER, MISS CAROLINE, eldest daughter of Mrs. Crewler, afterwards married to a dashing and showy vagabond. *David Copperfield*, iii. 86, 87; iv. 233–241, 307.

CREWLER, MISS LOUISA, third daughter of Mrs. Crewler. *David Copperfield*, iv. 233–241, 307.

CREWLER, MISS LUCY, sister to Sophy, by whom she is educated. *David Copperfield*, iv. 233–241, 307.

CREWLER, MISS MARGARET, sister of, and educated by, Sophy. *David Copperfield*, iv. 233–241, 307.

CREWLER, MISS SARAH, second daughter of Mrs. Crewler. *David Copperfield*, iii. 86, 227, 228; iv. 233–241, 307.

CREWLER, MISS SOPHY, fourth daughter of Mrs. Crewler, having charge of the whole family, afterwards married to Mr. Traddles. *David Copperfield*, ii. 273, 274, 307; iii. 85–89, 225–228, 240, 279, 284; iv. 233–241, 264–267, 291, 306–308.

CRIMPLE, DAVID (called CRIMP), a pawnbroker, tapster at the Lombard Arms, and secretary of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 17–20; iii. 23–40, 60; iv. 198, 230.

CRIPPLES, MASTER, son of Mr. Cripples. *Little Dorrit*, i. 142, 143.

CRIPPLES, MR., keeper of an evening academy. *Little Dorrit*, i. 142, 143, 146, 147; ii. 41.

CROOKEY, attendant at the "coffee-room" in Coleman Street. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 246.

CROWL, MR., fellow-lodger of Newman Noggs. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 244–246, 258, 270, 271; ii. 300, 301.

CRUMMLES, MASTER, and MASTER PERCY, sons of Vincent Crum-

mles, and belonging to his theatrical company. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 114–117, 119, 125, 286; iv. 12, 18, 19, 23.

Crummles, Ninetta, the "infant phenomenon," daughter of Vincent Crummles. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 129–131, 162–166, 262; iv. 18, 19.

Crummles, Vincent, manager of a travelling theatrical company. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 115–132, 138–142, 148–153, 168–171, 181–185, 264, 265, 280–285; iv. 12–25.

Crummles, Mrs. Vincent, the manager's wife. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 128, 140, 141, 153, 171, 181, 182, 262; iv. 12, 13, 15, 16, 18–23.

Crumpton, Miss Amelia, very tall, thin, skinny, upright, and yellow, with the strictest possible ideas of propriety. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 97–112.

Crumpton, Miss Maria, the twin pattern of her sister, with whom she was connected in conducting a "finishing establishment for young ladies." *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 97–112.

Cruncher, Jerry, an odd-job man at Tellson's, who is also a "resurrection man;" afterwards servant to the Darnays. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 15–18, 20, 21, 74–88, 104–106, 139, 209–222; ii. 68, 77, 107, 138, 139, 144–149, 157–159, 161–164, 238–241, 247, 248.

Cruncher, Young Jerry, assistant to his father. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 76–79, 209–211, 214–222; ii. 163.

Cruncher, Mrs., wife of Jerry, given to "flopping," and styled "Aggerawayter." *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 75–78, 210, 216, 217, 220, 221; ii. 239, 240.

Crupp, Mrs., landlady to David Copperfield, martyr to a curious disorder, called "the spazzums." *David Copperfield*, ii. 201, 202, 204–208, 215, 241–243, 246, 262–266, 280, 281, 284; iii. 48, 49, 83, 84, 90–92, 95, 112, 115, 148, 149.

Crushton, Hon. Mr., a gentleman of fashion at Bath. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 157, 158.

Curdle, Mr., an author and dramatic critic. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 159–162, 168.

Curdle, Mrs., a patron of literature and the drama. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 159–162.

Cute, Mr., an alderman. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 136–145, 185–194.

Cuttle, Captain Edward, an eccentric, old, retired pilot, skipper, and privateersman, protector of Florence Dombey, and friend of Sol. Gills and Walter Gay, afterwards partner of Sol. Gills. *Dombey and Son*, i. 68–72, 165, 166, 175–184, 192–201, 303–314, 322; ii. 15–31, 71–73, 75–77, 157–176, 194–207; iii. 11, 15, 20, 31–56, 160–184; iv. 39–53, 55–93, 95, 96, 98, 99, 104, 105, 202–205, 208, 212, 213, 217–225, 234–240, 301–308, 329, 331–335.

DAISY, SOLOMON, parish clerk and bell-ringer of Chigwell, crony of John Willet. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 14–18, 21–32, 133–139; ii. 32–34, 62–71, 293–296; iii. 7–15, 307.

DANDO, a boatman. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 134, 135.

DANTON, MR., a young man with a considerable stock of impudence, and a very small share of ideas, a great favorite, especially with young ladies. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 310–313.

DARBY, a constable, attendant of Mr. Bucket. *Bleak House*, ii. 137, 142.

DARNAY, CHARLES. *Tale of Two Cities.* See EVRÉMONDE.

DARNAY, MRS. LUCIE, formerly Lucie Manette. *Tale of Two Cities*, ii. 10, 29–36, 45, 77–79, 99–116, 119–127, 131, 135–137, 140–142, 173, 175, 198–201, 209, 211–214, 217–219, 228–230, 233–235, 242–245, 255, 256.

DARTLE, ROSA, companion of Mrs. Steerforth, a lady "all edge," with the appearance of having worn herself away by constant sharpening. *David Copperfield*, ii. 114–123, 128, 129, 205, 221, 309–317; iii. 49, 50, 52, 54, 55, 125; iv. 8–20, 77, 81–89, 196–202, 304, 305.

DAVID, OLD, a sexton's assistant. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 282–287.

DAWKINS, JOHN (otherwise THE ARTFUL DODGER), a young pick-pocket. *Oliver Twist*, i. 93–100, 105–108, 111–113, 135–150, 177–186, 203–210, 222, 223, 271–277; ii. 122–126, 185–188.

DAWS, MARY, Mr. Dombey's kitchen maid. *Dombey and Son*, iv. 266, 267.

DAWSON, MR., a surgeon. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 31.

DEDLOCK, LADY HONORIA, a lady of beauty, pride, ambition, and at the top of the fashionable tree. *Bleak House*, i. 20–29, 123, 132, 133, 136, 168, 177, 222–241; ii. 7–9, 14–18, 45, 47, 51–53, 58–61, 148, 248, 251–263, 265–277; iii. 43–46, 97–105, 111, 112, 172, 178, 179, 183–190, 192–202, 233–235, 298–314, 316; iv. 85–88, 93–96, 113, 117, 118, 131–140, 142–145, 149–153, 158, 164–168, 177–179, 189, 198, 208–214, 297, 299.

DEDLOCK, SIR LEICESTER, an honorable, obstinate, truthful, high-spirited, intensely prejudiced, perfectly unreasonable man, whose family is as old as the hills, and infinitely more respectable. *Bleak House*, i. 22, 23, 25, 27–29, 123, 126–128, 167, 176, 222–240; ii. 7, 8, 18, 45, 46, 51, 53, 58, 230, 231, 248–261, 263–267, 276, 277; iii. 178–189, 198–202, 228–232, 299, 303–310; iv. 24, 57, 74, 78–84, 89–97, 99, 101, 104–107, 109–118, 137–139, 142–146, 149, 150, 152, 176, 177, 180, 181, 183–196, 251, 297–300.

DEDLOCK, VOLUMNIA, a privileged cousin and dependent of Sir Leicester Dedlock, a young lady (of sixty). *Bleak House*, ii 249–

254, 263; iii. 176, 179–184, 186, 187, 189, 190; iv. 78, 79, 81–83, 90, 141, 142, 182–184, 188–190, 192–194, 300–302.

Defarge, Monsieur Ernest, a vender of wine and ringleader of the Quarter Saint Antoine revolutionists. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 45–61, 66–69, 150, 151, 223–243, 247–250; ii. 38–44, 47–52, 85–91, 106–111, 130, 175–177, 195, 196, 204–208, 212, 232, 233, 255.

Defarge, Madame Thérèse, wife of Monsieur Defarge, and leader of the Saint Antoine women in the revolution. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 47–49, 151, 152, 224, 225, 234–251; ii. 38–44, 46–53, 107–111, 125, 130, 155, 175, 177, 197, 205–209, 212, 232–238, 240–246, 252.

Dennis, a hangman, and ringleader of the Gordon rioters, afterwards hung. *Barnaby Rudge*, ii. 96, 109–126, 129, 132–136, 143, 145, 186–190, 236–240, 242, 249–256, 273–278, 283, 284, 286–291, 300–303; iii. 39, 40, 47–53, 58, 84, 87–89, 93, 96, 103, 109–115, 156–161, 163–171, 186, 209–217, 219, 220, 223–230, 236–239, 245–251.

Derasseur, M. Loyal, a citizen, town-councilor, and landlord at a French watering-place. *Our French Watering-Place*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 264–270.

Dibble, Mr. Sampson, a blind Mormon emigrant. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 322, 323.

Dibble, Mrs. Dorothy, his wife, a Mormon emigrant, very old. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 322, 323.

Dick, a work-house orphan, a friend of Oliver Twist. *Oliver Twist*, i. 87, 88, 191–194.

Dick, Mr. *David Copperfield*. See Babley, Mr. Richard.

Diego, Don, the inventor of the last new flying-machines. *A Flight*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 167, 169.

Dilber, Mrs., a laundress. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 91–95.

Dingwall, Cornelius Brook, Esq., M. P., a very haughty, solemn, and portentous person. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 98–102, 110–112.

Dingwall, Mrs. Brook, his wife. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 100–102, 110, 112.

Dingwall, Miss Lavinia Brook, his daughter, the most romantic of all romantic young ladies, afterwards Mrs. Theodosius Butler. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 99–112.

Dingwall, Little Frederick, a spoiled child of Cornelius Brook Dingwall, Esq. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 100–102, 110.

Diogenes, an ill-favored, clumsy, bullet-headed dog, continually acting on a wrong idea that there was an enemy in the neighborhood, whom it was meritorious to bark at, a favorite of Little Paul, presented to Florence Dombey by Mr. Toots. *Dombey and Son*, i. 297; ii. 50–53, 141–143, 147, 264, 269, 270, 290, 292; iii. 28, 29, 101, 105,

210, 211, 214, 272, 273; iv. 38, 39, 43–45, 48, 49, 52, 76, 93, 217, 218, 238.

DISMAL JEMMY. *Pickwick Papers.* See JEMMY, DISMAL.

DIVER, COLONEL, editor of the "New York Rowdy Journal." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 70–87, 95.

DOBBLE, MR., a very superior man, in a public office. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 298–303.

DOBBLE, MRS., his wife. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 299–303.

DOBBLE, JUNIOR, his son. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 299, 302.

DODGER, THE ARTFUL. *Oliver Twist.* See DAWKINS, JOHN.

DODSON AND FOGG, Mrs. Bardell's attorneys. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 108–112; iii. 110–137; iv. 215–220.

DOLLOBY, MR., dealer in second-hand clothes, rags, bones, and kitchen stuff. *David Copperfield*, i. 261, 262.

DOLLS, MR. *Our Mutual Friend.* See CLEAVER, MR.

DOMBEY, MR. PAUL, a stern, proud, and wealthy merchant, disciplined and made better by care and suffering. *Dombey and Son*, i. 9–22, 30–35, 39–41, 48–53, 73–78, 84–95, 98, 123–127, 138–150, 155, 183, 187–200, 204–209, 213–221, 248–258, 301, 302, 312; ii. 9, 10, 13, 32–36, 46, 47, 53–58, 78–114, 120, 208–213, 216, 217, 219–221, 226–230, 236–252, 269–271, 298–302, 305–307; iii. 12–30, 94–105, 113–118, 120–129, 146–148, 185–201, 203, 221–223, 229–256, 261–267, 280–285; iv. 7–11, 15, 17–28, 32–35, 106–112, 114–124, 138–141, 144, 195, 196, 239, 240, 242–253, 266, 270, 273–276, 279–289, 300, 301, 309–313, 317, 324–326, 329, 330, 335, 336.

DOMBEY, MRS. FANNY, Mr. Dombey's first wife, mother of Little Paul. *Dombey and Son*, i. 10–17, 19–23; ii. 11, 14.

DOMBEY, MRS. EDITH, Mr. Dombey's second wife, formerly Edith Granger. *Dombey and Son*, iii. 15–22, 26–28, 93, 96–101, 104–111, 113–117, 120–122, 124–128, 130–145, 186–198, 201–208, 218–221, 224, 233–241, 243–253, 257–260, 271, 276–287, 305, 306; iv. 7, 8, 11–34, 132–135, 137, 164–178, 319–327.

DOMBEY, FLORENCE, daughter of Mr. Dombey, afterwards married to Walter Gay. *Dombey and Son*, i. 12, 13, 21–23, 42–53, 78–81, 83, 84, 86–88, 97, 99, 102, 105, 107–127, 143, 144, 149, 155, 156, 163–167, 187, 189, 192–201, 203, 204, 213, 215–217, 219, 221, 222, 240–244, 247, 267, 283–285, 289–293, 295–300, 315, 316; ii. 8–14, 34, 37–58, 61–71, 94, 95, 114, 135, 136, 144–175, 178–193, 207, 257–272, 292–306, 311, 312; iii. 16–18, 20, 21, 26–29, 40–43, 47, 48, 95–115, 120–123, 128, 130–132, 134–139, 186, 187, 202, 204, 209–218, 220, 244–246, 248–260, 262–266, 269–275, 277, 284–287, 304; iv. 11–23, 26–47, 52–81, 85–107, 117, 197–201, 203–213, 215, 217–221, 225–227, 231–241, 280–283, 286–288, 300, 301, 308–327, 329–331, 335, 336.

DOMBEY, LITTLE PAUL, son and heir to Mr. Dombey. *Dombey and Son*, i. 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 21–23, 30–35, 41, 42, 48–50, 53, 73–78, 80–84, 86–93, 96, 97, 99, 102, 104, 106, 107, 127, 133–164, 185–189, 193, 196–200, 202–209, 213–248, 267–300, 321; ii. 7–14, 34, 43, 44, 90, 91; iii. 41, 209; iv. 241, 336.

DONNY, MISS, a keeper of a boarding-school. *Bleak House*, i. 44, 48.

DORA. *David Copperfield*. See SPENLOW, MISS DORA, and COPPERFIELD, MRS. DORA.

DORNTON, SERGEANT, a detective police officer. *The Detective Police*, et seq., bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 183, 184, 202–205, 215–218.

DORRIT, AMY (called LITTLE DORRIT), child of the Marshalsea, afterwards Mrs. Arthur Clennam. *Little Dorrit*, i. 67, 80, 84–86, 89, 90, 99, 101, 107–122, 125–135, 138, 141, 142, 145–158, 208–211, 217, 222, 249–267, 275–277, 279, 282; ii. 7–10, 12, 14–20, 29–38, 40–58, 63, 74–81, 83, 84, 94–98, 105–130, 166, 167, 197–201, 234–252, 254–264, 266, 296, 300–314, 323–325; iii. 11–15, 23–29, 38–46, 51–65, 68–78, 81, 84, 86–88, 92, 94–104, 107, 110–115, 120, 122–127, 134, 135, 180–188, 236–248, 261–265, 268–271; iv. 20–27, 31–39, 106–109, 139–141, 150–156, 159, 160, 191–201, 233, 238–246, 262, 264, 265, 267, 274–276, 278–288, 291–294.

DORRIT, EDWARD (otherwise TIP), son of William Dorrit; a selfish, dissipated young man. *Little Dorrit*, i. 94, 96, 101, 102, 109, 112, 113, 117–121, 131, 132, 134, 135, 211–213; ii. 11, 39, 40, 56, 81, 82, 123, 247–250, 311, 316, 317, 321; iii. 12, 14–16, 18, 19, 29, 38–41, 46, 49–51, 79–84, 88, 186, 264, 267; iv. 36, 107–109, 192, 195, 262, 281, 294.

DORRIT, FANNY, daughter of William Dorrit, a ballet dancer, afterwards married to Mr. Edmund Sparkler. *Little Dorrit*, i. 94, 96, 101, 102, 109, 112–117, 128, 131, 132, 144, 217; ii. 11, 12, 39–58, 236–240, 247, 248, 251, 311, 315, 316, 321, 323–325; iii. 11–15, 28, 29, 40–46, 49, 51–53, 55, 68, 69, 79–81, 83–88, 92, 94, 96–115, 125, 126, 184, 186, 235–268. See SPARKLER, MRS. EDMUND.

DORRIT, MR. FREDERICK, brother to William Dorrit, a retiring, simple old gentleman, a clarionet player, afterwards possessed of property. *Little Dorrit*, i. 116, 117, 123–129, 132, 143–146; ii. 22–29, 44–47, 56–58, 320, 321, 323; iii. 11, 12, 29, 45, 46, 55, 79–81, 84–87; iv. 20–22, 24, 25, 28, 29, 36, 38–40, 100, 224–226, 233.

DORRIT, MR. WILLIAM (called "FATHER OF THE MARSHALSEA"), a proud, dignified old gentleman, for many years a prisoner in the Marshalsea, afterwards possessed of his property. *Little Dorrit*, i. 92–96, 99–109, 111–113, 115–117, 121, 125–132, 149–152; ii. 11, 13–15, 22–38, 72, 80–82, 104, 233, 234, 238–253, 266, 296–297, 307–325,

iii. 11–13, 16, 17, 21, 22, 27–29, 32–34, 39–43, 45–55, 66–87, 115–119, 123, 125–127, 202–204, 218, 249–258, 265, 267–271, 274–282, 284–298; iv. 7–40, 100, 107, 108, 111.

DOT. *Cricket on the Hearth.* See PEERYBINGLE, MRS.

DOUBLEDICK, PRIVATE RICHARD, a young man who had run wild and enlisted for a soldier, afterwards Major Doubledick. *Seven Poor Travellers*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 20–38.

DOUNCE, MR. JOHN, a fat, red-faced, white-headed old boy, afterwards married to his cook. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 323–330.

DOWLER, CAPTAIN, a blustering man, formerly in the army, but one of the most egregious cowards in existence. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 142–150, 156–160, 171, 172, 209–212.

DOWLER, MRS., his wife. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 145–147, 156–160, 172.

DOYCE, DANIEL, an engineer and inventor, partner of Arthur Clennam. *Little Dorrit*, i. 178–187, 203–205, 282–288, 292, 294, 297–299, 306, 308, 312, 313; ii. 85–89, 146–149, 186, 187, 193, 194, 283, 284; iii. 128–132, 228; iv. 71–74, 128–130, 133–135, 276, 279, 288–291, 293.

DRUMMLE, BENTLEY (called "THE SPIDER"), a boarder at Mr. Pocket's, a sulky, brutal young man, of a heavy order of architecture. *Great Expectations*, i. 261–267, 292–298; ii. 93, 94, 154–158.

DUBBLEY, a constable. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 201.

DUFF, a Bow Street officer. *Oliver Twist.* See BLATHERS AND DUFF.

DUMBLEDON, MR., a pupil and parlor-boarder at "our school." *Our School*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 293–295.

DUMKINS, MR., a member of the All-Muggleton cricket club. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 145–153.

DUMPS, MR. NICODEMUS (called "LONG DUMPS"), a bachelor, never happy but when he was miserable, and always miserable when he had the best reason to be happy. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 294–315.

DUNKLE, DOCTOR GINERY, a gentleman of great poetical elements. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 180, 181, 187.

EDKINS, MR., a member of the honorable society of the Inner Temple. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 184, 204–206.

EDMUNDS, JOHN, hero of the story of the "Convict's Return." *Pickwick Papers*, i. 122–132.

EDSON, MR., a lodger at Mrs. Lirriper's. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 146, 147, 154. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, i. 201, 207–210.

EDSON, MRS. PEGGY, a woman seduced by Mr. Edson, and supposed

to be his wife. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 148–154. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, i. 276, 210.

Edwards, Miss, a poor, motherless girl, apprenticed at Mrs. Monflathers's school. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 44–47, 51.

Edwin, bosom friend of the Guest, whom Angela Leath is supposed to prefer. *Holly-Tree Inn*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 42, 43.

Emily, a town woman. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 30, 31.

Emily, niece and adopted daughter of Mr. Peggotty, betrothed to Ham, and seduced by Steerforth. *David Copperfield*, i. 51–60, 62, 65, 69, 151, 152, 203–215; ii. 54, 116, 141–150, 159–161, 171–173, 176–183, 302; iii. 9–16, 20–22, 24–31, 33–35, 38, 39, 43, 44, 46, 50–53, 55–57, 83, 214–222; iv. 9–25, 31–35, 77, 78, 81–89, 91–101, 105, 108–113, 177–180, 215, 217, 293–296, 302.

Emma, a servant girl at Mr. Wardle's. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 280–283.

Endell, Martha, a girl in the employ of Mr. Omer, afterwards an outcast; reclaimed and married to a farm laborer in Australia. *David Copperfield*, ii. 160, 176–183; iii. 212, 213, 215–217, 222; iv. 22, 23, 25–37, 76–81, 97, 98, 105, 216, 296, 297.

Estella, Miss Havisham's ward, beloved by Pip, but married to Bentley Drummle. *Great Expectations*, i. 76–79, 82–85, 86, 89, 109–114, 117–123, 126, 127, 137, 140, 324–331, 335, 336; ii. 32–41, 84–92, 95–97, 159–167, 330–334.

Evans, Mr., an interesting young man with lovely whiskers, with a talent for writing verses in albums, and playing the flute; the "Roderigo" in the private theatricals. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 231–233, 237, 242.

Evans, Miss Jemima (otherwise J'mima Ivins), a shoe-binder and straw-bonnet maker, in love with Mr. Samuel Wilkins. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 304–309.

Evans, Richard, a pupil of Mr. Marton. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 269, 270.

Evenson, Mr., a morose, discontented person, always finding fault with everything. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 63–69, 71–75, 76–81.

Evrémonde, brother to the marquis, and father of Charles Darnay. *Tale of Two Cities*, ii. 179–193.

Evrémonde, Charles (called Charles Darnay), nephew of the Marquis St. Evrémonde; a French prisoner, afterwards tutor in England. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 85–114, 135–140, 159, 161–170, 175–184, 249, 250, 253, 255, 258; ii. 7, 9, 10, 26–30, 66–95, 99–101, 105, 107–110, 113–116, 118–120, 126, 128–138, 141–143, 173–175, 194, 198–200, 216–226, 228–231, 256.

Ezekiel, the boy at Mugby, the narrator of the story. *The Boy at Mugby*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 307.

FACE-MAKER, MONSIEUR, THE, a corpulent little man, with a comical countenance. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 384, 386, 387, 391, 392.

FAGIN, a villainous old Jew, a receiver of stolen goods. *Oliver Twist*, i. 98–109, 138–147, 149, 150, 167–170, 178–186, 200, 201, 208–226, 271–295; ii. 75, 122–131, 166–183, 190–202, 216–222, 283–293.

FAN, a little girl. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 44, 45.

FANG, MR., a police magistrate. *Oliver Twist*, i. 119–126.

FATHER OF THE MARSHALSEA. *Little Dorrit*. See DORRIT, MR. WILLIAM.

FEEDER, MR., B. A., Doctor Blimber's assistant, afterwards his successor. *Dombey and Son*, i. 212, 219, 226, 228, 230–234, 268, 274–278, 288, 290, 294, 295; iii. 213, 216–218; iv. 293–299.

FEEDER, REV. ALFRED, M. A., brother of Mr. Feeder. *Dombey and Son*, iv. 294, 297–299.

FEENIX, COUSIN, a juvenile elderly bachelor, a man about town forty years ago, cousin of Mrs. Edith Dombey. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 241; iii. 11, 12, 17, 18, 22–25, 27, 29, 113, 115–121, 124, 221–223; iv. 108–112, 313–319, 322–324, 327, 328.

FERN, WILL, an honest working-man, but poor, and having a bad name. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 158–168, 190–194, 212–214, 222–224.

FÉROCE, M., a gentle, polite, and immensely stout man, in the bathing-line. *Our French Watering-Place*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 270, 271.

FEZZIWIG, an old merchant. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 46–49.

FEZZIWIG, MRS., his wife *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 47–49.

FIBBITSON, MRS., a pauper. *David Copperfield*, i. 112–114.

FIKEY, MR., a dealer in second-hand carriages, and a forger. *The Detective Police*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 193–196.

FIELD, INSPECTOR, a detective police officer. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 219–236.

FIELDING, MAY, a friend of Dot, engaged to Tackleton, but married to Edward Plummer. *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 282–299; ii. 35–45.

FIELDING, MRS., "a little querulous chip of an old lady," very genteel and patronizing. *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 282–299; ii. 40–45.

FILER, MR., a low-spirited gentleman, full of facts and figures. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 136–145, 185–194.

FINCHING, MRS. FLORA, daughter of Mr. Casby, an affected, sentimental, good-hearted widow, a former love of Arthur Clennam.

Little Dorrit, i. 217, 223, 226–240; ii. 90–97, 100, 108–118, 300–302, 304–306; iii. 157–163, 166, 284–291; iv. 84, 85, 87, 88, 90–93, 97, 282–287, 293.

Fips, Mr., agent to old Martin Chuzzlewit. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 276–289; iv. 8, 10, 11, 302.

Fish, Mr., secretary to Sir Joseph Bowley. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 150–157.

Fitz-Marshall, Charles, alias Alfred Jingle. *Pickwick Papers*. See Jingle, Alfred.

Fixem, Mr., a broker, Mr. Bung's master. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 45–52.

Fizkin, Horatio, Esq., of Fizkin Lodge, nominated as a fit and proper person to represent the electors of Eatanswill in Parliament. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 261–266.

Fladdock, General, a pompous officer in the New York militia. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 66, 115–119.

Flamwell, Mr., a gentleman who pretends to know everybody, but in reality knows nobody. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 150–159, 161.

Flanders, Sally, relict of Flanders, a small master-builder, formerly a nurse of the Uncommercial Traveller. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 397–399.

Flasher, Wilkins, a stock-broker. *Pickwick Papers*, iv. 257–261.

Fledgeby, Fascination, a mean, avaricious dandy, a money-broker. *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 75–84, 86–107, 293, 294, 299, 301, 303; iii. 8–24, 208–227, 295–298; iv. 129–143, 145, 147, 148, 257.

Fleetwood, Mr., one of the steam excursion party. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 193, 194, 197.

Fleetwood, Mrs., his wife. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 193, 194, 197.

Fleetwood, Master, an unfortunate little innocent. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 193, 194, 197, 198, 205.

Fleming, Agnes, Oliver Twist's mother. *Oliver Twist*, i. 19; ii. 300.

Fleming, Rose. *Oliver Twist*. See Maylie, Rose.

Flintwinch, Affery, wife of Jeremiah Flintwinch, a timid, nervous old woman, generally in a dreamy, sleep-waking state. *Little Dorrit*, i. 59–73, 84, 86, 87, 89, 268–280; ii. 196–198, 201–209, 215, 217, 218; iii. 173, 174, 179, 292, 297; iv. 81, 82, 89, 91–98, 202, 205–207, 214–216, 227, 233, 234, 246–248.

Flintwinch, Ephraim, Jeremiah's "Double," and a lunatic keeper. *Little Dorrit*, i. 70–72; iv. 226–228, 230, 231, 249.

Flintwinch, Jeremiah, servant of Mrs. Clennam, and afterwards her partner. *Little Dorrit*, i. 55–57, 62–74, 80–84, 87–89, 269, 271–280; ii. 197–213, 216–229; iii. 175–179, 290, 293–297; iv. 82–84, 86, 91–97, 185–187, 202, 204–207, 209, 210, 212, 214–217, 225–232, 234 247–249.

FLIPFIELD, MR., a friend of the Uncommercial Traveller *Uncommercial Traveller*, 287–289.

FLIPFIELD, MRS., his wife. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 287–289.

FLIPFIELD, MISS, the eldest of Mrs. Flipfield's family. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 287–289.

FLIPFIELD, MR. TOM, a long-lost brother of Mr. Flipfield, afterwards reunited to the family. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 288–290.

FLITE, MISS, a crazy little woman, suitor in chancery, a regular attendant at court, expecting judgment. *Bleak House*, i. 55, 56, 77, 83, 85–89, 203, 206, 209, 272, 284–289; ii. 94, 186, 189, 193–195, 197; iii. 27, 79–88, 261, 280–282, 287; iv. 30, 37, 222–224, 296.

FLOPSON, a nurse in Mr. Pocket's family. *Great Expectations*, i. 255–257, 264, 265.

FLOWERS, Mrs. Skewton's maid. *Dombey and Son*, iii. 96, 125, 127, 130, 140, 141, 199, 200, 202.

FOGG, MR. *Pickwick Papers*. See DODSON AND FOGG.

FOLAIR, MR., a dancer and pantomimist in Mr. Crummles's theatre. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 132–134, 144–147, 181–183, 252–257, 268, 269.

FRANK, LITTLE. *Poor Relation's Story*. See LITTLE FRANK.

FRED, nephew to Scrooge. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 14–17, 76–82, 110.

FROST, MISS, a school-girl. *Our School*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 292.

F.'S AUNT. *Little Dorrit*. See MR. F.'S AUNT.

GABELLE, MONSIEUR, a postmaster, and other taxing functionary. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 156, 157, 174; ii. 60–62, 74, 75, 81, 131, 133.

GAME CHICKEN, THE, a prize-fighter and trainer, friend of Mr. Toots. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 137, 138, 262–264; iii. 10, 11, 16, 21, 38, 39, 41, 47, 48, 210, 274; iv. 94, 197, 198, 200, 227–229.

GAMFIELD, a chimney-sweeper. *Oliver Twist*, i. 37–47.

GAMP, SAIREY, a professional nurse, a fat old woman with a husky voice and a moist eye, forever quoting an imaginary Mrs. Harris, for whose opinion she professes the greatest respect, in order to give more weight to her own. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 146–164, 168, 280–299; iii. 14–18, 72–81; iv. 15–20, 25, 26, 28, 128–138, 143, 145–148, 189, 192–212, 235–238, 244, 248, 256, 286–289.

GANDER, MR., a boarder at Mrs. Todgers's, of a witty turn of mind. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 222, 224, 229, 235, 236.

GARGERY, JOE, a mild, good-natured, easy-going blacksmith, a sort of Hercules in strength, and also in weakness. *Great Expectations*, i. 13–21, 31–58, 63–73, 95–98, 102–108, 136–143, 152–159, 188–204, 218–220, 302–310; ii. 53–56, 61, 304–315, 324–327, 329, 330.

GARGERY, MRS. JO , his wife, Pip's sister; a tall, bony woman, with

black hair and eyes, and a prevailing redness of skin, apt to be "on the ram-page." *Great Expectations*, i. 14–21, 31–33, 35–47, 58, 59, 70–73, 90–95, 107, 108, 134–137, 141–144, 157–159, 168–171, 197, 198.

GARLAND, MR., a little, fat, benevolent old gentleman. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 161–167, 224–232, 245, 246; ii. 109, 111, 122, 123, 130, 132–138; iii. 20–22, 56–60, 84, 87, 104, 105, 114–132, 146–154, 160, 162–172, 174, 180–184, 200, 203.

GARLAND, MRS., his wife, a little, plump, benevolent old lady. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 161–167, 224–232, 246, 247; ii. 109, 112, 122, 123, 130, 132–136, 138; iii. 119, 120, 132, 148, 150, 160, 202.

GARLAND, MR. ABEL, son of Mr. and Mrs. Garland, articled to, and afterwards partner of, Mr. Witherden. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 163–167, 226, 228, 229, 232; ii. 109, 111–114, 122, 132, 135, 136, 138, 140, 151; iii. 56–60, 69, 104, 105, 107–112, 114, 119, 132, 148, 150, 159, 160, 202, 203, 209.

GASHFORD, MR., secretary to Lord George Gordon, very smooth and humble, but sly and slinking in manner. *Barnaby Rudge*, ii. 78–100, 103–120, 172–182, 184–190, 227–233, 235, 242–245, 251–258, 273, 279, 280, 283–293; iii. 179–185, 295, 302, 303.

GASPARD, assassin of Marquis Evrémond. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 45, 46, 148–152, 226–232, 246, 247.

GATTLETON, MISS CAROLINE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gattleton, the "Fenella" of the private theatricals. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 231, 232, 234, 235, 237, 242, 243.

GATTLETON, MISS LUCINA, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gattleton, the "Desdemona" of the private theatricals. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 231, 234–236, 242, 243.

GATTLETON, MR., a stock-broker, father of a family infected with a mania for private theatricals. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 230–232, 237, 241, 243.

GATTLETON, MRS., a kind, good-tempered, vulgar soul, with a "natural antipathy to anybody else's unmarried daughters." *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 233–235.

GATTLETON, MR. SEMPRONIUS, a young man infected with a mania for private theatricals, the stage-manager and "Othello" of the night. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 231–233, 236–243.

GAY, WALTER, Mr. Dombey's clerk, and nephew of Sol. Gills. *Dombey and Son*, i. 57–72, 115–125, 165–184, 192–201, 255–265, 301–318, 320–322; ii. 13, 16–21, 23–28, 59–77, 120, 152–154, 162, 163, 212; iii. 44, 45, 49–54, 106, 107; iv. 59, 60, 62, 65–78, 80, 82–93, 95–105, 206–212, 214, 215, 217–227, 231–241, 287, 288, 301, 312–319, 329–331, 334.

General, Mrs., companion, protector, mentor, and friend to Mr. Dorrit's daughters. *Little Dorrit*, iii. 11, 14, 19, 30-36, 43, 46, 55, 62, 64, 66-74, 77, 78, 81-84, 111-115, 124, 125, 186, 187, 254-259, 264, 265, 268, 270-272; iv. 8, 21, 23, 26-32, 36.

George, guard of the Yarmouth mail. *David Copperfield*, i. 105, 108.

George, the coach-guard. *Holly-Tree Inn*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 47.

George, a young gentleman articled to Mr. Buffle, and in love with Miss Buffle. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 187.

George, driver of Mrs. Jarley's van, and afterwards her husband. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 287-290; ii. 7, 8, 49, 212, 213.

George, Mrs., neighbor of Mrs. Quilp. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 48-56.

George, Uncle, the host at the Christmas dinner. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 292-296.

George, Aunt, wife of Uncle George. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 292-296.

Georgiana, a relative of Miss Havisham. *Great Expectations*, i. 110-112, 117-121, 280.

Gilbert, Mark, a novice of the society of 'Prentice Knights. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 103-106.

Giles, Mr., butler and steward to Mrs. Maylie. *Oliver Twist*, i. 307-310, 312-318; ii. 9-14, 20-27, 34-37, 64-66, 70, 71, 79, 80, 159, 298.

Gills, Solomon, a nautical instrument maker, uncle of Walter Gay. *Dombey and Son*, i. 56-72, 120-122, 125, 165, 168-174, 179-183, 301, 309; ii. 18-20, 59-67, 69, 72, 76, 77, 121, 122, 126-128, 154-158, 170-172, 174-176, 194-202; iii. 40, 41, 46, 183, 184; iv. 79, 82-85, 218-225, 234-240, 308, 329, 331-335.

Glamour, Bob, customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 99; iii. 41, 44-46.

Gliddery, Bob, pot-boy at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 101, 235, 237, 242, 243; iii. 35, 36, 38, 42, 46.

Globson, Bully, a school-mate of the Uncommercial Traveller. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 283, 284.

Glub, Old, an old serving-man, friend of Little Paul. *Dombey and Son*, i. 224, 225.

Gobler, Mr., a lazy, selfish person, always imagining himself ill, or in pain, but really well. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 71-76, 81, 82.

Gog, one of the Guildhall giants. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 31-34.

Golden Dustman, The. *Our Mutual Friend*. See Boffin, Nicodemus.

Goodwin, servant to Mrs. Pott. *Pickwick Papers*, ii 71-73.

GORDON, COLONEL, a near relative of Lord George Gordon, friendly to government. *Barnaby Rudge*, ii. 243, 244.

GORDON, EMMA, a member of Sleary's circus, friend to Sissy Jupe. *Hard Times*, i. 55; ii. 39.

GORDON, LORD GEORGE, instigator of the "Gordon riot;" afterwards tried for high treason and acquitted. *Barnaby Rudge*, ii. 78–99, 101–109, 176–180, 182, 225–233, 235, 241–244, 255; iii. 19–22, 197, 207, 208, 300–303.

GOWAN, HENRY, an artist, afterwards husband of Minnie Meagles. *Little Dorrit*, i. 301–310, 312, 313; ii. 146–153, 156, 158–165, 189, 267–269, 282–287, 294; iii. 12, 14–21, 38, 44, 61, 84, 89–100, 107, 108, 110, 116–122, 180–184, 234, 235, 244, 291; iv. 50, 51, 65–68, 265.

GOWAN, MRS. HENRY, formerly Minnie Meagles. *Little Dorrit*, iii. 12, 15–17, 23–27, 29, 38–41, 60, 61, 65, 80–82, 90, 92–99, 119–122, 135–145, 180–184, 187, 188; iv. 182, 183, 265–268, 273, 277. See MEAGLES, MINNIE.

GOWAN, MRS., mother of Henry Gowan, a courtly old lady, formerly a beauty. *Little Dorrit*, i. 308; ii. 153–163, 267–275, 283, 292; iii. 80–82, 84, 136–145.

GRADGRIND, MR. THOMAS, a man of facts and calculations. *Hard Times*, i. 7–15, 17–24, 28–32, 34, 37–59, 65–71, 77, 78, 85, 86, 123–127, 130–139, 167, 282–287, 289–293, 310–320, 325, 330, 331; ii. 12, 14, 16, 17, 24, 30, 32–36, 42–55, 60, 61.

GRADGRIND, MRS., wife of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, a woman of surpassing mental and bodily feebleness. *Hard Times*, i. 25–31, 75–77, 86, 138, 139, 258–263.

GRADGRIND, THOMAS, son of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, and clerk in Bounderby's bank. *Hard Times*, i. 21, 22, 28–33, 63, 64, 69–75, 84–86, 123, 126–129, 146, 147, 174–183, 194, 208, 212–214, 223–235, 240, 241, 248–252, 272–274, 298, 324–327, 330, 332; ii. 12, 17, 18, 24, 32–36, 40–52, 60–62.

GRADGRIND, LOUISA, daughter of Mr. Thomas Gradgrind, afterwards Mrs. Bounderby. *Hard Times*, i. 21–23, 28–33, 65–76, 78–86, 123, 125–139, 144–147. See BOUNDERBY, MRS. LOUISA.

GRADGRIND, JANE, younger daughter of Mr. Gradgrind. *Hard Times*, i. 17–19, 32, 145, 260, 261, 288, 289.

GRADGRIND, ADAM SMITH, son of Mr. Gradgrind. *Hard Times*, i. 17–19, 32.

GRADGRIND, MALTHUS, son of Mr. Gradgrind. *Hard Times*, i. 17–19, 32.

GRAHAM, HUGH, a young 'prentice, in love with Mistress Alice. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 36–47.

GRAHAM, MARY, protégée of old Martin Chuzzlewit, and affianced to his grandson. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 49–58, 70, 124, 125, 150–154; ii. 36–53, 252–254, 258–260, 267; iii. 91, 93, 95, 96, 98–104, 110–116, 125, 166, 291; iv. 73, 75, 77, 83–87, 221–223, 270, 274, 279, 280, 282, 289, 301.

GRAINGER, a gay, lively young man, friend of Steerforth. *David Copperfield*, ii. 206, 208–214.

GRANDFATHER OF LITTLE NELL, dealer in curiosities, and an infatuated gambler. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 14–25, 28–36, 38, 39, 41–46, 74–78, 80, 84–86, 104–116, 122–124, 126, 127, 129, 130, 132–135, 137–146, 150–154, 168–188, 191–195, 198, 202, 211–221, 262–267, 269–271, 281–289, 291, 292, 297–301; ii. 7, 16–25, 27–40, 49, 50, 106, 108, 114–116, 134, 135, 139, 140, 154–195, 198, 201, 202, 204–206, 214, 261, 262, 289–294; iii. 143, 154, 163–167, 176–185, 187–197, 207, 209.

GRANGER, MRS. EDITH, widow of Colonel Granger, afterwards Mrs. Dombey. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 100–114, 215–224, 226, 234, 235, 237–256, 269–271, 291–312; iii. 13. See DOMBEY, MRS. EDITH.

GRAYMARSH, a pupil of Squeers's. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 148.

GRAYPER, MR., neighbor of Mrs. Copperfield. *David Copperfield*, i. 190; ii. 153.

GRAYPER, MRS., neighbor of Mrs. Copperfield. *David Copperfield*, i. 45; ii. 153.

GRAZINGLANDS, MR. ALEXANDER, a gentleman of comfortable property, on a visit to London. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 82–85.

GRAZINGLANDS, MRS. ARABELLA, wife of Mr. Alexander Grazinglands. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 82–85.

GREEN, a constable. *On Duty with Inspector Field*. See BLACK AND GREEN.

GREEN, Mr., an aeronaut at Vauxhall gardens. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 173–176.

GREENWICH, ARCHBISHOP OF, supervising dignitary at the hotel at Greenwich. *Our Mutual Friend*, iv. 62–64.

GREGSBURY, MR., a politician and member of Parliament. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 284, 286–299.

GRIDE, ARTHUR, a miser. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 286–305; iv. 69–80, 118–145, 164–171, 218, 226, 303.

GRIDLEY, MR. (called "THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE"), a disappointed suitor in Chancery. *Bleak House*, i. 15, 19, 303, 305–311; ii. 182–184, 188, 194–197, 246, 247.

GRIMWIG, MR., a friend of Mr. Brownlow; a stout old gentleman, somewhat rough in his manners, but a worthy creature at bottom. *Oliver Twist*, i. 156–164, 195–199; ii. 151–155, 269–279, 281, 297.

GRIMWOOD, ELIZA (called THE COUNTESS), found murdered. *Three Detective Anecdotes* (I. *The Pair of Gloves*), bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 207, 211, 212.

GRINDER, MR., a showman. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 195–197.

GRIP, a very knowing raven, belonging to Barnaby Rudge, supposed to be a hundred and twenty years old. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 71, 83–87, 131, 132, 199–206, 220, 281, 285, 288, 291, 292; ii. 194–196, 207, 211, 214–216, 219, 220; iii. 17–20, 22, 26, 33–35, 37, 144, 199, 200, 220, 235, 249, 274, 309, 310.

GROFFIN, THOMAS, a juror. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 108–137.

GROPER, COLONEL, one of Mr. Pogram's constituents. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 180–182.

GROVES, JAMES, landlord of the Valiant Soldier, and confederate of List and Jowl. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 19, 20, 22, 30; iii. 206.

GRUB, GABRIEL, hero of the "Sexton's Story." *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 7–21.

GRUBBLE, W., landlord of the "Dedlock Arms." *Bleak House*, iii. 112–114.

GRUDDEN, MRS., general utility woman to the Crummleses. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 136, 138, 139, 149, 165, 262, 266; iv. 24, 25.

GRUEBY, JOHN, servant of Lord George Gordon, faithful to the last. *Barnaby Rudge*, ii. 78–87, 92, 93, 106, 108, 109, 115, 116; iii. 18–23, 120–123, 302.

GRUFF AND GRUM, an old Greenwich pensioner, so called. *Our Mutual Friend*, iv. 57–61.

GRUMMER, DANIEL, a constable. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 197, 217, 220.

GRUNDY, MR., a friend of Mr. Lowten's. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 122, 123, 149.

GULPIDGE, MR., a person who had something to do at second-hand with the law business of the Bank; guest of the Waterbrooks. *David Copperfield*, ii. 229–232.

GULPIDGE, MRS., his wife. *David Copperfield*, ii. 229.

GUMMIDGE, MRS., a generous, kind-hearted old woman, styled by herself "a lone, lorn creetur, that everythink goes contrairy with." *David Copperfield*, i. 51–55, 60–65, 69, 151, 203–205, 210, 211, 214–216; ii. 54, 141–144, 149, 157; iii. 22–24, 31, 36–38, 48, 218–220; iv 100, 101, 107, 108, 111–114, 216, 297, 298.

GUNTER, MR., a friend of Bob Sawyer. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 71–80.

GUPPY, WILLIAM (called "THE YOUNG MAN GUPPY"), clerk of Kengo and Carboy, in love with Esther Summerson. *Bleak House*, i. 49, 50, 58–60, 130–134, 180–186, 248–250; ii. 76–79, 83–102, 187, 188, 267–276; iii. 13–24, 28, 30, 32–40, 43–46, 144–151, 164–173, 236; iv. 103, 134–137, 256, 257, 280–286.

GUPPY, MRS., mother of William Guppy, a wayward old lady. *Bleak House*, iii. 144, 145, 149; iv. 281–286.

GUSTER (christened AUGUSTA), Mrs. Snagsby's servant, a lean young woman from a work-house, subject to fits. *Bleak House*, i. 189, 190, 194, 219; ii. 67–70, 72, 74, 147, 200, 202, 203, 208, 209; iii. 205, 206; iv. 203–205, 207, 209–212.

HAGGAGE, DOCTOR, a debtor in the Marshalsea prison. *Little Dorrit*, i. 96, 98–100.

HAMLET'S AUNT. *David Copperfield.* See SPIKER, MRS. HENRY.

HANDFORD, JULIUS. *Our Mutual Friend.* See HARMON, JOHN.

HANNAH, servant to Miss La Creevy. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 44.

HARDY, MR., a practical joker, immensely popular with married ladies, and a general favorite with young men. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 179, 181, 182, 184–187, 190, 191, 193–206.

HAREDALE, MISS EMMA, neice of Geoffrey Haredale, afterwards married to Edward Chester. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 19–21, 24, 27, 63, 64, 81, 143–145, 151, 157, 168–171, 177, 178, 180, 184, 185, 231–237, 278, 279, 286–291, 309–314; ii. 8, 9, 20–27, 52, 53; iii. 11, 43–51, 163–169, 173–184, 186, 195, 268–271, 288, 289, 309.

HAREDALE, MR. GEOFFREY, a stern, rigid Catholic, deadly enemy of Sir John Chester. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 19, 20, 24, 26, 127, 128, 131, 133, 137–148, 169–172, 235–237, 284–292, 294–302; ii. 23, 25–28, 71, 73–78, 162–183, 189, 286, 288, 289; iii. 6–15, 59–68, 118–122, 126, 136–141, 184–186, 233, 266–274, 288–300.

HARLEIGH, MR., the "Masaniello" in the private theatricals. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 232, 237, 242.

HARMON, JOHN (otherwise JULIUS HANDFORD, otherwise JOHN ROKESMITH), secretary to Mr. Boffin, and rightful heir to the Harmon estate, afterwards married to Bella Wilfer. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 24–28, 38–43, 49–51, 60–68, 134–138, 141–147, 165–167, 262–272, 279–282, 285, 287, 288, 290–292, 295, 298–304; ii. 139–141, 145–147, 153, 166–168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 177, 179–181, 209–226, 228–266, 299; iii. 51, 62, 67–72, 80–86, 144–154, 164–166, 247–262, 267, 272–279; iv. 56–66, 69, 70, 78–92, 170–175, 178, 187–199, 202–219, 221, 229–237, 256, 257, 268.

HARMON, MRS. JOHN. *Our Mutual Friend*, iv. 221, 256, 268.

HARRIS, a green-grocer. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 185–194.

HARRIS, MR. (otherwise TROTTERS, otherwise SHORT), a little, merry-faced man, exhibitor of a Punch show. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 181–186, 191–198, 202–207, 209–211, 213–215, 219, 221, 285; ii. 103–108; iii. 207.

HARRIS, MR., a law stationer, a jolly old boy, friend of Mr. John Dounce. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 324–326, 329.

HARRIS, MRS., an imaginary friend of Sairey Gamp. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 152, 281, 283; iii. 71–73; iv. 17, 19, 25, 26, 130, 131, 146, 202, 204, 205, 208–210, 212, 288.

HARRY, favorite pupil of Mr. Marton. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 268–270, 272–275, 278–280.

HARTHOUSE, MR. JAMES, a man of the world, bored with everything, and very hard up for a change. *Hard Times*, i. 158–164, 167–183, 194–200, 219–244, 247, 254–257, 272–274, 276–278, 297–308.

HAVISHAM, ESTELLA. *Great Expectations.* See ESTELLA.

HAVISHAM, MISS, a very rich and eccentric lady living in seclusion. *Great Expectations*, i. 79–85, 114–122, 134, 137–140, 160, 216, 217, 324–326, 330–333, 335, 336; ii. 85–92, 159–167, 211–218, 219–222.

HAWDON, CAPTAIN, a former lover of Lady Dedlock, and father of Esther Summerson, afterwards a law-writer, lodger of Mr. Krook. *Bleak House*, i. 196–209, 221, 238–240; ii. 15–17, 225–227, 233–236; iii. 274, 275; iv. 99.

HAWDON, MISS. *Bleak House.* See SUMMERSON, ESTHER.

HAWK, SIR MULBERRY, a profligate baronet, and friend of Ralph Nickleby. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 51–63, 188–193, 195–200, 215–227, 232–237, 305–311; iii. 110–118; iv. 55–68, 303.

HEAD, OAKUM, so called, a refractory pauper. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 39–41.

HEADSTONE, BRADLEY, a school-master, passionately in love with Lizzie Hexam. *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 10–33, 114–124, 188, 189, 191–202, 259–262, 266–283; iii. 180–200; iv. 10–23, 105–107, 112–127, 178–182, 239–255.

HEATHFIELD, ALFRED, betrothed to Marion Jeddler, but afterwards married to her sister Grace. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 62–79, 118–120, 139–154.

HEATHFIELD, GRACE, his wife. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 139–154. See JEDDLER, GRACE.

HEEP, MRS., Uriah's mother, a very 'umble person, the dead image of her son. *David Copperfield*, ii. 33, 35, 60–65, 67, 68, 73; iii. 110, 111, 191, 196–199, 247; iv. 122, 125, 126, 132, 133, 135, 136, 139–141, 276.

HEEP, URIAH, clerk of Mr. Wickfield, and afterwards his partner — a mean, subtle, fawning, deceitful villian, the "'umblest person going." *David Copperfield*, ii. 11, 12, 15–20, 27, 28, 32–36, 60–65, 67, 68, 72, 73, 94, 221–226, 228, 233–244; iii. 110, 111, 117–122, 140, 141, 187–189, 195–208, 210, 247–251, 257–262, 265–268, 272, 321; iv. 66, 67, 71–74, 121–143, 156, 167–172, 175, 214, 253, 254, 271, 273 275–279.

HELVES, CAPTAIN, a gentleman with a bass voice and an incipient red moustache; a friend of the Tauntons. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 191–207.

HENRY, a character in "The Parish Clerk," cousin to Maria Lobbs. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 61–64.

HEYLING, GEORGE, hero of the "Tale of the Queer Client." *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 134–148.

HEYLING, MARY, his wife. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 134–138.

HEXAM, CHARLEY, brother to Lizzie Hexam, and pupil of Bradley Headstone. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 31–33, 35, 44–49, 107–114; ii. 7, 10–13, 15–33, 114–120, 267–271, 279–284; iv. 121–127.

HEXAM, JESSE (called GAFFER), a waterman and river thief, accused of the Harmon murder. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 7–13, 31, 36–39, 44, 49, 50, 99, 101–106, 111–115, 221–228, 231–235, 238, 239, 245, 246, 248–257, 297.

HEXAM, LIZZIE, daughter of Gaffer Hexam, afterwards married to Eugene Wrayburn. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 7–13, 37, 44–49, 101–115, 238–241; ii. 18, 19, 23–29, 34–45, 48, 49, 102–106, 190–205, 258, 260–263, 267–288, 297, 299; iii. 19–22, 32, 34, 140–142, 148–150, 154–165; iv. 96–104, 107–111, 163–169, 171, 183–186. See WRAYBURN, MRS. EUGENE.

HICKS, MR. SEPTIMUS, a tallish, white-faced young man, with spectacles, and a black ribbon round his neck instead of a neckerchief — a "very talented young man." *Sketches by Boz*, i. 37–45, 46–53.

HIGDEN, MRS. BETTY, a kind, active old woman, keeper of a minding school and mangler. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 287–297; ii. 167–176, 185, 186, 252–257, 263, 265, 266; iii. 128–145.

HOMINY, MAJOR, husband of Mrs. Hominy. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 228–230, 232.

HOMINY, MRS., a philosopher and authoress. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 228–233, 236, 238, 239; iii. 183–186.

HOPKINS, CAPTAIN, a debtor, fellow-prisoner of Micawber in King's Bench Prison. *David Copperfield*, i. 239, 240, 244.

HOPKINS, JACK, a medical student, a friend of Bob Sawyer. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 68–80.

HORTENSE, MADEMOISELLE, Lady Dedlock's French maid, a jealous, passionate woman, the murderess of Mr. Tulkinghorn. *Bleak House*, i. 229–231; ii. 50, 52, 60–62, 143–145, 149–151; iii. 204–213, 237; iv. 106–117.

HOWLER, REV. MELCHISEDECH, minister of the Ranting persuasion, discharged from the West India Docks on suspicion of screwing gimlets into puncheons, and applying his lips to the orifice. *Dombey and Son*, i. 303; iii. 34; iv. 305.

HUBBLE, MR., a wheelwright, and a friend of Mrs. Joe Gargery. *Great Expectations*, i. 35–47; ii. 54–56.

Hubble, Mrs., his wife. *Great Expectations*, i. 35–47; ii. 54–56.

Hugh, hostler at the "Maypole;" a natural son of Sir John Chester, and ringleader in the "Gordon riot;" afterwards hung. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 121, 122, 125, 131, 138, 139, 148–150, 152, 153, 155, 171, 202, 203, 238–247, 252, 253, 262–273, 293; ii. 6–12, 15–17, 71–80, 84, 85, 87, 115–145, 186–190, 233, 234, 236–240, 242, 244–256, 273–280, 283, 291, 298–302, 313; iii. 38–42, 45–58, 84, 85, 87, 88, 93–97, 103, 114, 115, 134–136, 145, 146, 148–154, 156–161, 174, 212–217, 219, 220, 223, 225–227, 229, 230, 232, 236, 237, 239, 240, 246–254, 275, 276.

Humm, Mr. Anthony, president of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 95–103.

Humphrey, Master. *Master Humphrey's Clock*. See Master Humphrey.

Hunt, gardener to Captain Boldwig. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 96–99.

Hunter, Mr. Horace, a rival of Mr. Alexander Trott; afterwards married to Miss Emily Brown. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 211–213, 228, 230.

Hunter, Mr. Leo, of "The Den," Eatanswill. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 8–11, 24.

Hunter, Mrs. Leo, his wife. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 18–25.

"Ikey," the factotum of Mr. Solomon Jacobs's spunging-house. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 263, 264, 271–274.

Infant Phenomenon, The. *Nicholas Nickleby*. See Crummles, Ninetta.

Isaac, a friend of Mr. Jackson's. *Pickwick Papers*, iv. 79–85.

Ivins, J'mima. *Sketches by Boz*. See Evans, Miss Jemima.

Jack, a waiter. *Great Expectations*, ii. 272–274, 280.

Jack, driver of the London coach. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 207–214.

Jack, a fellow accused of ill-treating a woman. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 318–322.

Jack, Dark, a negro sailor. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 70, 71.

Jack, Mercantile, a representative of a class of sailors in the merchant service. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 63–78.

Jackman, Major Jemmy, lodger of Mrs. Lirriper, and godfather to Jemmy Jackman Lirriper. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 142–153, 156–171, 174. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, 176–187, 189–192, 194–196, 199–209, 211.

Jackson, Mr. (called Barbox Brothers), "the gentleman for Nowhere," a kind-hearted, benevolent gentleman, of pondering habit

with many indications on him of having been much alone. *Mugby Junction*, and *Barbox Brothers and Co.*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 248–300.

JACKSON, MR., a clerk of Dodson and Fogg. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 102–108, 111; iii. 41–45, 79–85.

JACQUES, ONE, a revolutionist, associate of Defarge. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 47–49, 53, 225–234; ii. 38, 39.

JACQUES, TWO, a revolutionist, associate of Defarge. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 47–49, 53, 225–234; ii. 38, 39.

JACQUES, THREE, associate of Defarge, and one of the revolutionary jury. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 47–49, 53, 225–234; ii. 38–43, 50, 205–208, 232–236.

JACQUES, FIVE, a mender of roads and a wood-sawyer, engaged with Defarge in the revolution. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 155–157, 173, 174, 224–237; ii. 54–60, 63, 121–123, 168, 169, 233–235, 255.

JAGGERS, MR., a lawyer, a burly man, with sharp, deep-set eyes, who always seemed as if he had set a man-trap, and was watching it. *Great Expectations*, i. 113, 114, 184–197, 227–232, 271, 272, 277, 278, 290–299, 332–336; ii. 63–68, 70, 126–129, 200–205, 230–239, 283.

JANE, servant to Pecksniff. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 119–121, 129.

JANE, the Hebe of Bellamy's. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 215, 216.

JANET, Miss Trotwood's servant. *David Copperfield*, i. 273, 274, 277, 279–282, 285, 286, 296, 298, 299; ii. 9, 188–190, 203; iii. 184, 282; iv. 250.

JARLEY, MRS., proprietress of Jarley's wax-works, "the delight of the nobility and gentry, and the peculiar pet of the royal family." *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 284–300, 302, 303; ii. 5–16, 40, 41, 47–49, 53–55, 213, 214; iii. 207.

JARNDYCE, JOHN, a benevolent old gentleman, guardian of Richard Carstone and Ada Clare, and friend of Esther Summerson. *Bleak House*, i. 39, 41–44, 53, 54, 57, 58, 69, 70, 94, 97–104, 108–111, 117–122, 139, 141–150, 160, 163, 167, 168, 170–175, 178–181, 242, 244–247, 249–254, 259–262, 264, 266, 267, 284–312; ii. 28–37, 39–46, 55–62, 171–184, 190, 193–195, 287, 294, 296, 299, 309–313, 317; iii. 73–80, 90, 102, 103, 114, 115, 117, 118, 120, 122–127, 159–161, 215–252, 261, 262, 283, 290, 293, 294; iv. 28–30, 36–39, 53, 55, 56, 58–63, 68–72, 148–150, 152, 153, 215–221, 240–242, 246–251, 254–259, 271–287, 292, 294–296, 303–308.

JEDDLER, DOCTOR ANTHONY, a great philosopher. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 54–79, 92–98, 109–120, 144–154.

JEDDLER, GRACE, daughter to Doctor Jeddler, married to Albert Heathfield. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 52–79, 92–98, 108–120. See HEATHFIELD, GRACE.

JEDDLER, MARION, daughter to Doctor Jeddler, beloved by Alfred Heathfield. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 52–79, 92–98, 103, 104, 105–107, 108–113, 144–154.

JELLABY, CADDY, an industrious, overworked, and neglected daughter of Mrs. Jellaby, a friend of Esther Summerson, afterwards married to Prince Turveydrop. *Bleak House*, i. 61–66, 68, 70–78, 92, 100, 265–275, 280–285, 291; ii. 37, 38, 157–170, 283–299; iii. 137–145, 149, 150; iv. 27–37, 40, 46, 287, 288, 304, 305.

JELLABY, MR., husband of Mrs. Jellaby, a mild, submissive gentleman, merged in the more shining qualities of his wife. *Bleak House*, i. 58, 67, 74, 268, 269; ii. 165, 170, 284, 285, 288, 291–293, 295–297, 299; iii. 138, 139, 143; iv. 34, 305.

JELLABY, MRS., a lady of very remarkable strength of character, devoted to the subject of Africa, and the natives, and the happy settlement, on the banks of the African rivers, of our superabundant home population. *Bleak House*, i. 57–69, 92, 98, 149–152, 264–266, 292; ii. 165–169, 286, 288–298; iii. 138; iv. 32, 305.

JELLABY, PEEPY, a neglected and ill-used son of Mrs. Jellaby. *Bleak House*, i. 60, 61, 63–65, 68, 73–75, 92, 100, 265–267, 269–271, 274, 283, 291; ii. 170, 285, 293, 296; iii. 143; iv. 305.

JEMIMA, Mrs. Toodle's sister. *Dombey and Son*, i. 27–29, 35–38, 101–106.

JEMMY, DISMAL, an itinerant actor, who "does the heavy business," relater of the "Stroller's Tale." *Pickwick Papers*, i. 64–80, 99–101.

JENKINS, a character in the "Bagman's Story." *Pickwick Papers*, i. 276, 286.

JENKINSON, messenger at the Circumlocution Office. *Little Dorrit*, i. 171, 173.

JENNINGS, MR., a robe-maker, a jolly old boy, and sad dog, friend of Mr. John Dounce. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 324–326, 329.

JENNY, a drunken brick-maker's wife. *Bleak House*, i. 158–165; ii. 138–142, 301–307, 315; iii. 81, 82, 267–274, 276; iv. 164–168, 175.

JERRY, a proprietor of dancing dogs. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 205–208, 210, 211, 214, 219; ii. 108.

JINGLE, ALFRED (otherwise CHARLES FITZ MARSHALL), a strolling actor living by his wits. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 30–37, 39–49, 64–80, 144–153, 159–172, 183–185, 190–193, 198–204; ii. 24, 229–231; iii. 290–294; iv. 60–62, 65, 66, 100, 209–213.

JINIWIN, MRS., mother of Mrs. Quilp, of shrewish disposition, and inclined to resist male authority. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 48–56, 61–64, 254, 255, 257–259; ii. 229, 231–234, 238; iii. 202.

JINKINS, MR., boarder at Mr. Todgers's, a fish salesman's book-keeper, of a fashionable turn of mind. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 208, 222–230, 234–236, 255–258, 261, 283, 284, 287, 290; iv. 315–318.

JINKS, MR., clerk of Mr. Justice Nupkins's courts. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 196–199, 209–217, 220.

JIP (short for *Gypsy*), Dora's pet dog. *David Copperfield*, ii. 256, 258, 259; iii. 69–71, 75, 77–79, 125, 151–155, 157, 166, 172, 181, 182, 228, 229, 238, 239, 244, 245, 254, 277, 280, 281, 285, 297, 298, 301, 302, 307; iv. 46, 51, 54–56, 115, 116, 148, 153, 154.

JO (called TOUGHEY), a crossing-sweeper, a half-witted vagrant boy who has "always been a-moving and a-moving on ever since he was born," and is always being told to "move on." *Bleak House*, i. 216–218, 221; ii. 9–18, 72–82, 132–134, 138, 140–146, 198, 201–210, 274, 302, 304–312, 314, 315; iii. 269–297; iv. 103, 196.

JOBLING, DOCTOR JOHN, medical officer of the Anglo-Bengalee Company. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 31–40, 54, 57, 254; iv. 38–41, 43.

JOBLING, TONY (otherwise WEEVLE), a young fellow in embarrassed circumstances, a friend of Mr. Guppy. *Bleak House*, i. 130–132, 134; ii. 85–102; iii. 9–24, 28, 30, 32–37, 40, 164–173; iv. 103, 136, 281, 283, 285, 286.

JOBSON, JESSIE, NUMBER TWO, a Mormon emigrant. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 322.

JODD, IZZARD, AND BIBB, MESSRS., committee of Mr. Pogram's constituents. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 180–182.

JOE, a fat servant boy of Mr. Wardle's, always eating or sleeping. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 89–97, 110, 115, 135, 136, 157, 158, 162–165, 173–176, 264–266, 273–287; iii. 28–35; iv. 223, 224, 231–236, 239–242, 280.

JOE, guard of the Dover mail. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 11–17.

JOE, OLD. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 91–95.

JOEY, CAPTAIN, regular customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 99, 100; iii. 41.

JOHN, a laborer, father of Margaret, a deformed girl. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 186–190.

JOHN, Michael's host. *Poor Relation's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 75, 89.

JOHN. *A Poor Man's Tale of a Patent*, bound with *Hard Times*. See OLD JOHN.

JOHNNY, an orphan, grandson of Betty Higden, adopted by the Boffins. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 286–298; ii. 166–178, 266; iii. 166.

JOHNSON, MASTER, a pupil of Doctor Blimber. *Dombey and Son*, i. 231–234, 286; iii. 213.

JONATHAN, customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 99; iii. 41, 44, 45.

JONES, GEORGE, customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 99.

JONES, MR., a barrister's clerk, friend of Mr. John Dounce. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 324–326, 329.

JORAM, MR., partner of Mr. Omer, and afterwards husband of Minnie Omer. *David Copperfield*, i. 185–187, 191; ii. 184; iii. 9, 11, 13; iv. 104, 106, 194.

JORAM, MRS. MINNIE, his wife, formerly Minnie Omer. *David Copperfield*, iii. 9, 12, 13, 38, 39; iv. 103–106. See OMER, MINNIE.

JORKINS, MR., a proctor, Mr. Spenlow's partner. *David Copperfield*, ii. 192, 195, 197, 198, 200, 308; iii. 106–108, 178, 179, 185.

JOWL, MAT, a knave and gamester. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 20–30, 155–161; iii. 206.

JOY, THOMAS, a carpenter, friend and landlord of John. *A Poor Man's Tale of a Patent*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 153–157.

JUPE, CECILIA (called SISSY), daughter of Signor Jupe, afterwards educated and provided for by Mr. Gradgrind. *Hard Times*, i. 10–12, 14, 15, 31, 38–43, 49, 50, 52–59, 66–68, 71, 77–86, 124–126, 139, 259–261, 293–296, 300–307, 315, 324, 325, 330, 331; ii. 7–11, 17–24, 27, 28, 32–43, 45, 49, 50, 52, 54, 62.

JUPE, SIGNOR, a circus clown, father to Sissy. *Hard Times*, i. 10, 20, 40, 42, 43, 46, 48–50, 53, 81–85, 307; ii. 54.

KAGS, a returned transport. *Oliver Twist*, ii. 253–262.

KATE, an orphan child, visiting with her aunt, at Sir Barnet Skettles'. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 180–185.

KATE, a character in the story of "The Parish Clerk," cousin to Maria Lobbs. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 58–65.

KEDGICK, CAPTAIN, landlord of the "National Hotel." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 223–227, 234, 235; iii. 178, 179.

KENGE, CONVERSATION, Mr. Jarndyce's solicitor, of the firm of Kenge and Carboy. *Bleak House*, i. 35, 37–40, 44–47, 50–54, 56–58, 246–248, 250, 286; ii. 27–29, 34, 39–41, 77, 78, 83, 84, 155, 173, 186, 187; iii. 131, 154; iv. 255–259, 287, 289–291.

KENWIGS, MR., a lodger in the house with Newman Noggs. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 246–258, 267–272, 274–277; iii. 68–79; iv. 98–104.

KENWIGS, MRS., niece of Mr. Lillyvick. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 246, 258, 267–277, 301–306; iii. 69–75, 79; iv. 91–93, 98–103.

KENWIGS, MORLEENA, eldest daughter of Mrs. Kenwigs. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 249, 250, 255, 268, 269, 304–306; iii. 70, 73–75, 77, 79; iv. 91–98, 102.

KETTLE, LA FAYETTE, a bombastic American, secretary of the Water Toast Association. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 194–203, 222.

KIBBLE, JACOB, fellow-passenger in the ship with John Harmon. *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 232.

KIDDERMINSTER, MASTER (called CUPID), afterwards treasurer of Sleary's circus. *Hard Times*, i. 44–46, 49, 51, 57; ii. 37, 39.

KINCH, HORACE, a King's Bench prisoner, who died a victim to the dry-rot disease. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 187.

KINDHEART, MR., an Englishman of an amiable nature, great enthusiasm, and no discretion. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 395–397.

KIT. *Old Curiosity Shop*. See NUBBLES, CHRISTOPHER.

KITTERBELL, MASTER FREDERICK CHARLES WILLIAM, godson of Mr. Nicodemus Dumps. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 298, 299, 305–307, 311, 314, 315.

KITTERBELL, MR. CHARLES, nephew of Mr. Nicodemus Dumps, a credulous and matter-of-fact little personage. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 295–299, 304–310, 312–315.

KITTERBELL, MRS. JEMIMA, his wife. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 296–299, 304–307, 309–315.

KLEM, MR., a meagre, mouldy, weak old man. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 229–231.

KLEM, MRS., an elderly woman, laboring under a chronic sniff. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 229–231.

KLEM, MISS, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Klem, apparently ten years older than either of them. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 230, 231.

KNAG, MISS, the forewoman of Madame Mantalini's millinery establishment. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 15–20, 24–37, 68, 84, 85; iii. 236–241.

KNAG, MORTIMER, brother to Miss Knag, and proprietor of a circulating library. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 31–34.

KROOK, MR., Mrs. Smallweed's only brother, an eccentric junk dealer and collector of odds and ends, Miss Flite's landlord, a victim of spontaneous combustion. *Bleak House*, i. 79–86, 89–91, 198, 210–214, 220, 284, 287–291; ii. 65, 94, 96–103, 274; iii. 7–9, 11, 16–27, 39, 42, 167; iv. 98, 251, 253.

LA CREEVY, MISS, a miniature painter. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 45–47, 76–78, 177–183, 198, 199; ii. 67–75, 291–297; iii. 16, 47, 67, 106–109, 118, 119; iv. 31–37, 42–45, 248, 249, 271–286. See LINKINWATER, MRS. TIM.

LAGNIER. *Little Dorrit*. See RIGAUD.

LAMMLE, MR. ALFRED, a fortune-hunter and adventurer, and swindling stock-broker. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 21, 169–187, 200, 209–211; ii. 86–95, 291–294, 296, 299–306; iii. 13–18, 78, 201–208, 290, 292, 298; iv. 24–37, 138.

LAMMLE, MRS. ALFRED, a fast woman of society. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 169–188, 200–205, 209–211; ii. 67–75, 77–85, 291, 292,

294, 295, 299–306; iii. 77–82, 201–212, 245, 246, 290, 292–299; iv. 24–37, 136–138. See AKERSHAM, MISS SOPHRONIA.

"LAMPS," an under-porter at Mugby Junction, and a composer and singer of comic songs. *Mugby Junction*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 250–253, 257, 259, 263, 267–273. *Barbox Brothers and Co.*, 279, 299.

LANGDALE, MR., a vintner and distiller, a jovial, portly, purple-faced old gentleman. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 157–158; iii. 62–66, 120–123, 126, 136–141, 306.

LANGLEY, MR. (called MR. THE ENGLISHMAN), a man of property. *Somebody's Luggage*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 98–101, 105–121.

LARKINS, JEM. *Sketches by Boz.* See ST. JULIAN, MR. HORATIO.

LARKINS, MISS, "a fine figure of a woman, aged about thirty," an early love of David Copperfield. *David Copperfield*, ii. 82–87, 92, 101; iv. 257.

LARKINS, MR., father of Miss Larkins, a gruff old gentleman, with an immovable eye. *David Copperfield*, ii. 82–84.

LEATH, ANGELA, a young lady beloved by the Guest, but believed by him to have preferred his bosom friend. *Holly-Tree Inn*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 42–44, 49, 51.

LEDROOK, MISS, an actress. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 137, 178, 179, 270, 271.

LEEFORD, EDWARD. *Oliver Twist.* See MONKS.

LENVILLE, THOMAS, a tragedian in Mr. Crummles's theatre. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 133, 134, 144–147, 253, 257–259.

LEWSOME, assistant to a general practitioner. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 287–298; iii. 75–79, 81; iv. 181–186, 188–190, 239–243, 247.

LIGHTWOOD, MORTIMER, a solicitor, friend of Eugene Wrayburn. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 21–41, 49, 129–139, 176, 177, 180, 181, 212–260, 283–285; ii. 108–120, 124–126, 259–261, 292, 295–298; iii. 171–186, 189, 193, 299, 301; iv. 158–169, 171–175, 177–179, 181–183, 189–191, 257, 268–280.

LIGNUM VITÆ. *Bleak House.* See BAGNET, MR. JOSEPH.

LILIAN, an orphan. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 159–168, 180–184, 189–199, 222–224.

LILLERTON, MISS, a prim and inanimate lady, beloved by Mr. Watkins Tottle, afterwards married to Mr. Charles Timson. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 248–250, 252–255, 261, 262, 275–280, 288–292.

LILLYVICK, MR., a collector of water-rates. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 249–257, 267–277, 303–306; ii. 173–177, 273, 274, 277–279; iii. 76, 77; iv. 15, 95–103.

LILLYVICK, MRS. (formerly Miss Henrietta Petowker). *Nicholas*

Nickleby, ii. 275–279; iii. 76, 77; iv. 15, 101, 102. See PETOWKER, MISS HENRIETTA.

LIMPKINS, MR., chairman of a work-house board. *Oliver Twist*, ii. 30, 31, 35, 39–41, 43–46.

LINKINWATER, TIM, head clerk at Cheeryble Brothers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 58–66, 81–96, 146–149, 151–153, 155, 213–215; iv. 29, 31, 33–42, 161, 162, 219–223, 236, 237, 245, 246, 255–257, 271, 279–285, 301, 302.

LINKINWATER, MISS, Tim's sister. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 89–91; iv. 284.

LINKINWATER, MRS. (formerly Miss La Creevy). *Nicholas Nickleby*, iv. 301, 302, 304. See LA CREEVY, MISS.

LIRRIPER, MRS. EMMA, a lodging-house keeper. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 133–174. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, 175–211.

LIRRIPER, JEMMY JACKMAN. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 176–178, 180, 194–211.

LIRRIPER, MASTER JEMMY JACKMAN, a natural son of Mr. Edson, adopted by Mrs. Lirriper. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 156–174.

LIRRIPER, DOCTOR JOSHUA, a scape-grace, the youngest brother of Mrs. Lirriper's husband. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 178–181.

LIST, ISAAC, a knave and gamester. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 21–27, 29, 30, 155–161; iii. 206.

LITTIMER, Steerforth's servant, a taciturn, soft-footed, deferential, observant man, always at hand when wanted, and never near when not wanted. *David Copperfield*, ii. 124–127, 159, 161, 162, 184, 286–288, 301; iii. 29, 30, 44, 46, 49; iv. 10–18, 271, 273–275, 278, 279.

LITTLE FRANK, son of Michael's first cousin, a pet of Michael. *Poor Relation's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 77–79, 84, 88.

LITTLE NELL. *Old Curiosity Shop*. See TRENT, LITTLE NELL.

LIVELY, MR., a salesman in Field Lane. *Oliver Twist*, i. 281, 282.

LIZ, wife of a brutal brick-maker. *Bleak House*, i. 162–164; ii. 138, 142, 301, 306, 307, 315; iv. 164–169.

LOBBS, MARIA, a character in the story of "The Parish Clerk." *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 56–65.

LOBBS, OLD, her father. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 62–65.

LOGGINS. *Sketches by Boz*. See BEVERLEY, MR.

LONGFORD, EDMUND, a student. *The Haunted Man*, ii. 209–220, 258–260, 272.

LORRY, MR. JARVIS, confidential clerk in Tellson's bank, a friend of the Manettes, and Charles Darnay's solicitor. *Tale of Two Cities*,

i. 11–17, 21–40, 47–54, 58–70, 80, 81, 83, 84, 93–95, 104–111, 124–135, 139, 140, 193–201; ii. 7–25, 35–37, 66–73, 77, 78, 97–116, 126, 127, 133, 136, 150–158, 161–168, 173, 200–203, 209–215, 229–231, 255.

Losberne, Mr., a surgeon, known as "the Doctor;" a kind, hearty, and eccentric old bachelor. *Oliver Twist*, ii. 12–23, 25–36, 41–45, 59, 61, 62, 78, 79, 87–90, 156–160, 249, 250, 269, 282, 297.

Lowten, Mr., clerk to Mr. Perker. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 121–149; iii. 48–50, 60, 105–137, 254; iv. 85–88, 206–224.

Lucie, daughter of Charles Darnay. *Tale of Two Cities*, ii. 31–36, 103, 105–110, 120–122, 136, 141, 200, 201, 212–214, 228, 233, 234, 244.

Luffy, Mr., of Dingley Dell, a cricketer. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 145-153.

Lumbey, Doctor, Mrs. Kenwigs's physician. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 69–74.

Lupin, Mrs., landlady of the "Blue Dragon," afterwards Mrs. Mark Tapley. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 50–63, 65, 74, 75, 87, 176–180; iii. 129, 130, 209–212, 249; iv. 58–71, 88, 89, 100, 101, 270, 278, 281, 282, 289, 301.

M'Choakumchild, Mr., a school-master. *Hard Times*, i. 7, 8, 15, 16, 69, 77, 79, 80, 124.

Macklin, Mrs., inhabitant of No. 4. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 78, 79.

Macmanus, Mr., a midshipman aboard the ship Halsewell. *The Long Voyage*, bound with *Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 221, 222.

MacStinger, Mrs., Captain Cuttle's landlady, a termagant, afterwards Mrs. Jack Bunsby. *Dombey and Son*, i. 176–179, 201, 303; ii. 17, 31, 159–161, 165, 166, 202–206; iii. 31–34, 43, 177–182; iv. 39, 63, 224, 225, 302–307.

MacStinger, Alexander, son of Mrs. MacStinger. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 159, 161, 204; iii. 177, 178, 180; iv. 302, 306, 307.

MacStinger, Charles (called Chowley), son of Mrs. MacStinger. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 204; iii. 177, 178, 181; iv. 306.

MacStinger, Juliana, daughter of Mrs. MacStinger. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 204; iii. 177, 178, 181; iv. 306.

Madgers, Winifred, a "Plymouth sister," servant to Mrs. Lirriper. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 191.

Magg, Mr., one of the first orators of our vestry. *Our Vestry*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 302–307.

Maggy, granddaughter of Mrs. Bangham, a poor half-witted girl, friend of Little Dorrit, afterwards assistant to Mrs. Plornish. *Little Dorrit*, i. 154–158, 251, 253, 254, 259–266; ii. 40, 80–83, 124–130, 247, 252–254, 258, 259, 261, 311, 321; iii. 58, 61, 212, 221, 222; iv. 192, 193, 198, 271, 282, 292, 293.

MAGNUS, MR. PETER, affianced to Miss Witherfield. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 153–163, 185–193.

MAGOG, one of the Guild hall giants. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 31–35.

MAGWITCH, ABEL (otherwise PROVIS), a convict, assisted by Pip in an attempt to escape from the Hulks; afterwards a rich sheep-farmer and stock-broker in the New World, and a liberal benefactor of Pip. *Great Expectations*, i. 6–10, 26–30, 50–56, 102–107, 313–317; ii. 101–114, 119–126, 129–151, 185–187, 266–300.

MALDERTON, MR., a man raised from obscurity and poverty to affluence, who was hospitable from ostentation, illiberal from ignorance, and prejudiced from conceit. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 141–161.

MALDERTON, MRS., a little fat woman, with a decided aversion to anything "low." *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 141–145, 149, 152–156, 159–161.

MALDERTON, MR. FREDERICK, eldest son of Mr. Malderton, the family authority on all points of taste, dress, and fashionable arrangement. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 143–146, 148, 155, 156, 158.

MALDERTON, MISS MARIANNE, youngest daughter of Mr. Malderton. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 141, 142, 144–146, 149, 153, 156, 159–161.

MALDERTON, MISS TERESA, a little girl of eight-and-twenty years, on the lookout for a husband. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 142–147, 149, 151–153, 155, 156, 158–161.

MALDERTON, MR. THOMAS, a dull young fellow, who is checked on all occasions by his father, probably with a view to prevent his becoming sharp. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 143–146, 148, 149, 152, 157, 158.

MALDON, JACK, Mrs. Strong's cousin, a needy, idle libertine. *David Copperfield*, ii. 22, 27–29, 40–42, 45–48, 96–100; iii. 127, 129–132, 249, 251, 259, 260, 325–327; iv. 306.

MALLORD, MR., clerk to Sergeant Snubbin. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 53–58, 107–137.

MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE, THE. *Bleak House*. See GRIDLEY, MR.

MANETTE, DOCTOR ALEXANDER, a physician, formerly of Beauvais, for many years a prisoner in France, afterwards released. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 33–38, 50, 52–70, 87, 88, 95–101, 103–105, 107–110, 124, 138, 177–185, 248, 250, 253–259; ii. 7, 9–25, 31, 36, 37, 70, 77, 78, 99–103, 105, 106, 112–116, 118–121, 125, 126, 131–143, 173, 175, 177–196, 199–203, 206, 207, 209–215, 217, 218, 228, 232–234, 255.

MANETTE, LUCIE, daughter of Doctor Manette, afterwards wife of Charles Darnay. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 29–40, 47–54, 87, 88, 95–100, 103–105, 107–110, 112, 113, 122, 124, 126–139, 176–185, 189, 190, 192–198, 203–208, 248–250, 253–259; ii. 7, 9, 10. See DARNAY, MRS. LUCIE.

MANN, MRS., mistress of a branch work-house, where Oliver Twist was farmed. *Oliver Twist*, i. 24–29, 189–193.

MANNERS, MISS JULIA, a buxom lady of forty, in want of a young husband; afterwards married to Mr. Alexander Trott. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 209, 210, 214–219, 221, 227–230.

MANSEL, MISS, a passenger aboard the ship Halsewell. *The Long Voyage*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 219–222.

MANTALINI, MADAME, a fashionable milliner and dress-maker. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 192–195; ii. 11–17, 24, 25, 36–39, 85–87, 90–98; iii. 23–31, 237–241.

MANTALINI, MR. ALFRED (originally Muntle), a cockney fop, and a spendthrift, husband to Madame Mantalini. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 190–195; ii. 11–14, 85–87, 90–93; iii. 20–31, 237–242; iv. 289–291.

MAPLESOME, MRS., a shrewd and scheming widow, of about fifty, mother of two marriageable daughters. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 36–45, 53, 54.

MAPLESOME, MISS JULIA. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 36–45, 53, 54.

MAPLESOME, MISS MATILDA, a young lady of twenty-five, very desirous of marrying for the sake of a good establishment. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 36–45, 53, 54.

MARCHIONESS, THE. *Old Curiosity Shop*. See SPHYNX, SOPHRONIA.

MARGARET, an ugly, misshapen girl, John's daughter. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 189, 190.

MARGARET, sister of aunt George, discarded by her friends for marrying a poor man. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 294–296.

MARIGOLD, DOCTOR, a cheap jack. *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 212–246.

MARIGOLD, MRS., his wife, and not a bad one, "but she had a temper." *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 219–223, 226.

MARIGOLD, SOPHY, daughter of Doctor Marigold. *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 222–256.

MARIGOLD, SOPHY, adopted daughter of Doctor Marigold, a deaf-mute. *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 229, 230, 232, 239, 244–246.

MARKHAM, a gay, lively young man, friend of Steerforth. *David Copperfield*, ii. 206, 208–214.

MARKLEHAM, MRS. (called the "OLD SOLDIER"), mother of Mrs. Strong. *David Copperfield*, ii. 40–49, 95–99; iii. 127, 270, 308–311, 316–327, 329; iv. 306.

MARKS, WILL, nephew to John Podgers. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 87–106.

MAROON, CAPTAIN, a horse-jockey. *Little Dorrit*, i. 212, 213.

MARSHALL, MARY, betrothed to Richard Doubledick, and afterwards married to him. *Seven Poor Travellers*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 20, 28, 30–32, 36.

MARSHALSEA, FATHER OF THE. *Little Dorrit.* See DORRIT, MR. WILLIAM.

MARTHA, a pauper. *Oliver Twist*, i. 261–270; ii. 275, 276.

MARTHA, a middle-aged servant of Mrs. Gabriel Parsons. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 257, 258, 260, 261, 279, 281, 282, 284, 288, 289.

MARTHA, AUNT, sister to Dr. Jeddler. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, ii. 148–154.

MARTIN, a coachman. *Pickwick Papers*, iv. 105, 106, 109–118.

MARTIN, a game-keeper. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 83–96.

MARTIN, MISS, a perfectly well-behaved young lady, who tends bar and makes out the bills. *Somebody's Luggage*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 91, 92, 94, 95.

MARTIN, MISS AMELIA, a milliner and dress-maker, living on her business and not above it, afterwards ambitious to become a public singer. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 330–338.

MARTIN, MR., a prisoner confined in the Fleet. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 283–286.

MARTON, MR., an old school-master. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 265–283; ii. 194–202, 204–207, 258–262, 265–271, 278, 287–289, 293; iii. 180–186, 207.

MARWOOD. *Dombey and Son.* See BROWN, ALICE.

MARY, servant girl at Mr. George Nupkins's, afterwards married to Sam Weller. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 224–228, 232, 233; iii. 222–226, 231; iv. 95–99, 187–191, 232–236, 263, 264.

MARY, a drunkard's daughter. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 317–324, 326, 327.

MARY ANN, favorite pupil and assistant of Miss Peecher. *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 15–17, 33, 190, 191; iv. 121, 122.

MARY ANNE, Wemmick's servant. *Great Expectations*, i. 288; ii. 172.

MASTER HUMPHREY, an old gentleman of secluded habits, the owner of a venerable clock, in the case of which are piles of dusty papers, including "The Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge." *Master Humphrey's Clock*, passim.

MAWLS, MASTER, a school-boy. *Our School*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 292, 293.

MAXEY, CAROLINE, a fiery-tempered girl, former servant of Mrs Lirriper. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 139–141.

MAYLIE, MRS., one of Oliver Twist's benefactors. *Oliver Twist*, ii 9–20, 25–34, 52–56, 61, 62, 66–69, 157–160, 266–279, 282, 295.

MAYLIE, HARRY, her son, in love with Rose Maylie [Fleming]. *Oliver Twist*, i. 64–72, 77–90; ii. 279–282, 295.

MAYLIE, ROSE (otherwise ROSE FLEMING), adopted daughter of Mrs. Maylie, and aunt to Oliver Twist; married to Harry Maylie. *Oliver Twist*, i. 317, 318; ii. 9–20, 25–34, 39–41, 52, 53, 80–86, 140–160, 206–215, 266–282, 295.

MAXBY, MASTER, a day-pupil at "our school." *Our School*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 297, 298.

MEAGLES, MR., a retired banker, a benevolent old gentleman, friend of Arthur Clennam. *Little Dorrit*, i. 31–46, 178–187, 204, 205, 281, 287–299, 304–307, 310–313; ii. 85–88, 160–163, 168–186, 193, 194, 267, 268, 283, 287, 292–295; iii. 134, 136–149, 184; iv. 264–277, 288–291.

MEAGLES, MRS., wife of Mr. Meagles, a motherly old lady. *Little Dorrit*, i. 32–38, 40, 41, 45, 287, 288, 291, 293, 296, 304, 311; ii. 193, 268, 288, 292–295; iii. 136–144, 146–149; iv. 266, 267, 271, 272, 276, 291, 292.

MEAGLES, MINNIE (called PET), daughter of Mr. Meagles; afterwards Mrs. Henry Gowan. *Little Dorrit*, i. 33–38, 41, 44–47, 287, 288, 291–300, 302–304, 307, 312–314; ii. 146–149, 159–161, 164, 187–193, 287, 288, 294. See GOWAN, MRS. HENRY.

"MEALY POTATOES" (so called on account of his complexion), bottle-washer and associate of David Copperfield at Murdstone and Grinby's. *David Copperfield*, i. 224, 225, 235, 256; ii. 24.

MEEK, AUGUSTUS GEORGE, infant son of Mr. George Meek. *Births — Mrs. Meek, of a Son*, bound with *Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 292, 295–298.

MEEK, MR. GEORGE, a quiet man of a tremulous constitution and small of stature. *Births — Mrs. Meek, of a Son*, bound with *Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 292–298.

MEEK, MRS. MARIA JANE, wife of Mr. George Meek. *Births — Mrs. Meek, of a Son*, bound with *Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 292–298.

'MELIA, servant girl at Doctor Blimber's. *Dombey and Son*, i. 236, 281; iii. 214.

MELL, MR. CHARLES, a poor, pinched usher at Mr. Creakle's school, afterwards Doctor Mell of Colonial Salem-House Grammar School, Port Middlebay. *David Copperfield*, i. 110–121, 124, 125, 129, 130, 136, 140–150; iv. 299, 300.

MELL, MRS., mother of Charles Mell; inmate of an almshouse. *David Copperfield*, i. 112–114, 130.

MELLOWS, MR. J., landlord of the "Dolphin's Head." *Uncommercial Traveller*, 339–342, 349, 350.

MELVILLESON, MISS M., a comic vocalist. *Bleak House*, iii. 8, 27, 40, 167.

MERCY, a nurse with a fiendish enjoyment of the terror caused by the

narration of diabolical stories. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 218, 219, 225, 226.

MERCURY, a flunky, servant of Sir Leicester Dedlock. *Bleak House*, i. 24; ii. 9, 18, 267; iii. 43, 183, 298, 299, 316; iv. 76, 77, 85–89, 97.

MERDLE, MR., a London banker, the benefactor of society, an immensely rich man, who turned all he touched to gold; afterwards a bankrupt and suicide. *Little Dorrit*, ii. 59–71, 275–281; iii. 82, 84, 126, 127, 189–201, 204–215, 217, 225–227, 234, 249–253, 262, 273–282; iv. 7, 9, 26, 99, 100, 109–113, 116–126, 166, 250, 263, 264.

MERDLE, MRS., wife of Mr. Merdle, "the bosom" of society. *Little Dorrit*, ii. 47–54, 60–62, 68, 268–281; iii. 47–52, 82–84, 125–127, 190, 192, 234, 235, 239, 244, 249, 251–253, 259, 260, 262, 274, 277; iv. 26, 27, 32, 33, 35, 100, 110, 116, 117, 122, 123, 263, 264.

MERITON, MR. HENRY, second mate of the ship Halsewell. *The Long Voyage*, bound with *Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 216–222.

MERRYLEGS, Signor Jupe's trained performing dog. *Hard Times*, i. 41–43, 67, 83, 85; ii. 53, 54.

MESHECK, AARON, a Jew and bill stealer. *Detective Police*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 202–205.

MICAWBER, MISS, daughter of Wilkins Micawber, afterwards Mrs. Ridger Begs. *David Copperfield*, i. 228, 251, 254; ii. 70, 277; iii. 139, 273; iv. 70, 71, 143, 158, 204, 206, 300.

MICAWBER, MRS. EMMA, wife of Wilkins Micawber; a thin, faded lady, determined never to desert her husband. *David Copperfield*, i. 228–231, 235–242, 246–254; ii. 66, 68–76, 267, 274–279, 282–286, 289–299; ii. 137–145, 188, 189, 272–274; iv. 58–64, 70–72, 74, 142–147, 156–162, 171–173, 204, 206–216, 300.

MICAWBER, WILKINS, a shabby-genteel person, friend of David Copperfield; in various unsuccessful commission businesses, always in debt, and waiting for something to turn up; afterwards District Magistrate at Port Middlebay. *David Copperfield*, i. 225–230, 235–244, 246–254; ii. 24, 65–76, 267, 274–279, 282–300, 305, 306; iii. 137–147, 187–190, 272–274; iv. 58–75, 115, 117–138, 142–147, 150–162, 167–173, 175–177, 203–216, 250, 298–302.

MICAWBER, MASTER WILKINS, son of Mr. Wilkins Micawber, a chorister boy, afterwards a gifted amateur singer. *David Copperfield*, i. 228, 251, 254; ii. 70, 277; iii. 139, 141, 142, 144, 273; iv. 70, 71, 143–145, 159, 172, 204, 206, 210, 299, 300.

MICHAEL, the poor relation, an unsuccessful and disappointed bachelor living on a limited income. *Poor Relation's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 75–89.

MIFF, MRS., a wheezy little pew-opener. *Dombey and Son*, i. 90, 91, iii. 8, 9, 11, 15–18, 21, 29; iv. 230–232.

MIGGS, MRS., servant to Varden, a tall, slender, shrewish young lady, who held the male sex to be utterly unworthy of notice; afterwards female turnkey for the county Bridewell. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 90-95, 111-118, 160-164, 212, 216, 221-225, 254-259, 304-306, 308, 314; ii. 44, 47, 48, 97, 136, 149-160, 168, 259-268, 271; iii. 52, 86, 87, 91, 92, 163-173, 175-179, 281-287, 304, 305.

MIKE, a client of Mr. Jaggers. *Great Expectations*, i. 223, 224, 230, 231; ii. 238, 239.

MILES, BOB, a jail-bird. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 222.

MILES, OWEN, one of Master Humphrey's friends. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 61, 62, 115-118, 120, 121, 143-145, 157, 158.

MILLER, MR., a guest at Mr. Wardle's. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 113-132; ii. 275.

MILLERS, a nurse in Mr. Pocket's family. *Great Expectations*, i. 256, 257, 264, 265.

MILLS, MISS JULIA, bosom friend of Dora, unhappy in a misplaced affection; afterwards married to a growling old Scotch Crœsus. *David Copperfield*, iii. 69-81, 133, 148, 152, 155-158, 166, 173-175, 177, 181-184, 224, 253; iv. 305, 306.

MILLS, MR., father of Miss Julia. *David Copperfield*, iii. 148, 150, 151, 173, 224.

MILVEY, MRS. FRANK, a self-sacrificing, charitable lady. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 155-158, 286; iii. 144-147, 154; iv. 175-179, 184.

MILVEY, REV. FRANK, a poor rector and teacher. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 154-158, 286; ii. 178, 181; iii. 143-147; iv. 175-184.

MIM, a showman, Sophy's step-father, and exhibitor of Pickleson. *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 228, 229, 231, 240.

MINNS, MR. AUGUSTUS, a somewhat priggish bachelor, exceedingly clean, precise, tidy, and retiring. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 83-97.

"MR. F.'S AUNT," an eccentric little old woman of extreme severity, and grim taciturnity, with a propensity to offer remarks, in a deep, warning voice, which are traceable to no association of ideas. *Little Dorrit*, i. 236-239; ii. 90-92, 94, 95, 99-101, 108, 112, 115, 118, 304; iii. 158-162; iv. 282, 283, 286, 287.

MITH, SERGEANT (called BUTCHER), a detective police officer. *The Detective Police*, ii. 183, 184, 196-202.

MITTS, MRS., a tidy, well-favored widow, a pensioner at Titbull's, afterwards married to a Greenwich pensioner. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 409-412, 417-419.

MIVINS, MR. (called THE ZEPHYR), a prisoner confined in the Fleet *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 268-272, 274-279.

MOBBS, a pupil of Squeers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 148, 149.

MODDLE, MR. AUGUSTUS, one of Mrs. Todgers's boarders, designated as the "youngest gentleman." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 227, 228, 230, 234, 235, 255–259, 283, 284, 287, 290; iii. 135–144, 237–239, 247; iv. 121–129, 138, 139, 305, 311, 312, 315, 317–320.

MOLLY, housekeeper to Mr. Jaggers, and mother of Estella. *Great Expectations*, i. 293–296; ii. 203, 204.

MONFLATHERS, MRS., principal of a young ladies' select boarding-school. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 15, 41–47, 49.

MONKS (otherwise EDWARD LEEFORD), a cowardly villain, half-brother to Oliver Twist, for whom he has a most violent hatred. *Oliver Twist*, i. 290–295; ii. 57, 58, 75, 98–104, 107–118, 129–131, 238–250, 269–279, 296.

MONSEIGNEUR, a great lord in power at court. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 141–148.

MONSEIGNEUR, the aristocracy of France. *Tale of Two Cities*, ii. 54, 55, 64, 65, 69, 71, 76, 98, 104.

MONTAGUE, TIGG. *Martin Chuzzlewit.* See TIGG, MONTAGUE.

MOONEY, a beadle. *Bleak House*, i. 210, 211, 213, 214, 216.

MORFIN, MR., Mr. Dombey's head clerk, friend of John and Harriet Carker. *Dombey and Son*, i. 251, 252, 254, 255; iii. 63–70; iv. 146–155, 247–255, 330.

MOULD, MR., an undertaker, with a face in which a queer attempt at melancholy was at odds with a smirk of satisfaction. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 152–154, 156, 161–168, 276–286; iii. 80–82, 254; iv. 256.

MOULD, MRS., his wife. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 276–286; iii. 80–82.

MOWCHER, MISS, a kind-hearted, pursy little dwarf, a fashionable hair-dresser, dealer in cosmetics, etc. *David Copperfield*, ii. 162–175; iii. 40–47; iv. 278, 279.

MR. THE ENGLISHMAN. *Somebody's Luggage.* See LANGLEY, MR.

MUDGE, MR. JONES, secretary of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 95–99.

MULLINS, JACK, a waterman, customer at the "Six Jolly Fellowship Porters." *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 100.

MULLIT, PROFESSOR, boarder at Mrs. Pawkins's, a "professor of education." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 92.

MURDERER, CAPTAIN, a person whose mission was matrimony and the gratification of a cannibal appetite with tender brides. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 215–219.

MURDSTONE, MR. EDWARD, David Copperfield's step-father, a tyrant, with a strong development of the organ of firmness. *David Copperfield*, i. 33–42, 46, 67, 68, 71–74, 76–91, 95, 109, 160, 161, 164, 167

169, 172–176, 188–190, 196, 197, 216–221, 223, 224, 226, 242, 250, 284, 289, 297–309; ii. 24, 53; iii. 61–64; iv. 245–249.

MURDSTONE, MISS JANE, sister of Edward Murdstone, a stern, metallic person, constantly haunted by a suspicion that the servants had a man secreted somewhere on the premises. *David Copperfield*, i. 74–90, 94, 95, 160, 161, 164, 166, 169–176, 188–190, 195–198, 217, 220, 222, 250, 297–308; ii. 53, 189, 251–260, 262; iii. 70, 164–170, 172, 173; iv. 245–249.

MUTANHED, LORD, a fashionable gentleman at Bath. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 157, 158.

MUTUEL, MONSIEUR, a spectacled, snuffy, stooping old gentleman, with an amiable old walnut-shell countenance. *Somebody's Luggage*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 98, 99, 114–116, 119, 120.

MUZZLE, a constable. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 195, 208–217, 223–231.

NADGETT, Tom Pinch's landlord, a detective in the employ of Montague Tigg. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 49–51, 61, 82, 251–260; iv. 20–22, 28, 37, 38, 165, 187, 190, 249–256.

NAMBY, MR., a sheriff's officer, who arrests Mr. Pickwick. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 240–243, 248.

NAN, an inhabitant of low sailors' houses. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 70.

NANCY, a thief in the service of Fagin, and mistress to Sikes. *Oliver Twist*, i. 107, 108, 145–149, 169–186, 212–222, 227–234, 286–290, 294; ii. 120–147, 189–195, 201–215, 223–225.

NANDY, JOHN EDWARD, a little piping old gentleman, a pauper, father of Mrs. Plornish. *Little Dorrit*, ii. 230–247; iii. 216–218, 221, 222; iv. 136, 137, 157–159.

NATIVE, THE, a dark and ill-used servant of Major Bagstock, with no particular name, but answering to any vituperative epithet. *Dombey and Son*, i. 129, 185, 186, 191; ii. 81, 85, 86, 90, 96, 213, 224, 227, 228, 230, 231, 237, 283; iv. 246, 279.

NECKETT, MR. (called COAVINSES), a sheriff's officer. *Bleak House*, i. 112–117, 296–299, 304, 312.

NECKETT, CHARLOTTE (called CHARLEY), eldest daughter of Mr. Neckett, a womanly, motherly little child, who goes out cleaning and washing; afterwards Esther Summerson's maid. *Bleak House*, i. 301–304, 306, 312; ii. 109, 110, 113, 114, 118, 119, 171, 172, 288, 300–302, 305–308, 312–321; iii. 71–73, 80–82, 90–99, 104, 108–113, 119, 239, 240, 245, 247–254, 259; iv. 54, 55, 240, 241, 247, 272, 304.

NECKETT, EMMA, youngest daughter of Mr. Neckett. *Bleak House*, i. 299, 303, 311; ii. 171–172; iv. 304.

NECKETT, TOM, a son of Mr. Neckett. *Bleak House*, i. 299–304, 306, 311; ii. 171, 172; iv. 304.

NEDDY, a phlegmatic and taciturn man at the Lodge in the Fleet Prison. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 280, 281, 286; iv. 24.

NELL, LITTLE. *Old Curiosity Shop.* See TRENT, LITTLE NELL.

NETTINGALL, THE MISSES, principals of a young ladies' boarding establishment. *David Copperfield*, ii. 78, 79.

NEWCOME, CLEMENCY, servant to Doctor Jeddler. *Battle of Life*, in *Christmas Stories*, 58–79, 94–120. See BRITAIN, MRS.

NICHOLAS, the butler of Bellamy's, who has held the same place, dressed exactly in the same manner, and said precisely the same things, ever since the oldest of its visitors can remember. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 211–215.

NICKLEBY, MRS., mother of Nicholas, a well-meaning, but very weak-minded woman. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 48–56, 82, 83, 183–187, 198, 200–204; ii. 21, 22, 28–35, 44–48, 73–81, 93, 94, 97–102, 196–202, 204–221, 227, 228; iii. 14–17, 48–51, 67, 96–105, 109, 166–184, 216–221, 245–261; iv. 146–161, 247, 248, 271–275, 279, 280, 284, 285, 301, 304.

NICKLEBY, KATE, sister of Nicholas Nickleby. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 51–54, 82, 83, 177–204; ii. 9–11, 14–22, 27–35, 37–42, 44–66, 73–80, 84–89, 92–102, 217, 218, 221–223, 228–233, 238–248; iii. 12–14, 46–49, 67, 106–109, 168–184, 216–221, 247–252, 258, 261; iv. 28–47, 138–143, 145–154, 161–163, 248–255, 260, 273–275, 278, 284, 285, 288–291, 301, 303.

NICKLEBY, NICHOLAS. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 48–56, 67–94, 122–144, 149–153, 157–161, 165–176, 213–241, 259–266, 273–275, 278–287, 293–305; ii. 70–72, 104–109, 112–158, 160–187, 250–286, 298–312; iii. 9–17, 44–46, 48–58, 65–67, 75–80, 85–105, 145–165, 186–194, 200, 203–216, 245–283; iv. 9–29, 82–90, 105–118, 122–127, 138–145, 155–163, 199–207, 247–261, 264–266, 271–279, 283, 284, 287–296, 301–304.

NICKLEBY, RALPH, a usurer, uncle to Nicholas. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 19–22, 25–56, 67–72, 82–84, 182–196; ii. 43–46, 50–66, 73–81, 192–203, 242–249, 287–290; iii. 18, 19, 21–43, 111–118, 224–243, 251–263, 286–305; iv. 77, 80–82, 130–145, 164–182, 208–245, 262–270, 302.

NIPPER, SUSAN, a kind-hearted young spitfire, Florence Dombey's maid, afterwards married to Mr. Toots, and styled by him "a most extraordinary woman." *Dombey and Son*, i. 44–48, 53, 54, 82–84, 86, 88, 97–108, 123–125, 167, 241–243, 316, 317, 320–322; ii. 42, 47, 48, 53, 54, 63–71, 139, 140, 147, 151–175, 257–259, 266–269; iii. 27, 42, 43, 250–252, 261–275; iv. 88, 94, 197–200, 205–208, 211–215, 217, 218, 225, 235–238, 240. See TOOTS, MRS.

NOAKES, MR. PERCY, a law-student, always making something for somebody, or planning some party of pleasure. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 177–196, 198, 202–207.

NODDY, MR., a friend of Bob Sawyer. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 71–80

NOGGS, NEWMAN, clerk to Ralph Nickleby, remarkable for his eccentric taciturnity; formerly a wealthy man. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 29, 30, 41–43, 72–74, 84, 134, 199–204, 244–246, 258–267, 300–302; ii. 105, 106, 243, 247–249, 289–297; iii. 9–11, 17–21, 32, 41, 143–145, 155–159, 161–165, 224–227, 242–244, 284–286, 298; iv. 75–98, 101, 196, 197, 210, 221–227, 283, 284, 304.

NORAH, a fine young lady of seven, who ran away with Harry Walmers, Junior. *Holly-Tree Inn*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 68–80.

NORRIS, MR., AND FAMILY, New York fashionables. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 110–120.

NUBBLES, CHRISTOPHER, or KIT, a good-natured, shock-headed, shambling lad, friend to little Nell, afterwards in Mr. Garland's employ, and married to Barbara. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 17–21, 45, 46, 72–74, 79, 116–125, 132–135, 143, 155–162, 166, 167, 222–234, 241–248; ii. 109–120, 122–136, 138–152, 222–227, 255, 256; iii. 11–13, 15, 17–23, 38–55, 58–70, 83–90, 102–105, 110, 118, 146–162, 168–180, 188, 205, 207–209.

NUBBLES, JACOB, brother to Kit Nubbles. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 120, 125, 157, 158, 231–234, 241, 242; ii. 109, 111, 122, 124, 126–130, 144–150, 227; iii. 66–69, 87, 88, 148–150, 152, 161, 208, 209.

NUBBLES, MRS., mother of Kit Nubbles, a poor, hard-working widow. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 119–125, 157, 158, 222, 223, 227, 230–234, 241–244; ii. 109, 111, 124–131, 140, 141, 143–151, 208–218, 225–228; iii. 12, 66–69, 88, 89, 118, 146, 148, 149, 152, 160, 208.

NUPKINS, GEORGE, ESQ., Justice at Ipswich. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 194–199, 209–223.

NUPKINS, MRS. GEORGE, his wife. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 221, 222.

NUPKINS, MISS HENRIETTA, daughter to George Nupkins, Esq. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 221, 222.

O'BLEARY, MR. FREDERICK, an Irishman, recently imported, in a perfectly wild state. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 65–69, 72–75, 77–82.

OLD CHARLES. *Somebody's Luggage*. See CHARLES, OLD.

OLD CHEESEMAN, a second Latin Master, afterwards inheritor of a large property. *The School-boy's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*. ii 96–109.

OLD DAVID. *Old Curiosity Shop*. See DAVID, OLD.

OLD JOE. *Christmas Carol*. See JOE, OLD.

OLD LOBBS. *Pickwick Papers*. See LOBBS, OLD.

OLD RUDGE. *Barnaby Rudge*. See RUDGE, OLD.

OLD SOLDIER, THE. *David Copperfield*. See MARKLEHAM, MRS.

OLD SALLY. *Oliver Twist.* See SALLY, OLD.

OMER, MR., a draper, tailor, haberdasher, funeral furnisher, etc., a fat, short-winded, merry-looking little old man in black. *David Copperfield*, i. 181–187, 190; ii. 184; iii. 7–13, 38; iv. 102–107.

OMER, MINNIE, daughter of Mr. Omer; a pretty, good-natured girl, sweetheart of Joram. *David Copperfield*, i. 182, 183, 185–187, 191. See JORAM, MRS. MINNIE.

ONOWENEVER, MRS., mother of an early love of the Uncommercial Traveller. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 284–286.

ORLICK, DOLGE, a journeyman employed by Joe Gargery. *Great Expectations*, i. 156–159, 162–164, 170, 171, 181, 321–323; ii. 249–258.

OVERTON, JOSEPH, ESQ., solicitor and mayor of Great Winglebury. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 214–223, 225–228.

OWEN, JOHN, a pupil of Mr. Marton. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 268–270.

PANCKS, MR., agent of Mr. Casby, afterwards chief clerk to Doyce and Clennam. *Little Dorrit*, i. 211, 223–226, 228, 234, 235, 237–242; ii. 97–109, 118–123, 131–135, 137–140, 142–145, 166, 167, 197–201, 261–266, 296–300, 312, 322; iii. 165–168, 188, 215–220, 223–232, 287; iv. 43, 72, 127–131, 171, 174, 175, 180, 184, 187, 189, 201–205, 250–261, 293.

PANGLOSS, lineally descended from a learned doctor of that name a humane and worthy gentleman who demonstrates on all occasions, that we live in the best of all possible official worlds. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 109–119.

PANKEY, MISS, a child in charge of Mrs. Pipchin. *Dombey and Son*, i. 152–155, 209.

PARAGON, MARY ANN, Mrs. David Copperfield's servant, supposed to have been a daughter of Mrs. Crupp, in disguise. *David Copperfield*, iii. 288, 289, 291, 295.

PARDIGGLE, MR. O. A., F. R. S., husband of Mrs. Pardiggle. *Bleak House*, i. 153; ii. 294.

PARDIGGLE, MRS., a formidable style of lady, with a loud voice, a school lady, a visiting lady, a reading lady, a distributing lady, and on the local linen box committee, a lover of hard work and unacquainted with fatigue. *Bleak House*, 150–161, 292; ii. 294, 295.

PARDIGGLE, ALFRED, youngest son of Mrs. Pardiggle, a voluntary member of the "Infant Bonds of Joy." *Bleak House*, i. 150–153, 157.

PARDIGGLE, EGBERT, eldest son of Mrs. Pardiggle, contributor to the Tockahoopo Indians. *Bleak House*, i. 150–153, 155–157.

PARDIGGLE, FRANCIS AND FELIX, third and fourth sons of Mrs. Pardiggle, contributors to the "Superannuated Widows." *Bleak House*, i. 150–153, 157.

PARDIGGLE, OSWALD, second son of Mrs. Pardiggle, a contributor to the Great National Smithers Testimonial. *Bleak House*, i. 150–153, 157.

PARKER, a police officer, attendant on Inspector Field in his visit to the "Old Mint," etc. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 227–232.

PARKER, MRS JOHNSON, the mother of seven extremely fine girls (all unmarried), and president of the Ladies' Bible and Prayer-book Distribution Society. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 56–60.

PARKES, PHIL, a ranger, crony of John Willet. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 17, 18, 21-23, 25, 133–139; ii. 32–34, 59–71, 293-296, 307.

PARKINS, MRS., a laundress. *Ghost of Art*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 124.

PARKLE, MR., a friend of the Uncommercial Traveller. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 199–204.

PARSONS, MR. GABRIEL, a rich sugar-baker, who mistook rudeness for honesty, and bluntness for a candid manner; a friend of Mr. Watkins Tottle. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 245–252, 254–268, 271, 274–284, 288–293.

PARSONS, MRS. FANNY, wife of Mr. Gabriel Parsons. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 245, 246, 248–250, 252, 255–261, 277–285, 292.

PASSNIDGE, MR., a friend of Mr. Murdstone. *David Copperfield*, i. 40–42.

PATRIARCH, THE. *Little Dorrit*. See CASBY, CHRISTOPHER.

PAWKINS, MAJOR, a New York politician and loafer. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 82–88.

PAWKINS, MRS., his wife, a boarding-house keeper. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 87, 90, 108–111.

PAYNE, DOCTOR, a surgeon of the Forty-third. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 58–63, 76–79.

PEACOAT, a Thames policeman. *Down with the Tide*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 238–242, 245, 247–251.

PEAK, valet to Sir John Chester. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 262, 273, 275; ii. 56; iii. 219–222, 231, 232, 300.

PECKSNIFF, SETH, architect and land surveyor, a consummate hypocrite. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 26–41, 59–102, 126–134, 182–198, 205–218, 225, 228–255, 259, 260, 287–291, 305–310, 315–321; ii. 43–45, 134–160, 164–167, 169–181, 184–190, 251–260, 264–266; iii. 83–133, 144, 196–203, 291; iv. 8, 9, 66–83, 85, 86, 90–102, 157, 158, 187–190, 227, 228, 262, 263, 265, 270–285, 321.

PECKSNIFF, CHARITY (called CHERRY), eldest daughter of Mr. Pecksniff, affianced to, and deserted by, Mr. Augustus Moddle. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 26–41, 89, 90, 94, 95, 100, 126, 127, 131–133, 142, 143, 183, 188, 189, 195–197, 204–227, 229–231, 234, 243, 244, 249, 252–254, 258, 261–268, 271–286, 288–290; ii. 138, 141, 171, 172, 178–185, 189, 258, 264–266, 271; iii. 84–90, 93, 105–107, 134–143, 237–241, 246, 247; iv. 91, 120–129, 138–141, 305–307, 310–312, 315–320, 321.

PECKSNIFF, MERCY (called MERRY), youngest daughter of Mr. Pecksniff, afterwards Mrs. Jonas Chuzzlewit. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 27–41, 89, 94–97, 126, 127, 131–133, 136–138, 142, 143, 186–189, 195–197, 204–227, 229–231, 234, 243, 244, 247, 249, 252–254, 258, 262, 263, 267, 271–274, 280–286, 289, 290; ii. 179–185, 189, 258, 264, 269–275. See CHUZZLEWIT, MRS. JONAS.

PEECHER, MISS EMMA, a school-mistress, in love with Bradley Headstone. *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 14–17, 33, 188–192, 267, 281; iii. 187; iv. 121, 122.

PEERYBINGLE, JOHN, a poor but honest carrier, rough upon the surface, but gentle at the core. *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 235–261, 275–290, 295–299; ii. 7–24, 33–45.

PEERYBINGLE, MRS. (called DOT), his wife. *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 230–259, 260, 261, 275–299; ii. 23–45.

PEGGOTTY, CLARA, servant to Mrs. Copperfield, nurse and friend of David; afterwards married to Mr. Barkis. *David Copperfield*, i. 17, 20, 21, 26–39, 43–55, 60–62, 65–67, 70, 71, 79, 80, 92–99, 138, 158, 159, 161–168, 172, 175, 187, 191–203, 208–212. See BARKIS, MRS. CLARA PEGGOTTY.

PEGGOTTY, DANIEL, a rough, open-hearted, honest old fisherman, brother of Clara Peggotty. *David Copperfield*, i. 44, 52-65, 150–155, 201, 203–207, 211, 214, 215; ii. 54, 116, 117, 128, 140–149, 151–155, 157, 182; iii. 13–18, 20, 22–31, 33–38, 47–57, 213–222, 278; iv. 20–26, 28–37, 76–79, 89–102, 105, 107–109, 111–113, 177–180, 203–205, 213–217, 292–302.

PEGGOTTY, HAM, nephew to Daniel Peggotty, and adopted by him; a rough, bashful, honest fellow, betrothed to Emily. *David Copperfield*, i. 23, 44, 48, 49, 51–55, 58, 60, 64, 65, 150–155, 201, 205–207, 209, 211, 214, 215; ii. 54, 116, 117, 141–150, 160, 176–182; iii. 11, 12, 14, 15, 22, 26–31, 33–36, 39, 47, 220, 221; iv. 23, 24, 99, 100, 102, 106–111, 178, 180, 183–185, 190–192, 302.

PEGLER, MRS., a mysterious old lady, Bounderby's mother. *Hard Times*, i. 105–109, 203–208, 214, 244, 321; ii. 11–17.

PELL, MR. SOLOMON, an attorney at the Insolvent Court in Portugal Street. *Pickwick Papers*, iv. 9–14, 20, 22–24, 243–262.

PEPLOW, MRS., neighbor of Mrs. Macklin. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 79.

PEPLOW, MASTER, her son. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 79.

PEPPER, Mr. Pip's boy (called THE AVENGER). *Great Expectations*, i. 301, 302.

PEPS, DOCTOR PARKER, a court physician, and a man of immense reputation for assisting at the increase of great families. *Dombey and Son*, i. 13–15, 21–23, 142; ii. 9.

PERCH, MR., messenger of Mr. Dombey. *Dombey and Son*, i. 250, 251, 265; ii. 21, 22, 29, 30, 33, 120–123, 152, 153; iii. 10, 21, 27, 28, 288, 289; iv. 116, 141–144, 243, 244, 247, 264, 266.

PERCH, MRS., his wife, generally in a delicate situation. *Dombey and Son*, i. 265; ii. 22, 30, 122, 153; iii. 10, 12, 21, 25–28, 94, 96; iv. 116, 142, 243, 264–266, 269, 270.

PERKER, MR., a lawyer. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 194–204, 246–248, 259–266; iii. 50–60, 104–140, 247–254; iv. 87–100, 209–231, 244.

PERKINS, MRS., neighbor to Mr. Krook. *Bleak House*, i. 210, 212, 215, 216; ii. 102, 103; iii. 7–9, 27, 40, 168.

PERKINSOP, MARY ANNE, former servant of Mrs. Lirriper, enticed from her service by Mrs. Wozenham. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 138, 139.

PET. *Little Dorrit*. See MEAGLES, MINNIE.

PETER, LORD, a young nobleman, attached to Miss Julia Manners. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 216–218, 221, 222, 228–230.

PETOWKER, MISS HENRIETTA, an actress, and friend of the Kenwigses, afterwards Mrs. Lillyvick. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 251–257, 268–276; ii. 171, 172, 178–180. See MRS. LILLYVICK.

PHENOMENON, THE INFANT. *Nicholas Nickleby*. See CRUMMLES, NINETTA.

PHIBBS, MR., a haberdasher. *Three Detective Anecdotes* (I. *The Pair of Gloves*), bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 210, 211.

PHIL, a serving-man at "our school." *Our School*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 299, 300.

PHŒBE, daughter of "Lamps," a crippled, bed-ridden girl, always busy, contented, lively, and interested in others, a friend of "Barbox Brothers." *Mugby Junction*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 261, 262, 267–274, 276. *Barbox Brothers and Co.*, 279, 280, 293, 299.

PHŒBE, servant to Mrs. Squeers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 205–208.

PHUNKY, MR., associate counsel with Sergeant Snubbin for Mr. Pickwick. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 58–60, 107–137.

PICKLESON (called RINALDO DI VELASCO), an amiable, languid, timid young giant, with a little head, weak eyes, and weak knees, let out to Mim for exhibition by his mother. *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 228, 229, 231, 240, 241, 243.

PICKWICK, SAMUEL, founder of a club named for himself. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 21–43, 50, 64–80, 83–153, 159–161, 173–185, 194–240, 244–266; ii. 7–26, 28–32, 37–101, 103–149, 153–172, 184–193, 199–220, 222, 229–236, 244, 245, 258–280, 283–287; iii. 22–38, 41–60, 67–79, 104–151, 156–171, 176, 177, 194–196, 217–219, 229–234, 236, 237, 239–296; iv. 24–31, 36–45, 60–62,65–69, 83, 88–101, 110–171, 173–178, 181–187, 191, 192, 204–231, 237–244, 263–274, 279, 280, 282. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 77–82, 106–108, 110, 112–115, 117–123, 136, 145, 156, 158, 160.

PIERCE, captain of the ship Halsewell. *The Long Voyage*, bound with *Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 216–222.

PIERCE, MISS MARY, a daughter of Captain Pierce, passenger aboard the ship Halsewell. *The Long Voyage*, bound with *Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 216–222.

PIFF, MISS, attendant at Mugby Junction Refreshment Rooms. *Boy at Mugby*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 304, 305, 307–309, 311, 312.

PIGEON, THOMAS. *The Detective Police.* See THOMPSON, TALLY-HO.

PILKINS, MR., Mr. Dombey's family surgeon. *Dombey and Son*, i. 13–15, 21–23, 142, 147.

PINCH, RUTH, a governess, sister to Tom Pinch. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 143, 144, 206, 207, 209–215, 217, 218; iii. 222–234, 266–280, 289–292; iv. 12–22, 104–129, 138, 139, 167–172, 213, 214, 217–225, 269, 270, 289–304, 321, 322.

PINCH, TOM, a simple, generous-hearted person, assistant to Pecksniff. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 36–47, 104–176, 180, 206, 207, 292–304, 307–322; ii. 7–9, 186–190, 251, 253, 258–268; iii. 105–133, 204–251. 266–292; iv. 7–28, 38, 68, 89, 104–131, 138–143, 167–181, 213–228, 263, 280–282, 289–291, 293–304, 308, 320–322.

PIP. *Great Expectations.* See PIRRIP, PHILIP.

PIP, MR., a theatrical character, friend of Montague Tigg. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 254–261.

PIPCHIN, MRS., a keeper of a select infant boarding-house, a "great manager" of children; afterwards Mr. Dombey's housekeeper. *Dombey and Son*, i. 147–158, 161, 202–209, 213, 214, 216–222, 240–243, 248, 268, 278–281, 299; ii. 9, 13; iii. 245, 246, 266–271, 273; iv. 17, 30–32, 112–114, 265, 268, 269, 272–277.

PIPER, MRS., neighbor to Mr. Krook. *Bleak House*, i. 210, 212, 215; ii. 102, 103; iii. 7–9, 27, 40, 168.

PIPER, YOUNG, son of Mrs. Piper. *Bleak House*, i. 210; iii. 28, 40.

PIPER, PROFESSOR, one of Mr. Pogram's constituents. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 180–182.

PIPKIN, NATHANIEL, a character in the story of "The Parish Clerk." *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 55–65.

PIRRIP, PHILIP (called PIP). *Great Expectations*, i. and ii. *passim.*

PITT, JANE, a wardrobe-woman, confidante of the school-boys; afterwards married to Old Cheeseman. *The School-boy's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 100, 101, 104, 107–109.

PLORNISH, MR. THOMAS, a tenant in Bleeding Heart Yard, a plasterer, afterwards a builder, friend of the Dorrits. *Little Dorrit*, i. 105, 106, 153, 205–216; ii. 102, 108, 109, 123, 231–235, 321; iii. 61, 212, 221–223; iv. 156, 159, 189.

PLORNISH, MRS., a poor, hard-working woman, afterwards in the small grocery business. *Little Dorrit*, i. 205–211; ii. 142–144, 231–266; iii. 61, 212, 215–223; iv. 136, 137, 156–159, 189, 271.

PLUMMER, BERTHA, a blind girl, daughter of Caleb Plummer. *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 264–275, 282–299; ii. 25–45.

PLUMMER, CALEB, a poor toy-maker, distinguished for his devoted love for his blind daughter. *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 247–258, 264–275, 282–300; ii. 25–45.

PLUMMER, EDWARD, his son, married to May Fielding. *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 245–260, 295–299; ii. 32–45.

POCKET, HERBERT, son of Matthew Pocket, and friend of Pip. *Great Expectations*, i. 123–126, 238–257, 297, 298, 312–315; ii. 8–24, 47–50, 132–151, 181–189, 198, 199, 223–230, 240–243, 258–261, 263–280, 284–287.

POCKET, MR. MATTHEW, a literary compiler and corrector. *Great Expectations*, i. 257–271.

POCKET, MRS. BELINDA, a highly ornamental but perfectly helpless and useless person, wife of Matthew Pocket. *Great Expectations*, i. 255–259, 263–269; ii. 41, 42.

POCKET, SARAH, a relative of Miss Havisham. *Great Expectations.* i. 110–112, 117–121, 159, 160, 216–218, 323, 324, 334, 335.

PODDER, MR., a member of the All-Muggleton cricket club. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 145–153.

PODGERS, JOHN. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 82–92, 105, 106.

PODSNAP, MISS GEORGIANA, a young woman in training for society. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 191, 192, 200–206, 209, 210, 305; ii. 67–75, 77–85, 96, 292, 294, 299, 301–306; iii. 15, 78; iv. 31–35.

PODSNAP, MR., a self-satisfied man of society. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 17, 20, 29, 49, 171–173, 177, 179, 189–199, 206–211, 305; ii. 55–57, 62, 64, 65, 67, 68, 96; iii. 15, 291, 292, 300, 303; iv. 274, 276, 277, 279, 280.

PODSNAP, MRS., wife of Mr. Podsnap. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 17, 18,

20, 28, 177, 179, 192–194, 199–203, 205, 206, 305; ii. 57, 67, 68; iii. 300; iv. 274, 277.

POGRAM, ELIJAH, member of Congress. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 169–188.

POLLY, a bright, self-reliant little girl, daughter of Beatrice Tresham. *Barbox Brothers and Co.*, 283–290, 292, 294–300.

PORTER, MISS EMMA, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Porter. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 233, 234.

PORTER, MRS. JOSEPH, a scandal-monger and meddlesome busybody. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 233–243.

POTKINS, WILLIAM, a waiter. *Great Expectations*, ii. 319.

POTT, MR., editor of the Eatanswill "Gazette." *Pickwick Papers*, i. 247–253, 257–266; ii. 16–23, 66–74; iv. 171–178, 181–186.

POTT, MRS., his wife. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 250–253, 261; ii. 17–24, 69–74.

POTTER, MR. THOMAS, a clerk in the city. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 21–28.

POTTERSON, MISS ABBEY, landlady of the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 95–107, 235, 236; iii. 30–47; iv. 198–201.

POTTERSON, JOB, steward of the ship in which John Harmon was passenger. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 49; ii. 232; iv. 199–202.

PRATCHETT, MRS., a chambermaid. *Somebody's Luggage*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 90, 91, 95, 125, 126.

PRICE, MATILDA, friend of Miss Squeers, afterwards Mrs. John Browdie. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 161–175, 209–216. See BROWDIE, MRS. JOHN.

PRICE, MR., a coarse, vulgar young man. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 244.

PRIG, BETSEY, a day nurse. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 284, 289–291, 298, 299; iii. 75–82; iv. 148, 192, 195, 199–212, 248.

PRISCILLA, Mrs. Jellaby's servant-girl. *Bleak House*, i. 65, 66, 71, 72, 74, 75.

PRISON SHEEP. *Tale of Two Cities.* See PROSS, SOLOMON.

PRODGIT, MRS., Mrs. Meek's nurse, a woman of a severe and discontented expression of countenance. *Births — Mrs. Meek, of a Son*, bound with *Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 293–298.

PROSS, MISS, an eccentric, unselfish person, housekeeper to the Manettes, and sister of Solomon Pross. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 38–40, 126–137, 176, 258; ii. 7–11, 14, 17, 25, 32, 103, 106, 108, 138–141, 144–151, 238–248.

PROSS, SOLOMON (otherwise JOHN BARSAD), a heartless scoundrel and spy, called "PRISON SHEEP," afterwards turnkey at the Conciergerie. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 91, 92, 101, 130, 240, 244–250; ii. 145–161, 164, 198, 224–226, 238, 251, 252, 255.

PROVIS. *Great Expectations.* See MAGWITCH, ABEL.

PRUFFLE, servant of a scientific gentleman at Bath. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 235, 236.

PUBSEY AND CO. *Our Mutual Friend.* See FLEDGEBY, FASCINATION.

PUGSTYLES, MR., a delegate from Gregsbury's constituents. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 288–293.

PUMBLECHOOK, MR., a well-to-do corn-chandler and seedsman, uncle to Joe Gargery; self-styled Pip's earliest benefactor, and the founder of his fortune. *Great Expectations*, i. 35–47, 58, 59, 70–73 75–77, 90–95, 141–145, 162, 210–215; ii. 54–56, 319–323.

PURDAY, CAPTAIN, an old naval officer on half-pay, a determined opponent of the constituted authorities. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 24, 25, 34, 38–40.

PYKE AND PLUCK, fashionable toadies, and friends of Ralph Nickleby. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 52–58, 206–225, 232–236; iii. 110; iv. 61.

QUALE, MR., a loquacious young philanthropist, a friend of Mrs. Jellaby. *Bleak House*, i. 67, 68, 76, 292, 293; ii. 168, 294, 295.

QUICKEAR, a policeman. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 65–72.

QUILP, DANIEL, a ship-breaker, an ugly, ferocious little dwarf, who impressed with a wholesome fear of his anger most of those with whom he was brought into contact. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 37–43, 47–75, 78–80, 109–118, 127–132. 135, 138, 139, 144, 145, 147–157, 233–240, 250–261, 300–302; ii. 61–66, 145, 146, 217–257; iii. 54, 55, 71–82, 103, 117, 118, 126–128, 131, 132, 134–145, 201, 206.

QUILP, MRS. BETSY, a pretty, mild-spoken, blue-eyed little woman, overawed by her husband. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 41, 47–62, 74–80, 149–151, 155, 254, 255, 257–259; ii. 228–231, 233–238, 246–248; iii. 136–141, 202.

QUINCH, MRS., the oldest female pensioner at Titbull's. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 411.

QUINION, MR., Murdstone and Grinby's manager. *David Copperfield*, i. 40–42, 218–222, 224–227, 234, 251, 256.

RACHAEL, MRS., servant to Miss Barbary, afterwards Mrs. Chadband. *Bleak House*, i. 32, 35, 37, 38, 40–42. See CHADBAND, MRS.

RACHEL, a factory-woman, friend of Stephen Blackpool. *Hard Times*, i. 89–91, 109–122, 192, 193, 203–212, 214, 215, 324–332; ii. 7–19, 19–31, 61.

RADDLE, MR., husband of Mrs. Raddle. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 67–78 iv. 70–78.

RADDLE, MRS. MARY ANN, Mr. Bob Sawyer's landlady in Lant Street, a little woman, but a great termagant. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 64–67, 78, 79; iv. 70–81.

RAIRYGANOO, SALLY, a servant-girl of Mrs. Lirriper — suspected to be of Irish extraction — who afterwards absconds with a bricklayer. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, i. 188, 190.

REDBURN, JACK, one of Master Humphrey's friends. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 59–62, 80, 106, 114–117, 119, 121, 123, 136, 145, 150, 158, 161.

REDLAW, a chemist, haunted by a "phantom." *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 157–188, 205–216, 220–246, 258–261, 262–274.

REFRACTORY, CHIEF, so called, a discontented, grumbling, unruly pauper. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 39–41.

REFRACTORY, NUMBER TWO, a dissatisfied, troublesome pauper. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 39–41.

RIAH, MR., an aged Jew, poor but good, agent of Fledgeby, and friend of Jenny Wren. *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 97–107, 284–289; iii. 8–14, 18–23, 25–35, 38, 172, 173, 212, 213, 223–228; iv. 128, 144–149, 152–159, 256, 257.

RICHARD, a young smith, Meg Veck's lover. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, 134–144, 194–198, 220–224.

RICHARDS. *Dombey and Son.* See TOODLE, POLLY.

RIDERHOOD, PLEASANT, an unlicensed pawnbroker, daughter of Rogue Riderhood. *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 206–216, 221–224, 226, 227; iii. 42–48, 122, 123; iv. 225, 226.

RIDERHOOD, ROGER (called ROGUE), former partner of Gaffer Hexam, and afterwards lock-tender. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 11–13, 96–99, 103–106, 217–233, 242, 245–258; ii. 206, 215–227, 233, 258, 263, 297; iii. 34, 38–48, 134–137, 190–199; iv. 7–23, 112–119, 127, 241–255.

RIGAUD (otherwise LAGNIER, otherwise BLANDOIS), a foxy-looking convict, adventurer, and murderer. *Little Dorrit*, i. 13–29, 188–202; ii. 202–229; iii. 12–17, 20, 23, 27–29, 38, 44, 90–92, 96–98, 100, 110, 116, 117, 120–122, 152–157, 171–179, 288–296; iv. 44–50, 75–89, 95, 96, 170–187, 201–235, 244, 246, 265–270.

RINALDO DI VELASCO. *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions.* See PICKLESON.

ROB THE GRINDER. *Dombey and Son.* See TOODLE, ROBIN.

ROBINSON, MR., a gentleman in a public office, afterwards husband of the youngest Miss Willis. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 28–30.

RODOLPH, MR. JENNINGS, a concert singer, friend of Miss Amelia Martin. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 333–338.

RODOLPH, MRS. JENNINGS, a concert singer, friend of Miss Amelia Martin. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 333–338.

ROGERS, a detective sergeant, attendant on Inspector Field in his visit to "Rat's Castle," etc. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 221–227.

ROGERS, MR., a leading politician, general authority, and universal anecdote relater. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 311–316.

ROGERS, MR., third mate of the ship Halsewell. *The Long Voyage*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 218–222.

ROGERS, MRS., a lodger at Mrs. Bardell's. *Pickwick Papers*, iv. 74–81.

ROKER, MR. TOM, turnkey at the Fleet. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 253–260, 280, 281, 286–289; iv. 24, 42–45, 68.

ROKESMITH, JOHN. *Our Mutual Friend.* See HARMON, JOHN.

ROKESMITH, MRS. JOHN, formerly Miss Bella Wilfer. *Our Mutual Friend*, iv. 59–66, 170–175, 178, 182–184, 187–199, 202–219. See HARMON, MRS. JOHN.

ROSA, maid to Lady Dedlock, betrothed to Watt Rouncewell. *Bleak House*, i. 129–137, 227–230; ii. 18, 47, 50, 60–62, 252, 255–262; iii. 186, 187, 299–309; iv. 264.

ROUNCEWELL, GEORGE (called MR. GEORGE), keeper of a shooting-gallery, younger son of Mrs. Rouncewell. *Bleak House*, i. 127, 128; ii. 114–128, 180–184, 188–193, 197, 212–247; iii. 47–68, 281–289, 295; iv. 12–26, 57–71, 120–122, 124–133, 148, 181–188, 192–196, 260–270, 299.

ROUNCEWELL, MR., an iron-master. *Bleak House*, i. 127, 128; ii. 253–261, 263; iii. 185–189, 303–309; iv. 260–270.

ROUNCEWELL, MRS., housekeeper at Chesney Wold. *Bleak House*, i. 125–131, 134–137, 222, 227–229; ii. 18, 252, 253, 258; iii. 62, 175, 178, 188; iv. 71, 119–133, 143–146, 180–185, 188, 190–192.

ROUNCEWELL, WATT, grandson of Mrs. Rouncewell, and son of the iron-master, in love with Rosa. *Bleak House*, i. 128–137, 229; ii. 47, 50, 255, 256, 261, 262; iii. 186, 187, 304–306; iv. 262, 264.

RUDGE, BARNABY, an idiot, enticed into the "Gordon riot." *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 50–53, 63, 69–71, 78–80, 82–87, 125–134, 137, 145, 148–150, 199–208, 220, 280–287, 290–293, 299, 300; ii. 141, 163, 164, 191–199, 203–207, 210–230, 233, 234, 236–239, 242, 245–256, 274, 275, 278, 280, 283–287, 289; iii. 16–37, 56–58, 76, 79, 80, 109, 142–154, 158, 159, 161, 162, 198–204, 219, 220, 234–236, 238–240, 246–249, 252–256, 265, 272–274, 308–310.

RUDGE, MRS. MARY, mother of Barnaby Rudge. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 63, 68–78, 86–88, 126, 193–208, 280–297, 299, 300, 315; ii. 163, 164, 191–230, 234, 237, 238, 257; iii. 16, 17, 73, 75–77, 149, 154, 155, 199–206, 234–236, 238, 266, 271, 273, 308.

RUDGE, OLD, father of Barnaby Rudge, formerly gardener of Mr

Haredale's brother, and afterwards his murderer. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 15–21, 24–28, 30–41, 44, 71–73, 76–78, 80, 86, 87, 190–199, 201–203, 206–215, 285; ii. 66–68, 165, 200–203, 207–209, 305–309; iii. 14, 15, 59, 67, 69–80, 104–109, 142–144, 148–156, 161, 201, 203–206, 233.

RUGG, MISS ANASTATIA, daughter of Mr. Rugg, successful plaintiff in the breach of promise case of "Rugg and Hawkins." *Little Dorrit*, ii. 131, 132, 135–137, 139; iv. 131, 169.

RUGG, MR., a lawyer, general agent, and accountant; Mr. Pancks's landlord. *Little Dorrit*, ii. 131–139, 264–266, 297, 299, 300, 315–322; iv. 131–137, 167–171, 174, 279.

SAGGERS, MRS., a pensioner at Titbull's. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 411.

ST. EVRÉMONDE, MARQUIS, uncle of Charles Darnay. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 147–151, 153–174; ii. 179–193, 195.

ST. EVRÉMONDE, MARQUISE, mother of Charles Darnay. *Tale of Two Cities*, ii. 193, 194.

ST. JULIAN, MR. HORATIO (otherwise JEM LARKINS), an amateur actor in the genteel comedy line. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 165–169.

SALCY, FAMILY P., fifteen dramatic subjects. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 377–392.

SALLY, a pauper. *Oliver Twist*, i. 264–270. See OLD SALLY.

SAMPSON, MR. GEORGE, a young man engaged to Miss Lavinia Wilfer. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 59, 67, 159, 163, 164, 167, 168; ii. 252; iii. 55, 58–60, 280–287; iv. 68, 70–76, 258–262.

SANDERS, MRS. SUSANNAH, a friend of Mrs. Bardell. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 237–242; iii. 110–137; iv. 74–83.

SAWYER, BOB, a medical student, friend of Benjamin Allen. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 24–37, 62–79, 199–205, 207, 208; iv. 102–117, 146–171, 173–178, 181–187.

SCADDER, ZEPHANIAH, agent for the Eden Land Company. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 207–214; iii. 144, 156.

SCADGERS, LADY, great-aunt of Mrs. Sparsit. *Hard Times*, i. 60, 245; ii. 58, 59.

SCALEY, MR., a sheriff's officer. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 87–91.

SCHUTZ, MR., a passenger aboard the ship Halsewell. *The Long Voyage*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 221, 222.

SCOTT, THOMAS, Quilp's boy, who afterwards took an Italian image-boy's name, and became a "tumbler." *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 48, 65–68, 72–74, 127–130, 156, 157, 301; ii. 229, 230, 238–240, 249, 256; iii. 135, 136, 140, 141, 201, 202.

SCROOGE, EBENEZER, a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous old sinner, who became as good a man as could

be found in this good old world. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, passim.

SHARP, MR., first master at Salem House. *David Copperfield*, i. 124, 125, 129, 136, 141, 179.

SHARPEYE, a policeman. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 65–75.

SHEPHERD, THE. *Pickwick Papers.* See STIGGINS, REV. MR.

SHEPHERD, MISS, a boarder at the Misses Nettingall's; an early love of David Copperfield. *David Copperfield*, ii. 78, 79; iv. 257.

SHORT. *Old Curiosity Shop.* See HARRIS, MR.

SHROPSHIRE, THE MAN FROM. *Bleak House.* See GRIDLEY, MR.

SIKES, BILL, a brutal thief and house-breaker, with no redeeming traits. *Oliver Twist*, i. 141–147, 149, 165–170, 172–185, 212–222, 230–252, 306, 307; ii. 119–126, 132–134, 190–195, 217–237, 257–265.

SIMMERY, FRANK, a stock-broker. *Pickwick Papers*, iv. 257–259.

SIMMONS, the parish beadle. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 12–15, 35.

SIMMONS, MRS. HENRIETTA, neighbor of Mrs. Quilp. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 48–56.

SIMMONS, WILLIAM, a wagoner. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 10–16.

SIMPKIN, MR., associate counsel with Sergeant Buzfuz, for Mrs. Bardell. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 107–137.

SIMPSON, MR., a prisoner confined in the Fleet. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 282–286.

SIMPSON, MR., as empty-headed as the great bell of St. Paul's; always dressed according to the caricatures published in the monthly fashions. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 37–45, 53, 54.

SKETTLES, LADY, wife of Sir Barnet. *Dombey and Son*, i. 290–292, 294, 295, 297; ii. 151, 152, 177, 178, 190–193, 265; iv. 292.

SKETTLES, SIR BARNET, a gentleman whose object in life was constantly to extend the range of his acquaintance. *Dombey and Son*, i. 291–294, 297; ii. 151, 152, 177–179, 190–193, 263, 265, 266; iv. 292.

SKETTLES, YOUNG BARNET, son of Sir Barnet Skettles, a pupil of Doctor Blimber. *Dombey and Son*, i. 290–292, 297; ii. 179, 190, 191, 261, 262; iv. 292.

SKEWTON, THE HON. MRS. (called "CLEOPATRA"), a superannuated belle, sister to the late Lord Feenix, and mother of Mrs. Edith Dombey. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 99–114, 213–223, 237–247, 250–256, 269–271, 295–311; iii. 16–18, 20, 22, 27, 28, 93, 96–101, 112–117, 121, 122, 126–128, 130–134, 139–145, 199–207, 218–223; iv. 18.

SKIFFINS, MISS, a lady of a wooden appearance, but possessed of "portable property;" afterwards married to Mr. Wemmick. *Great Expectations*, ii. 74, 75, 77–79, 290, 291. See WEMMICK, MRS.

SKIMPOLE, MR. HAROLD, an amateur artist, musician, and composer, a mere child in the world that had no idea of time or money, never

kept an appointment, never paid his debts, never could transact any business, and never knew the value of anything; a friend and dependent of Mr. Jarndyce. *Bleak House*, i. 103–121, 139, 140, 294–299, 305, 311, 312; ii. 41–44, 53–56, 309–315; iii. 116–119, 128–132, 135, 216–227, 229–232, 236, 245; iv. 161, 162, 233–240.

Skimpole, Mrs., wife to Harold Skimpole, a delicate, high-nosed invalid, suffering under a complication of disorders. *Bleak House*, iii. 223, 225, 227.

Skimpole, Arethusa, Mr. Skimpole's Beauty daughter, who plays and sings odds and ends like her father. *Bleak House*, iii. 220, 223–227; iv. 234.

Skimpole, Laura, Mr. Skimpole's Sentiment daughter, who plays a little, but don't sing. *Bleak House*, iii. 220, 223–227; iv. 234.

Skimpole, Kitty, Mr. Skimpole's Comedy daugbter, who sings a little, but don't play. *Bleak House*, iii. 220, 223–227; iv. 234.

Slackbridge, a demagogue. *Hard Times*, i. 184–191, 200, 322–324.

Slammer, Doctor, surgeon to the Ninety-seventh. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 46–49, 58–63, 76–79.

Slaughter, Lieutenant, a friend of Captain Walter Waters. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 138–140.

Sleary, Miss Josephine, daughter of the circus proprietor, noted for her graceful equestrian Tyrolean flower act. *Hard Times*, i. 20, 53, 55; ii. 38–40.

Sleary, Mr., a circus proprietor. *Hard Times*, i. 20, 52–59, 85; ii. 35–42, 44–47, 50–55.

Sliderskew, Peg, servant to Arthur Gride. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iv. 72–75, 118–121, 127–130, 179, 180, 188–198, 217, 226, 227, 303.

Slithers, Mr., a barber. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 124, 125, 127, 128, 130.

Sloppy, a foundling, adopted by Mrs. Betty Higden, afterwards in Mr. Boffin's service. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 288–298; ii. 166–170, 174, 184–186, 253–257, 259, 265; iii. 143, 144; iv. 42, 229, 230, 233–235, 237, 238, 263–267.

Slowboy, Miss Tilly, a nursery-maid. *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 238–259, 276–299; ii. 17–45.

Sludberry, Thomas, defendant in the case of Bumple and Sludberry. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 121, 122.

Slum, Mr., a military gentleman, writer of acrostics and poetical advertisements. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 8–10, 12, 13.

Slumkey, Hon. Samuel, of Slumkey Hall, Eatanswill. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 258–266.

Slurk, Mr., editor of the Eatanswill "Independent." *Pickwick Papers*, iv. 178–186.

SLYME, CHEVY, ESQ., a sneak, companion of Montague Tigg, "perpetually round the corner." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 78–86, 160, 166–171; ii. 21; iv. 251–260.

SMALLWEED, BARTHOLOMEW (called SMALL and eke CHICK WEED), a small, weazen-faced imitator and friend of Mr. Guppy. *Bleak House*, ii. 84–97, 104–108, 110–115, 117; iii. 36–38, 165, 168–170; iv. 136, 137, 254.

SMALLWEED, GRANDFATHER, a miserly, helpless old cripple, of the discounting profession. *Bleak House*, ii. 104–125, 219–238; iii. 36–41, 43, 55–61, 167–170; iv. 97–101, 104, 105, 251–255.

SMALLWEED, GRANDMOTHER, a superannuated old woman, with an eternal disposition to fall asleep over the fire and into it. *Bleak House*, ii. 104, 106, 107, 109–112, 116, 119, 122, 123, 125; iii. 36–39, 57, 167, 168; iv. 255.

SMALLWEED, JUDY, twin of Bartholomew Smallweed, and so indubitably his sister, that the two kneaded into one would hardly make a young person of average proportions. *Bleak House*, ii. 106–114, 117, 122, 123, 219, 224–226, 228, 229, 237; iii. 36–39, 57, 58, 60, 61, 167–169; iv. 254.

SMANGLE, MR., a prisoner confined in the Fleet. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 268–279; iv. 36–38.

SMART, TOM, hero of the "Bagman's Story." *Pickwick Papers*, i. 272.

SMAUKES, MR. JOHN, a footman at Angelo Cyrus Bantam's. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 151–154, 180–193.

SMIF, PUTNAM, a counter-jumper, aspiring for fame. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 222, 223.

SMIGGERS, JOSEPH, a member of the Pickwick club. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 19.

SMIKE, a drudge of Squeers, and son of Ralph Nickleby. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 127–129, 141, 151–153, 219–221, 224–229, 231–236, 241, 259–261; ii. 82, 83, 106–109, 128, 172, 186, 187, 251, 252, 261, 266, 267, 298–301; iii. 44–51, 96, 97, 107–109, 119–126, 138–146, 245, 251, 254–262; iv. 26–28, 32, 47, 161–163, 176, 199–207, 224, 227, 240–245, 264–266.

SMITH, MR. SAMUEL. *Sketches by Boz.* See SPARKINS, MR. HORATIO.

SMITHERS, MISS, a boarder at Miss Tomkins's establishment in Bury St. Edmunds. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 48.

SMITHERS, MR. ROBERT, a clerk in the City. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 21–28.

SMITHIE, MR., one of the company at the charity ball at the Bull Inn, Rochester. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 45.

SMITHIE, MRS., his wife. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 45, 46.

SMITHIE, THE MISSES, his daughters. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 45, 46.

SMORLTORK, COUNT, one of the company at Mrs. Leo Hunter's fancy-dress breakfast. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 20.

SMOUCH, MR., a sheriff's officer who arrests Mr. Pickwick. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 240.

SMUGGINS, MR., a comic singer. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 84.

SNAGSBY, MR., a hen-pecked law stationer, tending to meekness and obesity. *Bleak House*, i. 187–198, 206–209, 218–220; ii. 66–76, 81, 93, 100, 131–143, 146, 198–209; iii. 9–14, 29–32, 204–207, 290–294; iv. 98, 103, 104, 202, 204, 205, 211.

SNAGSBY, MRS., his wife, a jealous, inquisitive, domineering woman of a vinegary aspect and temper. *Bleak House*, i. 188–191, 196, 197, 207, 220; ii. 66–81, 100, 131, 132, 146, 199–210; iii. 12, 13, 30–32, 292; iv. 98, 102–104, 106, 204–207, 210–212.

SNAP, BETSY, a domestic of Uncle Chill. *The Poor Relation's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 81.

SNAWLEY, MR., father of two of Mr. Squeers's pupils. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 63–70; iii. 124, 125, 254–262; iv. 224–227.

SNAWLEY, MRS., his wife. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 124, 125; iv. 214, 215.

SNEVELLICCI, MISS, leading actress in Mr. Crummles's theatre. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 135–137, 153–167, 178, 179, 262, 266–275, 279; iv. 15.

SNEVELLICCI, MR., an actor, father of Miss Snevellicci. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 271–279.

SNIFF, MR., an insignificant, smiling piece of vacancy, in charge of the sawdust department of the Mugby Junction Refreshment Rooms. *The Boy at Mugby*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 305, 307–313.

SNIFF, MRS., the head attendant at the Mugby Junction Refreshment Rooms, a strong-minded woman, always smoothing her cuffs and looking another way from you. *The Boy at Mugby*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 304–307, 309–312.

SNIGSWORTH, LORD, first cousin of Mr. Twemlow. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 19, 174; ii. 53, 54, 63, 86, 291; iv. 257.

SNIPE, HON. WILMOT, ensign of the 97th regiment. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 45.

SNITCHEY, MR. JONATHAN, a lawyer, partner of Mr. Thomas Craggs. *Battle of Life*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 60–92, 112–120, 135–139, 150–154.

SNITCHEY, MRS., his wife. *Battle of Life*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 110–120, 151–154.

SNODGRASS, AUGUSTUS, a poetical member of the Pickwick club.

Pickwick Papers, i. 22–25, 28–43, 55–80, 83–97, 101–132, 135–153, 159–161, 169, 206–215, 236–239, 244–250, 259–266, 269–290; ii. 12–22, 75–80, 188, 199–217, 222, 234, 258–280, 283–287; iii. 26–38, 41–45, 68–80, 104–138, 140–151; iv. 38–41, 98, 99, 232, 233, 236–238, 242–244.

SNUBBIN, MR., counsel for Mr. Pickwick. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 54–60, 107–137.

SNUPHANUPH, LADY, a fashionable lady at Bath. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 156–160.

SOPHIA, Mrs. Pocket's house-maid. *Great Expectations*, i. 269.

SOPHIA, eldest pupil of Ruth Pinch. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 226, 227.

SOPHY (called WILLING SOPHY), a former servant of Mrs. Lirriper, always smiling, but with a black face. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 137, 138.

SOPHY. *Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions.* See MARIGOLD, SOPHY.

SOUTHCOTE, MR., a begging-letter writer. *Begging-Letter Writer*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 227–237.

SOUTHCOTE, MRS., wife of the above. *Begging-Letter Writer*, bound with *The Old Curiosity Shop*, iii. 228, 232.

SOWERBERRY, MR., a parochial undertaker. *Oliver Twist*, i. 49–52, 55, 61–72, 84.

SOWERBERRY, MRS., his wife, a thin, squeezed-up, vixenish woman. *Oliver Twist*, i. 55–57, 61–63, 77–79, 83–86.

SOWNDS, MR., a portentous beadle. *Dombey and Son*, i. 88–91; iii. 8, 9, 11; 15–18, 21, 29; iv. 230–232.

SPARKINS, MR. HORATIO (otherwise MR. SAMUEL SMITH), a mysterious individual, supposed to be *somebody*, an assistant at a "cheap shop." *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 141–161.

SPARKLER, MR. EDMUND, son of Mrs. Merdle, a chuckle-headed, high-shouldered young man, with a general appearance of being a swelled boy. *Little Dorrit*, ii. 50–53, 62, 70, 279–281; iii. 47, 49–52, 100–110, 115–117, 125, 126, 204, 209, 233–236, 240, 241, 243–251, 253, 257, 260–263, 273; iv. 8, 100–110, 113, 264.

SPARKLER, MRS. EDMUND, formerly Fanny Dorrit, considered by her husband to be "a young lady with no nonsense about her." *Little Dorrit*, iii. 273, 274, 281, 282; iv. 8, 21, 29, 30, 100–113, 262, 264, 281, 294.

SPARSIT, MRS., housekeeper to Mr. Bounderby; an intriguing, spying woman of good family. *Hard Times*, i. 60–66, 68, 97–104, 140–144, 150–165, 182, 216, 217, 239–248, 253–258, 264–281, 298, 309–312; ii. 11–13, 56–59.

SPATTER, JOHN, clerk and afterwards partner to Michael. *The Poor Relation's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 79, 85–88.

SPECKS, JOE, an old school-fellow of the Uncommercial Traveller. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 178–180.

SPECKS, MRS., formerly Lucy Green, an old love of the Uncommercial Traveller. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 179, 180.

SPENLOW, MR. FRANCIS, of the firm of Spenlow and Jorkins, proctors, to whom David Copperfield was articled. *David Copperfield*, ii. 192, 195–200, 246–253, 308, 309; iii. 59, 61–68, 70, 71, 74, 79, 104–108, 163–173, 175–180, 229–232.

SPENLOW, MISS CLARISSA, aunt to Dora; a dry little elderly maiden lady, who looked wonderfully like a preparation in chip or tan of her brother, Mr. Spenlow. *David Copperfield*, iii. 180, 194, 195, 223, 224, 229–238, 240–243, 246, 251, 252, 275, 277, 283, 285; iv. 149.

SPENLOW, MISS DORA, a timid, loving, inexperienced girl, afterwards David Copperfield's "child-wife." *David Copperfield*, ii. 247, 251–253, 256–262, 280; iii. 58–60, 68–80, 82, 100–103, 124, 125, 133, 148, 151–159, 161, 163–175, 177, 178, 180–183, 193–195, 231, 234–236, 238–246, 251–257, 275, 277–286. See COPPERFIELD, MRS. DORA.

SPENLOW, MISS LAVINIA, aunt to Dora, a formal, precise, composed, and quiet elderly maiden lady, an authority in affairs of the heart. *David Copperfield*, iii. 180, 194, 195, 223, 224, 229–243, 245, 246, 251, 252, 255, 275, 277, 281, 283; iv. 149.

SPHYNX, SOPHRONIA (called THE MARCHIONESS), a half-starved, ill-used, old-looking child, maid of all work to Sally Brass, afterwards Mrs. Dick Swiveller. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 73, 74, 84, 94–98, 249–251; iii. 24–32, 36, 93–117, 119, 120, 133, 204–206.

SPIDER, THE. *Great Expectations*. See DRUMMLE, BENTLEY.

SPIKER, MR. HENRY, solicitor to something or somebody remotely connected with the Treasury. *David Copperfield*, ii. 226–228, 230–232.

SPIKER, MRS. HENRY (called "HAMLET'S AUNT"), a very awful lady, dressed in black velvet; friend of the Waterbrooks. *David Copperfield*, ii. 226–230.

SPOTTLETOE, MR., husband of Mrs. Spottletoe. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 84, 90, 92–94, 101; iv. 315–318.

SPOTTLETOE, MRS., niece to old Martin Chuzzlewit. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 84, 87, 90, 93, 94; iv. 306, 316.

SPRODGKIN, MRS., a portentous old parishioner of the Rev. Mr. Milvey. *Our Mutual Friend*, iv. 175–177.

SPRUGGINS, MRS., wife of Mr. Spruggins, the mother of ten small children, two of them twins. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 36, 41.

SPRUGGINS, THOMAS, a little, pale, thin man, father of a large family and a defeated candidate for beadle. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 36–41.

SQUEERS, FANNY, daughter of Mr. Squeers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 154–175, 205–218, 235, 264, 265; iii. 129–136, 194–200; iv. 296, 297.

SQUEERS, MRS., wife of Wackford Squeers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 126–141, 154–159, 223, 226–236; iv. 296, 297.

SQUEERS, MASTER WACKFORD, son of Mr. Squeers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 142, 156, 157, 235; iii. 33–38, 41, 120–122, 124, 125, 134, 198; iv. 296, 297.

SQUEERS, WACKFORD, a brutal Yorkshire school-master. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 59–71, 79–88, 92–94, 122–159, 223–236; iii. 32–42, 120–126, 133–136, 194–200, 253–263; iv. 173–181, 183–198, 216, 217, 225–227, 230–235, 293, 296–298, 303.

SQUIRES, OLYMPIA, an early love of the Uncommercial Traveller. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 281–283.

SQUOD, PHIL, Mr. George's man. *Bleak House*, ii. 126–128, 191, 192, 212–218, 221, 222, 228; iii. 47–51, 284, 286, 287, 289, 294, 295; iv. 299.

STABLES, HON. BOB, cousin of Sir Leicester Dedlock. *Bleak House*, i. 24; ii. 250, 251; iii. 179; iv. 179.

STAGG, a blind thief, proprietor of a drinking vault and skittle ground. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 98–102, 107, 109, 110, 212–215; ii. 196–210; iii. 70–78, 152, 154–156, 159–161.

STALKER, INSPECTOR, a detective police officer. *The Detective Police*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 182, 183, 185.

STAPLE, MR., of Dingley Dell, a cricketer. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 150–153.

STARELEIGH, MR. JUSTICE, a most particularly short man, and so fat that he seemed all face and waistcoat, the presiding judge in the trial of Bardell *vs.* Pickwick. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 107–137.

STARTOP, a boarder at Mr. Pocket's. *Great Expectations*, i. 261–268, 292–298; ii. 258, 263–280.

STEERFORTH, JAMES, a schoolmate and friend of David Copperfield, afterwards the seducer of Emily. *David Copperfield*, i. 118, 126–131, 135–140, 142–149, 153–156, 164, 178, 225, 263; ii. 107–122, 125–129, 139–144, 146–176, 183–188, 202, 205–212, 219–221, 232, 245, 246, 260–262, 287, 288, 299–305, 309–318; iii. 29–34, 42–44, 50–54, 83, 215, 217, 218; iv. 11–18, 82, 85, 86, 88, 92, 98, 188, 189, 191, 193–202, 219.

STEERFORTH, MRS., mother of James Steerforth, a proud, handsome lady, perfectly devoted to her son. *David Copperfield*, ii. 112, 114–116, 119–122, 128, 205, 309, 310, 312–316; iii. 49–54, 125; iv. 7–9, 18–20, 195–202, 304, 305.

STIGGINS, REV. MR. (called "THE SHEPHERD"), a canting, hypocritical, intemperate parson, a friend of Mrs. Weller. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 246–251, 255, 256; iii. 101–103; iv. 51–59, 200–203.

STILTSTALKING, LORD LANCASTER, a dignified old gentleman, for many years a representative of the Britannic Majesty abroad. *Little Dorrit*, ii. 155–158.

STRAUDENHEIM, a large-lipped, pear-nosed old German shop-keeper. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 100–103.

STRONG, DOCTOR, a kind, absent-minded old gentleman, principal of a boarding-school, and engaged in preparing a dictionary. *David Copperfield*, ii. 21–24, 27–30, 37–52, 58–60, 88, 95–101; iii. 116, 126–132, 184, 247, 249, 257–265, 268–272, 308–311, 313–328; iv. 291, 306.

STRONG, MRS. ANNIE, wife of Doctor Strong, a very pretty, thoughtless, and imprudent young lady. *David Copperfield*, ii. 22, 23, 28, 29, 39–51, 59, 95–101; iii. 126, 127, 130–132, 248–250, 257–265, 269–271, 308–311, 313, 314, 316–329; iv. 53, 291, 306.

STRUGGLES, MR., of Dingley Dell, a cricketer. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 145–153.

STRYVER, MR., counsel of Charles Darnay. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 83, 99–103, 107–110, 116–122, 186–202; ii. 33, 34, 69–72.

SULLIWIN, MRS. SARAH, a belligerent char-woman. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 99.

SUMMERSON, ESTHER (otherwise HAWDON), daughter of Lady Dedlock, and protégée of Mr. Jarndyce, afterwards married to Allan Woodcourt. *Bleak House*, i. 30–123, 138–186, 242–312; ii. 19–62, 78, 79, 148–197, 270–275, 277–321; iii. 69–151, 214–264, 287; iv. 25–41, 45–71, 102, 135–137, 147–150, 152–176, 197–256, 269, 271–296, 303–308.

SWEEDLEPIPE, PAUL (called POLL), a bird-fancier and fashionable barber. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 146–148; iii. 7–15, 18, 58–75, 79, 253; iv. 196–199, 207, 208, 285–288.

SWEENEY, MRS., one of the race of professed laundresses, and the compiler of a remarkable manuscript volume entitled "Mrs. Sweeney's Book." *Uncommercial Traveller*, 196, 197.

SWEET WILLIAM, a silent gentleman who earned his living by showing tricks upon cards, and by putting leaden lozenges into his eyes and bringing them out at his mouth. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 209, 211, 214.

SWIDGER, GEORGE, a gambler, son of Philip Swidger. *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 230–236.

SWIDGER, MILLY, wife to William Swidger. *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 166–176, 215–220, 239, 240, 256–274.

SWIDGER, PHILIP, father to William Swidger. *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 166–176, 230–237, 261–265, 270–274.

SWIDGER, WILLIAM, servant to Redlaw. *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 163–176, 230, 231, 235, 236, 262–265, 270–274.

SWILLS, LITTLE, a comic vocalist at the Harmonic Meetings. *Bleak House*, i. 213, 214, 217–219; ii. 66; iii. 8, 27, 40, 167.

SWIVELLER, DICK, a convivial gentleman, of eccentric habits, and of a most prodigious talent in quotation, "perpetual Grand Master of the Glorious Apollos," clerk of Samuson Brass, afterwards possessed of an annuity. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 30–36, 40, 41, 81–103, 149–155, 233–240, 249–254, 257–260; ii. 62–98, 101–103, 117–121, 221, 222, 240–245, 249; iii. 7–16, 21, 23–40, 43–53, 59, 70, 78–80, 86, 87, 89–105, 111–120, 132, 133, 204–206, 209.

TACKER, assistant to Mr. Mould, and chief mourner. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 163, 164, 166, 279, 280.

TACKLETON (known as GRUFF AND TACKLETON), a toy-merchant of a sour, sarcastic disposition. *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 251–258, 269–272, 283–289, 294–299; ii. 16–24, 38, 39, 43–45.

TADGER, BROTHER, a member of the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 96–102.

TAMAROO, servant to Mrs. Todgers, and successor to Mr. Bailey. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 137, 138; iv. 307.

TANGLE, MR., a lawyer. *Bleak House*, i. 17, 18.

TAPE, a wicked fairy and tyrannical old godmother of Prince Bull. *Prince Bull*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 263–269.

TAPKINS, MRS., a fashionable woman with a large family, friend of the Boffins. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 305, 306.

TAPLEY, MARK, companion of Martin Chuzzlewit, always jolly under difficulties. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 107–112, 163–167, 174–181; ii. 28–39, 45, 46, 48, 49, 51–53, 56–67, 75, 105–110, 124–127, 192–198, 204–206, 210–212, 224, 225, 228, 229, 233–250; iii. 144–168, 174, 175, 180, 183, 185–192, 194–203, 291; iv. 59–76, 87, 88, 169–179, 188, 190, 240, 242, 256, 263–270, 273, 277, 278, 281, 283, 289, 300, 301, 307, 313, 314.

TAPLIN, MR. HARRY, a comic singer. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 336, 337.

TAPPERTIT, SIMON, apprentice to Varden, president of the "'Prentice Knights," afterwards "United Bull-Dogs," and engaged in the "Gordon riot." *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 58–62, 65–67, 96–109, 111–118, 212, 213, 217, 225, 254, 257–259, 275–280, 303, 304, 308; ii. 47, 48, 97, 124–136, 234, 235, 249, 250, 261–268, 276–278, 291, 299; iii. 39–42, 48–54, 76, 84–87, 90–92, 163, 166, 168, 174, 184, 186, 303, 304.

TAPPLETON, LIEUTENANT, Doctor Slammer's second. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 51–54, 58–63, 76–79.

TARTAR, BOB, president of the school-boy's "Society." *The School-boy's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 99–105, 108.

TATT, MR., an amateur detective. *Three Detective Anecdotes* (II. *The Artful Touch*), bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 213, 214.

TATTYCORAM (otherwise HARRIET BEADLE), a foundling, adopted by Mrs. Meagles as maid to Pet, afterwards under the protection of Miss Wade. *Little Dorrit*, i. 34–38, 46–49, 288, 291, 294–296; ii. 168–173, 178–183, 186; iii. 150–157, 169; iv. 51–55, 68, 69, 270–276.

TAUNTON, CAPTAIN, an officer in Richard Doubledick's regiment. *Seven Poor Travellers*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 21–27, 30.

TAUNTON, MRS., mother of Captain Taunton. *Seven Poor Travellers*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 26–28, 30, 31, 33, 35–37.

TAUNTON, MRS., a widow lady with the form of a giantess and the mind of a child, bent on the pursuit of pleasure. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 179–183, 191, 192, 195, 196, 198, 199, 206.

TAUNTON, MISS EMILY, her daughter, a frivolous young lady. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 179–183, 185, 186, 191–206.

TAUNTON, MISS SOPHIA, a daughter of Mrs. Taunton, a light-minded young lady. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 179–183, 185, 186, 191–206.

TELLSON'S, a banking firm. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 21–23, 27, 33, 34, 38, 71–74, 93, 130; ii. 65, 66, 68–70, 96–98, 105, 151, 162.

TETTERBY, ADOLPHUS, a newsman. *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 189, 191–208, 250–257.

TETTERBY, 'DOLPHUS, a newsboy, son of Adolphus Tetterby. *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 196–200, 273.

TETTERBY, JOHNNY, son of Adolphus Tetterby. *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 190, 193, 195, 196, 199–202, 249, 250, 254–257.

TETTERBY, SALLY, a big, heavy infant, known as "TETTERBY'S BABY." *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 190, 195, 196, 247–250, 273.

TETTERBY, SOPHIA, wife to Adolphus Tetterby. *The Haunted Man*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 196, 198–208, 247–257.

THÉOPHILE, CORPORAL, friend of Bebelle. *Somebody's Luggage*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 106–119.

THOMAS, Sir Leicester Dedlock's groom. *Bleak House*, iii. 178.

THOMPSON, BILL, an actor at the Victoria theatre. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 81.

THOMPSON, TALLY-HO (otherwise THOMAS PIGEON), a famous horse-

stealer. *The Detective Police*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 187–193.

Tibbs, Mr., husband of Mrs. Tibbs. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 35, 36, 41–45, 49–54; ii. 63–69, 80–82.

Tibbs, Mrs., mistress of a boarding-house, the most tidy, fidgety, thrifty little personage that ever inhaled the smoke of London. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 33–37, 38–45; ii. 55–59, 65–82.

Tickit, Mrs., cook and housekeeper to Mrs. Meagles, a low-spirited woman who sought balm for her wounded mind in "Buchan's Domestic Medicine." *Little Dorrit*, i. 296; ii. 288, 294; iii. 149–152; iv. 276.

Tiddypot, Mr., a vestryman. *Our Vestry*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 306–309.

Tiffy, Mr., an old clerk of Mr. Spenlow. *David Copperfield*, ii. 247; iii. 63, 64, 104, 175, 176, 178–180.

Tigg, Montague (otherwise Tigg Montague), a shabby-genteel person, chairmain of the Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 76–87, 92, 97, 102, 159–174, 311; ii. 17–22; iii. 22–61, 255–264; iv. 24–27, 29–38, 42, 45–57, 96–103, 157–160, 198, 252–254, 277, 278.

Timberry, Smittle, an actor in Mr. Crummles's company. *Nicholas Nickleby*, iv. 12, 16–24.

Timson, The Rev. Charles, a friend of Mr. Gabriel Parsons, afterwards married to Miss Lillerton. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 252–257, 259, 261, 287–292.

Tinkler, valet to Mr. Dorrit. *Little Dorrit*, iii. 55, 66, 71, 72, 256; iv. 32.

Tiny Tim, crippled child of Bob Cratchit. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 67–73.

Tip. *Little Dorrit.* See Dorrit, Edward.

Tipp, carman at Murdstone and Grinby's, and landlord of David Copperfield. *David Copperfield*, i. 235, 251, 256.

Tippin, Mr., a comic singer. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 135.

Tippin, Mrs., a singer of the London theatres. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 135.

Tippin, Master and Miss, children of Mr. and Mrs. Tippin. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 135.

Tippins, Lady, an affected old lady, relict of the late Sir Thomas Tippins, knighted by mistake for somebody else. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 21–24, 29, 175–181, 305; ii. 58–61, 290, 292, 293, 295–297, 299, 302, 306; iii. 290, 299–301, 303, 304; iv. 274–280.

Tix, Mr., a furniture broker. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 89–91.

Toddles and Poddles, little "minders," children left in charge of

Betty Higden. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 290, 291, 296–298; ii. 167, 185.

Toddyhigh, Joe, a former playmate and friend of the Lord Mayor elect of London. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 25–28, 31, 46.

Todgers, Mrs., landlady of a Commercial Boarding-House. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 192–237, 255–261, 281–283, 290; iii. 88, 89, 134–142, 245–247; iv. 128, 129, 134, 307–312, 315, 317, 319.

Tom, clerk at the General Agency office. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 281–285; iii. 204–209.

Tom, driver of the Dover mail. *Tale of Two Cities*, i. 11–17.

Tom, Uncle. *Sketches by Boz.* See Balderstone, Mr. Thomas.

Tomkins, a pupil of Squeers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 225.

Tomkins, Miss, proprietor of the Westgate House Establishment for Young Ladies, at Bury St. Edmunds. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 47–51.

Tomkins, Mr. Alfred, a clerk in a wine-house; a connoisseur in paintings, and with a wonderful eye for the picturesque. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 55–69, 72–75, 79–81.

Tomlinson, Mrs., the post-office keeper at Rochester. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 46.

Toodle, Mr., husband to Polly, a stoker, afterwards an engine-driver. *Dombey and Son*, i. 27–29, 31–36, 38, 104, 320, 321; ii. 87–89, 134; iii. 148–157; iv. 276.

Toodle, Polly (called Richards), little Paul's nurse, and mother of "Rob the Grinder." *Dombey and Son*, i. 27–32, 34–39, 41–54, 73, 80–83, 86–88, 93–108, 123, 125–127, 321, 322; ii. 12, 13, 131–134, 155, 156; iii. 148–157; iv. 218, 220, 276–278, 289–291.

Toodle, Robin (otherwise Rob the Grinder, otherwise Biler), a "Charitable Grinder," afterwards in the employ of Mr. James Carker. *Dombey and Son*, i. 27, 29–38, 95, 96, 103–107; ii. 89, 123–136, 155–158, 173, 176, 194–202, 205–207; iii. 11, 32, 33, 35, 37, 38, 48, 49, 54–56, 149–159, 161, 162, 167–172, 225–229, 231, 232, 241, 290–300; iv. 124–139, 289–291.

Tootle, Tom, a customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 100; iii. 37, 38, 40, 41, 44, 45.

Toots, Mr., a simple, kind-hearted young man of wealth, pupil of Doctor Blimber, in love with Florence Dombey, and afterwards married to Susan Nipper. *Dombey and Son*, i. 210, 218, 219, 226–231, 234, 245–248, 268, 269, 274–278, 288, 289, 294, 295, 299; ii. 47–52, 137–142, 262–266; iii. 10, 11, 16, 21, 37–48, 55, 163–166, 172, 209–218, 271–275; iv. 46–52, 89–96, 197–205, 212–221, 226–229, 234–238, 240, 295–301, 309, 329, 332–335.

Toots, Mrs., formerly Miss Susan Nipper. *Dombey and Son*, iv. 295–301, 308, 309, 311, 312.

Topper. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 78–81, 111.

Toppit, Miss, a western literary lady, friend of Mrs. Hominy. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 185, 186.

Tottle, Mr. Watkins, a compound of strong uxorious inclinations and an unparalleled degree of anti-connubial timidity. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 244–266, 274–293.

Toughey. *Bleak House*. See Jo.

Towlinson, footman to Mr. Dombey. *Dombey and Son*, i. 81, 82; ii. 32, 36, 51, 86, 268; iii. 9, 10, 25–27, 95–97, 270, 271; iv. 113, 114, 117, 264–267, 269.

Tox, Miss Lucretia, a lady of limited independence, the very pink of general propitiation and politeness, in love with Mr. Dombey. *Dombey and Son*, i. 17–20, 27–30, 35–37, 42, 73–82, 86–88, 91–96, 123, 126, 128–136, 138, 139, 145–149, 152, 185–187, 190–193, 199; ii. 36–42, 81–84, 86, 273–289; iii. 11, 15, 20, 123, 146–148, 153–158; iv. 112–114, 277–279, 289, 290, 330.

Tozer. *Dombey and Son*. See Briggs and Tozer.

Trabb, Mr., a tailor. *Great Expectations*, i. 207–209; ii. 53–56.

Traddles, Thomas, a simple-hearted school-mate and friend of David Copperfield. *David Copperfield*, i. 118, 125, 128, 135, 136, 139, 143, 148, 149, 156, 181, 225, 263; ii. 226–229, 232, 266, 268–279, 282, 285–290, 292, 294–301, 306–307; iii. 83–90, 134–139, 142–147, 161, 162, 223–240, 276, 278–280, 282, 284, 297–300; iv. 49, 57, 60–68, 70, 117–123, 125, 129, 135, 138–141, 143, 156, 162–171, 176, 204, 206, 209, 223, 227–241, 263–270, 272, 277, 279, 291, 306–308.

Trampfoot, a policeman. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 65–77.

Trent, Frederick, brother to little Nell, a profligate who has forfeited all claims upon society. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 28–36, 38–40, 81–89, 91–93, 239, 251–260; ii. 242–244; iii. 80, 206, 207.

Trent, Little Nell, an orphan, companion and protector to her grandfather. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 11–27, 37–40, 42–46, 68–80, 84–87, 104–111, 121–124, 126, 130–146, 150–153, 168–198, 202–204, 207, 211–221, 239, 240, 259, 260, 262–272, 274, 277, 279–303; ii. 5–7, 11, 12, 14–47, 49–53, 106–108, 114–116, 134, 135, 139, 140, 152–155, 160–207, 212–215, 258–267, 270–278; iii. 64, 143, 152–159, 165–167, 177–193, 196, 197, 207, 209.

Tresham, Mr., a hopeless invalid, estranged from, and afterwards reconciled to, "Barbox Brothers." *Barbox Brothers and Co.*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 298.

Tresham, Mrs. Beatrice, a former love of "Barbox Brothers," afterwards his friend. *Barbox Brothers and Co.*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 291, 292, 299.

Trinkle, Mr., a young man suspected of the murder of Eliza Grimwood. *Three Detective Anecdotes* (I. *The Pair of Gloves*), bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 211–212.

Trott, Mr. Alexander, a young tailor, of insinuating address, who wanted nothing but valor, and three thousand a year, mistaken for Lord Peter. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 210–214, 218–230.

Trotter, Job, servant to Mr. Charles Fitz-Marshall. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 33–42, 177–184, 226–231; iii. 291–294; iv. 61–68, 83–88; 100, 209–213.

Trotters. *Old Curiosity Shop.* See Harris, Mr.

Trotwood, Miss Betsey, great-aunt to David Copperfield, an eccentric, hard-featured, and austere, but by no means ill-looking old lady. *David Copperfield*, i. 11–25, 254–256, 259, 272–309; ii. 8–19, 53–57, 88–92, 183, 185, 187–203, 254; iii. 90–105, 109, 110, 112–115, 117–122, 148, 149, 161, 162, 184, 186, 211, 212, 238, 239, 241, 242, 277, 282, 283, 285, 292–295, 311–313, 315–318, 323, 324, 328, 329; iv. 37–41, 54–57, 68–72, 90–96, 98–101, 115–122, 128, 138, 139, 143–147, 156–160, 162, 163, 165–176, 205, 206, 213, 227, 249–253, 281–283, 289, 290, 302–304.

Trotwood, Mr., Miss Betsey's husband, a cruel, ungrateful outcast, dependent on his wife. *David Copperfield*, i. 11, 12; ii. 55–57; iii. 193, 194; iv. 37–41, 174.

Trundle, Mr. in love with, and afterwards married to, Isabella Wardle. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 89–97, 117–132, 158, 161; ii. 51, 52, 55, 75, 83, 267–280.

Tuckle, Mr. a footman at Bath. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 183–194.

Tugby, porter to Sir Joseph Bowley, afterwards [supposed to be] married to Mrs. Chickenstalker. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 149, 150, 200, 211, 215, 216.

Tugby, Mrs. Anne, formerly Mrs. Chickenstalker, a licensed dealer in tea, coffee, snuff, etc. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 200–211, 223, 224. See Chickenstalker, Mrs.

Tuggs, Miss Charlotte, self-styled Charlotta, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tuggs. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 113–117, 119–121, 125–130, 133, 138–140.

Tuggs, Mr. Joseph, a little grocer, afterwards possessed of property. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 113–120, 122–128, 132, 133, 138–140.

Tuggs, Mrs., wife of Mr. Joseph Tuggs, attendant on the cheesemongery department. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 113–117, 119, 120, 123–126, 128, 132, 133, 138.

Tuggs, Mr. Simon, self-styled Cymon, only son and book-keeper of Mr. Joseph Tuggs, subject to excitability of the nerves, and victim of a misplaced affection. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 113–121, 123–140.

Tulkinghorn, Mr., an old-fashioned old gentleman, legal adviser of the Dedlocks, "an oyster of the old school, whom nobody can open." *Bleak House*, i. 24–29, 130, 131, 192–203, 205–209, 214, 217, 224, 235–241, 309; ii. 13, 14, 129–135, 145, 196, 198, 230–238, 246, 247, 265, 266, 269; iii. 45, 46, 61–66, 102, 169–172, 182–189, 191–213, 236, 288, 289, 299, 302–304, 307–320; iv. 24, 57, 64, 76, 93–96, 98, 99, 103, 104, 106, 110, 111, 114, 138.

Tungay, a sour, malicious man, with a wooden leg; lodge-keeper and tool of Mr. Creakle. *David Copperfield*, i. 115, 116, 118, 121–124, 128, 129, 132, 141, 144, 148, 150.

Tupman, Tracy, a member of the Pickwick club, who to the wisdom and experience of maturer years, superadded the enthusiasm and ardor of a boy in the most interesting and pardonable of human weaknesses — love. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 22–25, 28–51, 64–80, 83, 89–97, 101–132, 135–141, 154–161, 169–175, 211–215, 236–239, 244–250, 259, 269–290; ii. 12–26, 75–80, 83–96, 188, 192, 193, 199–217, 228, 229–232, 234, 258–265, 266–280, 283–287; iii. 26–34, 36–38, 41–45, 79, 105–138, 140–151; iv. 38–42, 98, 99.

Tupple, Mr., a junior clerk in a public office; a young man with a tendency to cold and corns, a perfect lady's man. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 298–303.

Turveydrop, Mr., a model of deportment, a man of absorbing selfishness, dependent on his son Prince. *Bleak House*, i. 270–282; ii. 159–164, 170, 284, 288, 293–298; iii. 138, 140, 142, 143; iv. 31–34, 305.

Turveydrop, Prince, son of Mr. Turveydrop, a child-like, kind-hearted young man, afterwards married to Caddy Jellaby. *Bleak House*, i. 270–283; ii. 37, 157–164, 167, 284, 285, 292, 297, 298; iii. 139, 141, 142; iv. 28, 29, 31, 32, 305.

Twemlow, Mr. Melvin, a poor relative of Lord Snigsworth, a diner-out among would-be-fashionables. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 15–20, 22, 49, 170–181, 305; ii. 52–55, 61, 65, 66, 290–295, 301–306; iii. 217–228; iv. 257, 274, 279, 280.

Twist, Oliver, a poor orphan boy with a principle of good within him, which survives through every adverse circumstance, and triumphs at last. *Oliver Twist*, i. 18–21, 28–31, 34, 35, 41–47, 53–62, 65–72, 75–78, 82–118, 119–135, 151–163, 170–186, 200–210, 223–252, 306–312, 316–318; ii. 15–20, 34–36, 39–66, 70, 72–80, 87–89, 150, 151, 155, 156, 266–279, 282, 296.

Uncle Chill, Michael's uncle, an avaricious, crabbed old man. *Poor Relation's Story*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 79–83.

Uncle Tom. *Sketches by Boz.* See Balderstone, Mr.

Upwitch, Richard, a juror. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 108–137.

VARDEN, DOLLY, a good-humored, coquettish young beauty, afterwards married to Joseph Willet. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 47, 57, 58, 62–67, 93, 114, 159, 160, 162–166, 216–218, 220, 223–258, 265, 266, 304–308, 310, 313–315; ii. 9, 31, 32, 43–48, 149–155, 157–160, 167; iii. 42–51, 163–188, 191–195, 260–264, 277–287, 305, 309.

VARDEN, GABRIEL, an honest old lock-smith, father of Dolly Varden. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 36–53, 57–68, 70–87, 154, 158–165, 216–228, 249, 250, 253, 254, 257, 259, 294–299, 301, 302, 313; ii. 98, 146–153, 156–169, 259–271; iii. 84–92, 94–97, 184–186, 188, 209, 221–231, 233–235, 266, 272–275, 277–287, 305.

VARDEN, MRS. MARTHA, mother of Dolly Varden, a buxom woman of uncertain temper. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 41, 48, 53, 57, 58, 66, 89–95, 111, 159–164, 217–229, 247–250, 252–257, 259, 303–315; ii. 44, 97, 98, 148–160, 167, 259–271; iii. 184–186, 188, 266, 271, 277–287, 305.

VECK, MEG, Toby Veck's daughter. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 126–144, 164–168, 170, 183, 184, 194–199, 210–224.

VECK, TOBY (called TROTTY, from his pace), a ticket porter. *The Chimes*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 119, et seq., *passim*.

VENEERING, MR. HAMILTON, a parvenu, afterwards member of Parliament from the borough of Pocket Breeches. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 14–24, 28, 49, 169–179, 194, 197, 198, 206, 305, 306; ii. 51–66, 292, 294, 296, 298–302; iii. 290, 291; iv. 273, 274, 280.

VENEERING, MRS. ANASTATIA, his wife. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 14–25, 29, 169–179, 194, 198, 305, 306; ii. 52, 58, 64, 65, 292, 294, 295, 298, 300, 302, 306; iii. 290, 291, 300, 302; iv. 273, 274, 276, 280.

VENGEANCE, THE, lieutenant to Madame Defarge, one of the leading women revolutionists. *Tale of Two Cities*, ii. 47–53, 107–111, 176–197, 206, 207, 232–236, 252, 255.

VENTRILOQUIST, MONSIEUR, THE, a thin and sallow man of weakly aspect. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 384–386.

VENUS, MR., a "preserver of animals and birds, and articulator of human bones," accomplice of Silas Wegg, friendly to Mr. Boffin. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 117–128; ii. 128–142; iii. 88–124, 229–244; iv. 38–51, 223–228, 238.

VERISOPHT, LORD FREDERICK, an exquisite and dupe of Sir Mulberry Hawk. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 51–58, 188–200, 215–224, 233–237; iii. 110–112, 116–118; iv. 56–68.

VHOLES, MR., legal adviser to Richard Carstone, a widower with three daughters and an aged father in the Vale of Taunton, for whom he is continually doing duty. *Bleak House*, iii. 131–135, 152–163, 247–251, 264; iv. 41–44, 46, 47, 54, 221, 222, 224–229, 257, 258, 289, 290.

Victualler, Mr. Licensed, landlord of a sailors' dance-house. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 69, 70.

Vuffin, proprietor of a giant and a legless and armless little lady. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 209–211, 219.

Wackles, Miss Jane, sister of Sophy, teacher of the art of needlework, marking, and samplery, in Mrs. Wackles's seminary. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 94, 95, 98, 101.

Wackles, Miss Melissa, sister of Sophy, teacher of English grammar, etc., and the use of the dumb-bells, in Mrs. Wackles's seminary. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 94–97, 100.

Wackles, Miss Sophy, teacher of writing, arithmetic, etc., and of general fascination, in Mrs. Wackles's seminary; afterwards Mrs. Cheggs. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 88, 89, 93–102, 238, 239; ii. 242, 243; iii. 32, 33.

Wackles, Mrs., mother of Sophy, proprietor of a day-school for young ladies, the system of instruction in which consisted in corporal punishment, fasting, and other tortures and terrors. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 94–97, 100, 101.

Wade, Miss, a proud, jealous, self-tormenting woman. *Little Dorrit*, i. 41–49, 294, 295; ii. 173, 175–184; iii. 154–157, 163–167, 169; iv. 44–69, 267–271, 273.

Wakefield, Mr., one of the steam excursion party. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 193, 194, 197.

Wakefield, Mrs., his wife, one of the steam excursion party. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 193, 194, 197.

Wakefield, Miss, a disagreeable child, daughter of the Wakefields. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 193, 194, 197, 205.

Wakley, Mr., a humane and patient coroner. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 278.

Walker, Mick, bottle-washer at Murdstone and Grinby's, and associate of David Copperfield. *David Copperfield*, i. 224, 225, 235, 256.

Walker, Mr., a debtor, inmate of a spunging-house. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 268–273.

Walker, Mrs., neighbor of Mrs. Macklin. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 79.

Walmers, Mr. Harry, father of Master Harry; a gentleman of spirit who had a will of his own, and an eye of his own, and would be minded. *The Holly-Tree Inn*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 67, 68, 71, 78–80.

Walmers, Master Harry, Junior, a young gentleman not eight years old, who ran away with a fine young woman of seven. *The Holly-Tree Inn*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 67–80.

WALTER, EDWARD M'ARDLE. *Sketches by Boz.* See BUTLER, MR. THEODOSIUS.

WARDEN, MICHAEL, a client of Messrs. Snitchey and Craggs, whose affairs were in a bad way. *Battle of Life*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 82–91, 103, 104, 106, 129–139, 152–154.

WARDLE, EMILY, daughter to Mr. Wardle of Dingley Dell. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 89–97, 112–132, 138–141, 159–161, 169, 173, 210, 267–270, 271–280; iii. 26–38; iv. 232, 233, 243, 244, 283.

WARDLE, ISABELLA, daughter to Mr. Wardle of Dingley Dell, afterwards Mrs. Trundle. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 89–97, 112–132, 138–141, 158–161, 267–270, 271–280, 283–287.

WARDLE, MISS RACHEL, a lady of doubtful age, sister to Mr. Wardle of Dingley Dell. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 89–97, 112–132, 138–141, 155–161, 166–170, 192, 193, 198–201.

WARDLE, MR., of Manor Farm, Dingley Dell, a friend of Mr. Pickwick. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 89–97, 110–132, 134–153, 159–161, 169, 170, 173–185, 194–205, 209; ii. 51, 52, 55, 75–81, 83–96, 100, 101, 267–280; iii. 24–36; iv. 224–231, 237–244, 282.

WARDLE, MRS., his mother, a very deaf old lady. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 112–132, 162–165, 174; ii. 269–280, 283–287.

WARWICK, THE EARL OF, a thief, so called. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 223, 224.

WATERBROOK, MR., agent of Mr. Wickfield, a middle-aged gentleman with a short throat and a good deal of shirt collar. *David Copperfield*, ii. 217, 218, 225–229, 231.

WATERBROOK, MRS., his wife. *David Copperfield*, ii. 225, 226, 228, 229.

WATERLOO, an eminent toll-taker representing Waterloo Bridge. *Down with the Tide*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 240–247.

WATERS, CAPTAIN WALTER, a dignified military gentleman. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 117–121, 124, 127, 128, 133, 137–140.

WATERS, BELINDA, MRS. CAPTAIN, wife of Captain Walter Waters; a sentimental flirt and impostor. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 118–121, 124, 125, 127–133, 135–140.

WATTS, MASTER RICHARD, founder of a charity for six poor travellers. *Seven Poor Travellers*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 9–11, 13, 14, 19, 39, 41.

WATTY, MR., a bankrupt client of Mr. Perker. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 48, 49.

WEDGINGTON, MASTER B., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Wedgington *Out of the Season*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 149.

WEDGINGTON, MR. B., singer and clog-dancer. *Out of the Season* bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 149.

6

WEDGINGTON, MRS. B., a concert singer. *Out of the Season*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 149.

WEEVLE. *Bleak House.* See JOBLING, TONY.

WEGG, SILAS, a "literary man with a wooden leg," a keeper of a fruit stall and ballad-monger. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 69–92, 116–128, 266, 267, 272–277, 279, 311; ii. 127–142, 179; iii. 88–126, 229, 230, 236–241; iv. 39–52, 221–238.

WELLER, SAM, Mr. Pickwick's body-servant. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 27–30, 188–192, 194–198, 199, 200, 205, 238–240, 254–257; ii. 7, 8, 17, 26, 28–44, 50–53, 77–81, 83–96, 100, 101, 103–107, 112–121, 150–159, 171, 172, 174–184, 204–220, 223–236, 238–257, 259–266, 272–287; iii. 22, 23, 28–36, 44–60, 81–103, 130–139, 140, 141, 145, 146, 151–154, 178–196, 212–234, 237–244, 247–266, 276–280, 294–296; iv. 14–36, 38–42, 46–68, 83, 84, 88, 89, 94–101, 110–156, 168–173, 181–203, 245–262, 264–269, 272–274, 280. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 79, 80, 107–110, 121–135.

WELLER, TONY, a stout, red-faced coachman, who unfortunately married a "widder" for his "second wentur;" father to Sam Weller. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 113–118, 150–159, 173–177, 251–257; iii. 86–101, 131–138; iv. 9–20, 22–24, 47–60, 192–203, 245–262, 264–274. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 79, 80, 107–112, 121–124, 127–132, 134–143, 157, 159.

WELLER, MRS. TONY, his wife, and landlady of the "Marquis of Granby." *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 246–251, 254–256; iv. 51–59.

WELLER, MASTER TONY, grandson to Tony Weller. *Master Humphrey's Clock*, 137–143.

WEMMICK, JOHN, clerk to Mr. Jaggers, a dry, shortish man, with a wooden block of a face. *Great Expectations*, i. 223, 224, 230–238, 272–277, 281–289; ii. 26–32, 62, 68–70, 74–79, 172–178, 201–209, 230–239, 287–292.

WEMMICK, MR., SENIOR. *Great Expectations.* See AGED, THE.

WEMMICK, MRS., wife of John Wemmick, formerly Miss Skiffins. *Great Expectations*, ii. 291, 292. See SKIFFINS, MISS.

WESTLOCK, JOHN, former pupil of Pecksniff, and lover of Ruth Pinch. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 38–47, 297, 301–313; ii. 287–289, 298; iii. 77–80, 215–222, 248, 249, 273–292; iv. 8, 106–118, 174, 175, 179–186, 189, 190, 207–213, 238, 240, 263, 264, 269, 272, 290, 292–300, 302–304.

WHIFF, MISS, attendant at the Mugby Junction Refreshment Rooms. *The Boy at Mugby*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 304, 305, 307, 308, 312.

WHIFFERS, MR., a footman at Bath. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 185–193.

WIMPLE, MRS., keeper of a lodging-house, a motherly woman, and the best of housewives. *Great Expectations*, ii. 181, 188.

WHISKER, an independent, obstinate little pony, belonging to Mr Garland, with his legs all wrong, and his head everywhere by turns *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 161, 162, 166, 167, 224–229, 245, 246; ii. 109, 111–113, 119, 133, 135; iii. 20–23, 64, 108, 109, 150–152, 203, 204.

WICKFIELD, AGNES, daughter of Mr. Wickfield; friend and adviser of David Copperfield, afterwards his second wife. *David Copperfield*, ii. 16–19, 26, 27, 30–32, 35, 40, 41, 49, 60, 65, 77, 81, 82, 86, 92–96, 100–102, 202, 213–226, 228, 230, 232–242, 244–246, 299; iii. 82, 83, 109–123, 131, 132, 187, 191–198, 200, 202, 205–209, 241, 247, 249–257, 268, 279, 280, 283–285; iv. 53, 67, 120–123, 125–127, 137, 141, 143, 150, 151, 153–156, 163–167, 169, 173, 205, 206, 214, 215, 221–226, 242, 251–262, 280–298, 302, 303, 308.

WICKFIELD, MR., a lawyer and steward of the estates of a rich gentleman, a friend and agent of Miss Betsey Trotwood, afterwards deluded and swindled by Uriah Heep. *David Copperfield*, ii. 10–19, 21–24, 26–32, 34, 40–42, 44, 49, 61, 65, 92, 94–100, 102, 222–224, 235–238; iii. 110, 111, 117–122, 195–198, 204–208, 210, 247, 257–261, 265, 324, 326; iv. 120–123, 125, 126, 130–134, 136, 137, 143, 150, 163, 164, 166, 167, 173, 251, 255, 257–259.

WICKHAM, MRS., nurse to little Paul Dombey, a meek woman with a surprising natural gift of viewing all subjects in an utterly forlorn and pitiable light, and deriving the greatest consolation therefrom. *Dombey and Son*, i. 137–139, 143, 146, 150, 154, 155, 157–163, 202, 241; ii. 32; iv. 255–258.

WICKS, MR., a clerk of Dodson and Fogg's. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 102–107, 111.

WIELD, INSPECTOR, a detective police officer. *The Detective Police*, et seq., bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 182–184, 193–196, 207–215.

WIGSBY, MR., a vestryman, opponent of Mr. Chib and Mr. Magg. *Our Vestry*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 304, 305, 308.

WILFER, REGINALD (called "THE CHERUB"), a poor, henpecked clerk with a limited salary and an unlimited family. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 52–67; ii. 154–165, 250–252; iii. 49, 50, 56–66, 269–281, 283, 287–289; iv. 53–66, 68–70, 72, 74–77, 79, 85–88, 257, 258.

WILFER, MRS. REGINALD, a splenetic, worldly-minded woman, mother of Bella and Lavinia. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 54–64, 67, 159–165, 168, 301–303; ii. 148–153, 241; iii. 49–61, 280–287; iv. 68–79, 257–262.

WILFER, MISS BELLA, protégée of the Boffins, afterwards Mrs. John Harmon. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 55–68, 158–168, 298–304, 306; ii 143–165. 168, 170–172, 177, 181–184, 241–247, 250–252, 257, 263, 266; iii. 50–57, 61–68, 70–83, 86, 87, 125, 144, 147–166, 247–289; iv 53–58. See ROKESMITH, MRS. JOHN.

WILFER, MISS LAVINIA, a pert, irrepressible young lady, second daughter of Mr. Wilfer. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 57–68, 158, 159, 163, 164, 167, 168; ii. 148–153, 241; iii. 51–61, 280–287; iv. 68–79, 258–262.

WILKINS, gardener to Captain Boldwig. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 96–99.

WILKINS, DICK, Scrooge's fellow 'prentice. *Christmas Carol*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 46–49.

WILKINS, MR. SAMUEL, a little journeyman carpenter, in love with and beloved by Jemima Evans. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 304–309.

WILLET, JOHN, landlord of the "Maypole Inn;" a profoundly obstinate man, with a slowness of apprehension, combined with a very strong reliance on his own merits. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 14–26, 32, 33, 45, 46, 65, 119–139, 148–155, 157, 158, 160, 171, 173, 227–229, 244, 245, 247–249, 293; ii. 8, 9, 15–19, 29–33, 59–85, 87, 92, 106, 293–307; iii. 9–12, 187–191, 257–260, 262–265, 306–308, 310.

WILLET, JOSEPH, son of John Willet, a strapping young fellow, considered and treated by his father as a boy; afterwards a soldier, and married to Dolly Varden. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 18–24, 26, 28, 32–34, 42, 65–67, 107–109, 121, 151–168, 171, 172, 227–229, 242–248, 250–253, 258, 259, 279, 280, 293, 304, 312, 313; ii. 8, 9, 15, 17–19, 29–50, 61, 158–160; iii. 31–35, 139–141, 184–195, 258–264, 277–285, 305–308.

WILLIAM, a drunkard's son, and a murderer. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 317–320, 322–327.

WILLIAM, a friendly waiter. *David Copperfield*, i. 100–105.

WILLIAM, a coachman. *David Copperfield*, ii. 102–104.

WILLIAM, waiter at "Saracen's Head Inn." *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 79, 80.

WILLIAM, a poor invalid boy. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 68–70.

WILLIAM. *Great Expectations*, ii. 319. See POTKINS, WILLIAM.

WILLIAMS, a police officer, attendant on Inspector Field in his visit to the sailors' dance-houses. *On Duty with Inspector Field*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 232, 233.

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM, customer at the Six Jolly Fellowship Porters. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 99; iii. 41, 44, 45.

WILLIAMSON, MRS., landlady of the "Winglebury Arms." *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 210, 225–228.

WILLING SOPHY. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*. See SOPHY.

WILLIS, MISS, the youngest of four maiden sisters; afterwards Mrs Robinson. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 26–32.

WILLIS, THE MISSES, sisters of Mrs. Robinson. *Sketches by Boz*, i 26–32.

WILLIS, MR., a young fellow of vulgar manners, inmate of a spunging-house. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 268–271.

WILSON, MR., the "Iago" of the private theatricals. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 239, 240.

WILTSHIRE, a simple, fresh-colored farm laborer, a Mormon emigrant. *Uncommercial Traveller*, 319–321.

WINKING CHARLEY, a sturdy vagrant in one of her Majesty's jails. *Lying Awake*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 67.

WINKLE, MR., SENIOR, an old wharfinger, and a man of business, who never committed himself hastily in any affair. *Pickwick Papers*, iv. 160–165, 275–280.

WINKLE, NATHANIEL, his son, a sporting member of the Pickwick Club. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 22–25, 28–43, 50–80, 83–97, 101–132, 135–153, 159, 160, 175, 206–215, 236–239, 244–253, 261–266; ii. 11–18, 66–80, 83–96, 188, 199–217, 222, 234, 258–280, 283–287; iii. 26–38, 41–45, 79, 80, 105–129, 140–151, 173–176, 197–215, 217–219, 229–234, 236–239; iv. 38–42, 94–99, 237–244, 278–280.

WINKLE, MRS. NATHANIEL, his wife, formerly Arabella Allen. *Pickwick Papers*, iv. 94–99, 204, 205, 232, 233, 238–244, 276–280, 283. See ALLEN, MISS ARABELLA.

WISBOTTLE, MR., a clerk in the Woods and Forests Office, a high Tory, always whistling, and with a high idea of his own singing powers. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 65–69, 72–75, 79–81.

WISK, MISS, a friend of Mrs. Pardiggle. *Bleak House*, ii. 294, 295.

WITCHEM, SERGEANT, a detective police officer. *The Detective Police*, et seq., bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 183, 184, 186–193, 212–215.

WITHERDEN, MR., a notary, friend of the Garlands. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 162–167, 226–228; ii. 112–117, 138–140, 150, 151; iii. 56–61, 84, 107, 108, 114, 119–133.

WITHERFIELD, MISS, affianced to Mr. Peter Magnus. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 167–170, 189–199.

WITHERS, a wan page of Mrs. Skewton. *Dombey and Son*, ii. 99, 100, 104, 108, 110, 213–215, 237, 247, 296; iii. 130, 131, 139, 201, 202, 205.

WITITTERLY, MR. HENRY, Mrs. Wititterly's husband. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 99–101, 217–221, 234–236; iii. 13, 14.

WITITTERLY, MRS. JULIA, a parvenu with whom Kate Nickleby engages as governess. *Nicholas Nickleby*, ii. 96–102, 217–221, 228–242.

WOBBLER, MR., a gentleman in the secretarial department of the Circumlocution Office. *Little Dorrit*, i. 173, 174.

WOLF, MR., a literary character, friend of Montague Tigg. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 254–261.

WOODCOURT, ALLAN, a young surgeon, afterwards married to Esther Summerson. *Bleak House*, i. 203–209, 262, 285, 286, 290, 291; ii. 35, 36, 38, 278–282; iii. 86–89, 260–264, 266–292, 294–297; iv. 29, 31, 35, 37, 38, 41–46, 48, 57–59, 68, 200–205, 207–209, 212–214, 216, 218–221, 225, 230, 241–246, 272, 274, 277–280, 287–296, 303, 307, 308.

WOODCOURT, MRS., mother of Allan Woodcourt, a sharp, trim, upright little lady. *Bleak House*, ii. 35, 36, 278–283; iv. 215, 218, 247, 271.

WOOLFORD, MISS, a circus rider at Astley's. *Sketches by Boz*, i. 146, 147.

WOPSLE, MR., a parish clerk, and a friend of Mrs. Joe Gargery. *Great Expectations*, i. 35–59, 102–107, 145, 160–164, 184–189; ii. 17–24, 194–198.

WOSKY, DOCTOR, a little, red-faced man, with a good practice and plenty of money, which he had amassed by humoring the worst fancies of his female patients. *Sketches by Boz*, ii. 70, 71.

WOZENHAM, MISS, lodging-house keeper, opposite neighbor and rival to Mrs. Lirriper. *Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 133, 138, 140, 142–144, 156, 157. *Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 175, 179, 187–191.

WRAYBURN, EUGENE, an unsuccessful barrister, lover and afterwards husband of Lizzie Hexam. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 21, 22, 24, 26, 33–35, 38, 40, 139–141, 176, 180, 181, 212–260; ii. 29–31, 36–45, 108–126, 202, 203, 260, 261, 276–279, 285–289, 292, 294, 296–299; iii. 167–189, 299, 302–305; iv. 8, 9, 95–111, 158–169, 183–186, 257, 268–272, 274–280.

WRAYBURN, MRS. EUGENE, formerly Lizzie Hexam. *Our Mutual Friend*, iv. 256, 268, 271, 272, 275–280.

WREN, JENNY. *Our Mutual Friend.* See CLEAVER, FANNY.

WUGSBY, MRS. COLONEL, a fashionable lady at Bath. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 158–160.

YOUNG BLIGHT, Mr. Lightwood's office boy and clerk. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 129–132; iii. 304; iv. 151, 152, 257.

ZAMIEL, a melancholy Frenchman, so called. *A Flight*, bound with *Hard Times*, ii. 168, 171, 176, 178.

ZEPHYR, THE. *Pickwick Papers.* See MIVINS, MR.

INDEX

OF

FICTITIOUS PLACES, POPULAR SAYINGS, ETC.

INDEX

OF

FICTITIOUS PLACES, POPULAR SAYINGS, ETC.

ABEL COTTAGE, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Garland, at Finchley. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 232.

ALL-MUGGLETON, a cricket club which played a grand match with the Dingley Dell club, and won it. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 145–153.

ANGLO-BENGALEE DISINTERESTED LOAN AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 27-51; iv. 29.

BALMY. "The balmy." *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 102; iii. 8.

BARKIS. "Barkis is willin'." *David Copperfield*, i. 99, 159, 201; iii. 18.

BEARINGS. "The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it." *Dombey and Son*, iii. 176.

BLEAK HOUSE. Mr. John Jarndyce's residence, in Hertfordshire. *Bleak House*, i. 53, 96, 100–103.

BLUE BOAR, an inn. *Great Expectations*, i. 311, 318.

BLUE DRAGON, an inn. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 48.

BLUES, THE, one of the two great parties which divided the people of Eatanswill; opposed to the Buffs. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 242, 243.

BODY. "A demd, damp, moist, unpleasant body." *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 27.

BOFFIN'S BOWER, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Boffin. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 82–86.

BORRIOBOOLA GHA, on the left bank of the Niger, Mrs. Jellaby's project for sending from a hundred and fifty to two hundred families to cultivate coffee and educate the natives of. *Bleak House*, i. 62, 92; ii. 165–167, 286, 295; iii. 143; iv. 32, 305.

BOW-WOWS. "Gone to the demnition bow-wows." *Nicholas Nickleby*, iv. 290.

Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. *Pickwick Papers*, iii. 93–103.

Brooks of Sheffield, a name given by Mr. Murdstone to David Copperfield, to keep him from suspecting that he was the subject of conversation. *David Copperfield*, i. 40, 41.

Buffs, The, a powerful party in Eatanswill; opposed to the Blues. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 242, 243.

Cautious Clara, Captain Bunsby's vessel, ii. 166–169.

Chesney Wold, Sir Leicester Dedlock's place in Lincolnshire. *Bleak House*, i. 21, 123.

Circumlocution Office, the most important Department under government, and, whatever was to be done, beforehand with all the Departments in the art of perceiving — *how not to do it*. *Little Dorrit*, i. 159–187, 207; ii. 155, 156, 282, 288–292; iii. 132–134, 169, 190, 209, 221, 233; iv. 70, 162, 288.

Coketown, a town of machinery and tall chimneys, "a triumph of fact," and the residence of Josiah Bounderby. *Hard Times*, i. 34–38.

Consequence. "It's of no consequence." *Dombey and Son*, ii. 49, 142, 264; iii. 39, 216; iv. 199, 296, 298.

Country. "How do you like my country?" *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 71, 96, 230.

Crittur. "I'm a lone, lorn crittur." *David Copperfield*, i. 61, 64. 204, 211; iii. 23, 24, 31; iv. 100, 113, 298.

Den, The, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Hunter at Eatanswill. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 8.

Dingley Dell. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 97, 101, 108, 113.

Die. "Never say die." *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 84, 134, 205, 206; ii. 215; iii. 18, 119.

Donkeys. "Janet, donkeys!" *David Copperfield*, i. 282, 285.

Dose. "I'll give you such a dose, old woman, such a dose!" *Little Dorrit*, i. 73, 280; ii. 207; iii. 297; iv. 93.

Dot. "A dot and carry [one]." *Cricket on the Hearth*, in *Christmas Stories*, i. 236.

Dotheboys Hall, a school in Yorkshire, in which neglected or repudiated children were beaten, starved, and otherwise maltreated by an ignorant, brutal, and sordid wretch, named Squeers. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 62, 67, 71, 123, 231, 240; iii. 33, 34, 122; iv. 185, 235, 296, 298, 300.

Eatanswill, a small town, the residence of Mr. Perker, the Hon

Samuel Slumkey, Horatio Fizkin, Esq., etc. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 241–266; ii. 7–26.

EATANSWILL GAZETTE, the organ of the "Blues," edited by Mr. Slurk. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 243.

EATANSWILL INDEPENDENT, the representative of the "Buffs," conducted by Mr. Pott. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 243.

EDEN, a new settlement in America, an "awful lovely place," and "frightful wholesome," likewise. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 192–194, 200–202, 208–213.

EDEN LAND CORPORATION, a swindling American land company. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 201–214.

FEZZIWIG. "In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile." *Christmas Carol*, i. 47.

FIGURE. "A fine figure of a woman." *Great Expectations*, i. 66.

FLESH. "Here's flesh." *Nicholas Nickleby*, iii. 33.

FLOORED. "Floored again." *Bleak House*, i. 43, 98.

GENTLY. "Gently over the stones." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iii. 70.

GLORIOUS APOLLOS, a select convivial circle, of which Dick Swiveller was perpetual Grand Master. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 154; ii. 118.

GRIND. "My life is one demd horrid grind." *Nicholas Nickleby*, iv. 289.

GROWLERY, THE, Mr. Jarndyce's library. *Bleak House*, i. 141.

HEAD. "I'll eat my head." *Oliver Twist*, i. 158.

HOLLY-TREE INN, a public-house on a Yorkshire moor. *The Holly-Tree Inn*, in *Additional Christmas Stories*, 42, *et seq.*

JARNDYCE AND JARNDYCE. *Bleak House*, i. 14–19, 37, 39, 46, 83, 195, 285; ii. 84, 100, 155, 174, 186, 266, 269, 272; iii. 74, 75; iv. 48, 257, 272, 288–291.

JOLLY. "Uncommon jolly, sir." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, iv. 169.

JOLLY SANDBOYS, a small road-side inn. *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 199.

LARKS. "What larks." *Great Expectations*, i. 62.

LITTLE BETHEL, a dissenting chapel, with a small number of small pews, a small pulpit, and a small number of hearers. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 143.

LUNGS. "Oh, my lungs and liver." *David Copperfield*, i. 266–269.

MANOR FARM, the name of Mr. Wardle's residence at Dingley Dell *Pickwick Papers*, i. 97.

MARQUIS OF GRANBY, a road-side public-house of the better class, at Dorking, kept by Mrs. Tony Weller. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 245.

MAYPOLE INN, a very ancient public-house in the neighborhood of Epping Forest. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 11–13.

MORE. "Please, sir, I want some more." *Oliver Twist*, i. 34.

MUDDLE. "'Tis a muddle." *Hard Times*, i. 91, 103, 199; ii. 28, 29.

MUGBY JUNCTION. *Mugby Junction*, in *Additional Christmas Stories* 247–278. *The Boy at Mugby*, 301, 302, 310.

MUGGLETON, an ancient and loyal borough, mingling a zealous advocacy of Christian principles with a devoted attachment to commercial rights. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 141–143.

NEW THERMOPYLÆ, a new settlement in America, with a hotel, a wooden store or two, and a few scattered sheds; the residence of Mrs. Hominy. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 238, 239.

NOTE. "When found, make a note of." *Dombey and* Son, i. 207; ii. 72; iii. 55, 173; iv. 42.

NOTHINK. "I don't know nothink." *Bleak House*, ii. 11, 14, 17.

NUTMEG GRATER INN, a little road-side inn, kept by Benjamin Britain. *Battle of Life*, bound with *Christmas Stories*, ii. 122, 123.

OVERHAUL. "Overhaul your catechism." *Dombey and Son*, i. 69, 179; ii. 163.

PAPA. "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism." *Little Dorrit*, iii. 72, 74, 112, 120, 124, 125, 127, 258; iv. 28.

PECKSNIFFIAN. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 100; iii. 104, 106, 280.

PICKWICKIAN SENSE; Pickwickian construction. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 25.

POCKET-BREACHES, a borough represented in Parliament by Mr. Hamilton Veneering. *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 55, 56, 58–63.

PODSNAPPERY. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 189, 191, 272; ii. 67, 68.

POINT. "Not to put too fine a point upon it." *Bleak House*, i. 207, 219; ii. 131, 132; iii. 10, 204, 291; iv. 204.

PORT MIDDLEBAY, a town in Australia, where Mr. Micawber was a magistrate. *David Copperfield*, iv. 290–300.

'PRENTICE KNIGHTS, a secret society of which Sim Tappertit was captain. *Barnaby Rudge*, i. 97–110.

RAMPAGE. "On the ram-page." *Great Expectations*, i. 68.

REMARKABLE. "One of the most remarkable men in our country." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 85, 200, 225.

RICHNESS. "Here's richness." *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 80.
ROSY. "Pass the rosy." *Old Curiosity Shop*, i. 82; iii. 8.
ROWDY JOURNAL, a New York newspaper. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 76, 81.

SALEM HOUSE, a school near London, to which David Copperfield was sent by Mr. Murdstone. *David Copperfield*, i. 110, 116.
SATIS HOUSE, Miss Havisham's residence, — so called from the Latin *satis*, enough, meaning that whoever had it could want nothing else. *Great Expectations*, i. 76–89.
SCREW, THE. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 55–67.
SEWER, THE, a New York newspaper. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 68.
SIX JOLLY FELLOWSHIP PORTERS, a low tavern of a dropsical appearance, on the Thames. *Our Mutual Friend*, i. 44, 93–106.
SLOW COACHES. "What are we but coaches? Some of us are slow coaches." *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 183.
SOL'S ARMS, a tavern in the vicinity of Chancery Lane. *Bleak House*, iii. 26.
STONE LODGE, Mr. Gradgrind's place near Coketown. *Hard Times*, i. 25.
STRIKE. "Strike deep, and spare not. Strike home, sir, strike home." *Bleak House*, ii. 162.

THREE CRIPPLES, a low public-house in the filthiest part of Little Saffron-Hill. *Oliver Twist*, i. 165; ii. 165, 201.
THREE JOLLY BARGEMEN, a public-house in the village where Pip lived. *Great Expectations*, i. 102, 159, 184.
TITTLEBATS, OBSERVATIONS ON THE THEORY OF, a paper communicated by Mr. Pickwick to the Pickwick Club. *Pickwick Papers*, i. 20.
TODGERS'S, MRS., Commercial Boarding-House. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, i. 199–204.
TOUGH. "He's tough, sir, tough, and de-vilish sly." *Dombey and Son*, i. 131. See also, i. 132, 186, 191.
TRICKS. "I know your tricks and your manners." *Our Mutual Friend*, ii. 21, 46, 194, 201; iii. 34, 167.
TURNED. "In case anything turned up." *David Copperfield*, i. 236. See also, i. 243, 247, 252, 254; ii. 66, 69, 71, 278, 292; iii. 137; iv. 147, 157.

'UMBLE. "I'm a very 'umble person." *David Copperfield*, ii. 33. See also, ii. 34, 61, 64, 235; iii. 188, 199, 202, 203, 205, 207, 208; iv. 132, 133, 135, 136, 141, 272.

United Bull-Dogs, the society of 'Prentice Knights under a changed name. *Barnaby Rudge*, ii. 96, 97, 124, 236; iii. 303.

United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. See Brick Lane Branch, etc.

United Metropolitan Improved Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Punctual Delivery Company. *Nicholas Nickleby*, i. 31–40.

Valiant Soldier, a low public-house, in which Little Nell and her grandfather took shelter during a tempest. *Old Curiosity Shop*, ii. 19–37.

Volatile "A'n't I volatile?" *David Copperfield*, ii. 171, 173, 174, 175.

Watertoast Association of United Sympathizers. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 214–222.

Watertoast Gazette, an American newspaper. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, ii. 197.

Westgate House Establishment for Young Ladies, at Bury St. Edmunds. *Pickwick Papers*, ii. 43–51.

Wind. "The wind's in the east." *Bleak House*, i. 98.

Wooden Midshipman, the name of Sol Gills's nautical instrument shop. *Dombey and Son*, i. 55–58.